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f. 321

THE

POETS

OF

GREAT BRITAIN,

IN SIXTY-ONE DOUBLE-VOLUMES.

VOL. XL.

POPE, VOL. III. IV.

The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN

POPE. VOLUME III.

SATIRES.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE.

WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

. . . POPE, the monarch of the tuneful train!
To whom be Nature's, and Britannia's praise!
All their bright honors rush into his lays!
And all that glorious warmth his lays reveal,
Which only poets, kings, and patriots feel!
Tho' gay as mirth, as curious thought sedate,
As elegance polite, as power elate;
Profound as reason, and ··s justice clear;
Soft as compassion, yet as truth severe;
As bounty copious, as persuasion sweet,
Like Nature various, and like Art complete;
So fine her morals, so sublime her views,
His life is almost equall'd by his Muse. SAVAGE.

IN ELEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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MORAL ESSAYS,

IN

FOUR EPISTLES,

TO

SEVERAL PERSONS.

'Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures:
Et sermone opus est, modo tristi, saepe jocoso,
Defendente vicem modo rhetoris atque poeta,
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consulto.' HOR.

Advertisement.

THE Essay on Man was intended to have been comprised in Four Books:

The *First* of which, the Author has given us under that title, in Four Epistles.

The *Second* was to have consisted of the same number: 1. Of the extent and limits of human reason. 2. Of those arts and sciences, and of the parts of them, which are useful, and therefore attainable, together with those which are unuseful, and therefore unattainable. 3. Of the nature, ends, use, and application, of the dif-

ferent capacities of men. 4. Of the use of learning, of the science of the world, and of wit; concluding with a satire against the misapplication of them, illustrated by pictures, characters, and examples.

The *Third* Book regarded civil regimen, or the science of politics, in which the several forms of a republic were to be examined and explained; together with the several modes of religious worship, as far forth as they affect society; between which the author always supposed there was the most interesting relation and closest connection; so that this part would have treated of civil and religious Society in their full extent.

The *Fourth*, and last Book, concerned private ethics, or practical morality, considered in all the circumstances, orders, professions, and stations, of human life.

The scheme of all this had been maturely digested, and communicated to L. Bolingbroke, Dr. Swift, and one or two more, and was intended for the only work of his riper years; but was, partly through ill health, partly through discouragements from the depravity of the times, and partly on prudential and other considerations, interrupted, postponed, and lastly, in a manner laid aside.

But as this was the Author's favorite work, which more exactly reflected the image of his strong

capacious mind, and as we can have but a very imperfect idea of it from the *disjecta membra poetæ* that now remain, it may not be amiss to be a little more particular concerning each of these projected Books.

The *First*, as it treats of man in the abstract, and considers him in general under every of his relations, becomes the foundation, and furnishes out the subjects of the three following; so that

The *Second* Book was to take up again the first and second Epistles of the First Book, and treats of Man in his intellectual capacity at large, as has been explained above. Of this only a small part of the conclusion (which, as we said, was to have contained a satire against the misapplication of wit and learning) may be found in the Fourth Book of the Dunciad, and up and down, occasionally, in the other three.

The *Third* Book, in like manner, was to reassume the subject of the Third Epistle of the First, which treats of Man in his social, political, and religious capacity. But this part the Poet afterwards conceived might be best executed in an epic poem, as the action would make it more animated, and the fable less invidious; in which all the great principles of true and false governments and religions should be chiefly delivered in feigned examples.

The *Fourth*, and last Book, was to pursue the subject of the fourth Epistle of the First, and treats

of ethics, or practical morality, and would have consisted of many members: of which the Four following Epistles were detached portions: the two first, on the characters of men and women, being the introductory part of this concluding Book.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE I.

TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, LORD COBHAM.

OF THE KNOWLEDGE AND CHARACTERS OF MEN.

The Argument.

I. THAT it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider Man in the abstract; books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own experience singly, v. 1. General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will be but notional, v. 10. Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself, v. 15. Difficulties arising from our own passions, fancies, faculties, &c. v. 31. The shortness of life to observe in, and the uncertainty of the principles of action in men to observe by, v. 37, &c. Our own principle of action often hid from ourselves, v. 41. Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent, v. 51. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons, v. 71. Unimaginable weakness in the greatest, v. 77, &c. Nothing constant and certain but God and Nature, v. 95. No judging of the motives from the actions; the same actions proceeding from contrary motives, and the same motives influencing contrary actions, v. 100. II. Yet to form characters we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree; the utter uncertainty of this, from Nature itself, and from policy, v. 120. Characters given according to the rank of men in the world, v. 135; and some reason for it, v. 140. Education alters the nature, or at least character, of many, v. 149. Actions, passions, opinions, manners, humors, or principles, all subject to change. No judging by Nature, from v. 158, to 174. III. It only remains to find (if we can) his *ruling* passion: that will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions, v. 175. Instanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio, 179. A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind, v. 210. Examples of the strength of the ruling passion, and its continuation to the last breath v. 222, &c.

PART I.

YES, you despise the man to books confin'd,
Who from his study rails at human kind;

Though what he learns he speaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and Knave,
Though many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as books, too much.
To observations, which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake;
To written wisdom, as another's, less:
Maxims are drawn from notions, these from guess.
There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein;
Shall only man be taken in the gross?
Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss.

That each from other differs, first confess;
Next he that varies from himself no less;
Add Nature's, Custom's, Reason's, Passion's, strife,
And all Opinion's colors cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds?
On human actions reason though you can,
It may be reason, but it is not man:
His principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his principle no more.
Like following life through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect.

Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own,
Or come discolor'd through our passions shown;
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.
Nor will life's stream for observation stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
Oft in the passion's wild rotation tost,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.
As the last image of that troubled heap,
When sense subsides, and fancy sports in sleep,
(Though past the recollection of the thought)
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought:
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.
True, some are open, and to all men known;
Others so very close they're hid from none;
(So darkness strikes the sense no less than light;)
Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at sight;
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, though his soul
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves;

When universal homage Umbra pays,
All see 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praise;
When flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a queen,
While one there is who charms us with his spleen.
But these plain characters we rarely find;
Though strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
Or puzzling contraries confound the whole;
Or affectations quite reverse the soul.
The dull, flat falsehood, serves for policy;
And in the cunning, truth itself's a lie;
Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise;
The fool lies hid in inconsistencies.
See the same man in vigor, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at bus'ness, and at *hazard* late;
Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate;
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.
Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
Save just a dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with ven'son to a saint without.
Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head! all int'rests weigh'd,
All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not, his pride is in Picquette,
New-Market fame, and judgment at a bett,

What made (say Montaigne, or more sage Charron!)
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
A perjur'd prince a leaden saint revere,
A godless regent tremble at a star?
The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,
Faithless through piety, and dup'd through wit?
Europe a woman, child, or dotard rule,
And just her wisest monarch made a fool?
Know, God and Nature only are the same:
In man the judgment shoots at flying game:
A bird of passage! gone as soon as found,
Now in the moon, perhaps now under ground.

PART II.

In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why,
Infer the motive from the deed, and show
That what we chanc'd, was what we meant to do.
Behold! if Fortune, or a mistress frowns,
Some plunge in bus'ness, others shave their crowns;
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight
This quits an empire, that embroils a state.
The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.
Not always actions shew the man: we find
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind:
Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast;
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east;

Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great.
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave;
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave.
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise;
His pride in reas'ning, not in acting, lies.
But grant that actions best discover man;
Take the most strong, and sort them if you can.
The few that glare, each character must mark:
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with such as disagree?
Suppress them? or miscal them policy?
Must then at once (the character to save)
The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave?
Alas! in truth, the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.
Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat?
Cæsar himself might whisper he was beat.
Why risk the world's great empire for a punk?
Cæsar perhaps might answer he was drunk.
But, sage Historians, 'tis your task to prove
One action conduct; one, heroic love.
'Tis from high life high characters are drawn:
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;
A judge is just, a chanc'llor juster still;
A gownman, learn'd; a bishop, what you will;
Wise, if a minister; but if a king,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry thing.

Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
Born where Heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate:
In Life's low vale, the soil the virtues like,
They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
Though the same sun with all-diffusive rays
Blush in the rose, and in the di'mond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,
And justly set the gem above the flow'r.
'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd.
Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'squire;
The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar;
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will sneaks a scriv'ner, an exceeding knave.
Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of pow'r;
A Quaker? sly; a Presbyterian? sour;
A smart Freethinker? all things in an hour.
Ask men's opinion; Scoto now shall tell
How trade increases, and the world goes well:
Strike off his pension by the setting sun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.
That gay Freethinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid, silent dunce?
Some god or spirit he has lately found,
Or chanc'd to meet a minister that frown'd.
Judge we by Nature? habit can efface,
Int'rest o'ercome, or policy take place.
By actions? those uncertainty divides;
By passions? these dissimulation hides.

Opinions? they still take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.
Manners with fortunes, humors turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

PART III.

Search then the ruling passion: there, alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.
Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days!
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise;
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies:
Though wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts, so various, aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully, and a Wilmot too.
Then turns repentant, and his God adores,
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.
Thus with each gift of Nature and of Art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;

Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt,
And most contemptible, to shun contempt;—
His passion still, to covet gen'ral praise;
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;—
A constant bounty, which no friend has made;
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
Too rash for thought, for action too refin'd;
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still, flagitious, yet not great.
Ask you why Wharton broke through ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.
Nature well known, no prodigies remain;
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.
Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake,
If second qualities for first they take.
When Catiline by rapines swell'd his store,
When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore,
In this the lust, in that the avarice,
Were means, not ends: ambition was the vice.
That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by chastity, at praise.
Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.
In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil,
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.
In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
As *fits* give vigor, just when they destroy.

Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand.
Consistent in our follies and our sins,
Here honest Nature ends as she begins.
Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in bus'ness to the last;
As weak, as earnest; and as gravely out,
As sober Lanes'brow dancing in the gout.
Behold a rev'rend sire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameless race,
Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd,
By his own son, that passes by unbless'd:
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry sparrow that he sees.
A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late.
'Mercy!' cries Helluo, 'mercy on my soul!
'Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl.'
The frugal Crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.
'Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)
'No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
'Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:
'One would not, sure, be frightful when one's
'dead—
'And—Betty—give this cheek a little red.'

The Courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
An humble servant to all human-kind,
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,
'If—where I'm going—I could serve you, Sir?'
'I give and I devise' (old Euclio said,
And sigh'd) 'my lands and tenements to Ned.'
"Your money, Sir?"—'My money, Sir, what all?
'Why—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul.'
"The manor, Sir?"—'The manor! hold,' he cry'd,
'Not that—I cannot part with that'—and dy'd.
And you, brave Cobham! to the latest breath
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death;
Such in those moments as in all the past,
'Oh! save my country, Heav'n!' shall be your last.

EPISTLE. II *.

TO A LADY.

OF THE CHARACTERS OF WOMEN.

The Argument.

THAT the particular characters of Women are not so strongly marked as those of men, seldom so fixed, and still more inconsistent with themselves, v. 1, &c. Instances of contrarieties, given even from such characters as are most strongly marked, and seemingly, therefore, most consistent; as, I. In the affected, v. 21, &c. II. In the soft natured, v. 29, and 37. III. In the cunning and artful, v. 45. IV. In the whimsical, v. 53. V. In the lewd and vicious, v. 69. VI. In the witty and refined, v. 87. VII. In the stupid and simple, v. 101. The former part having shewn, that the particular characters of Women are more various than those of men, it is nevertheless observed, that the general characteristic of the sex, as to the ruling passion, is more uniform, v. 207. This is occasioned, partly by their nature, partly by their education, and, in some degree, by necessity, v. 211. What are the aims, and the fate of this sex:—I. As to power, v. 219. II. As to pleasure. v. 231. Advice for their true interest, v. 249. The picture of an estimable Woman with the best kind of contrarieties, v. 269.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
'Most women have no characters at all:'
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.

* There is nothing in Mr. Pope's works, more highly finished than this Epistle. Yet its success was in no proportion to the pains he took in composing it. Something he chanced to drop in a short advertisement prefixed to it, on its first publication, may perhaps account for the small attention given to it. He said that no one character in it was drawn from the life. The public believed him on his word, and expressed little curiosity about a satire, in which there was nothing personal

How many pictures of one nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's Countess, here, in ermin'd pride,
Is there Pastora, by a fountain side.
Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
And there, a naked Leda with a swan.
Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
In Magdalene's loose hair and lifted eye;
Or dress'd in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
With simp'ring angels, palms, and harps divine;
Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.
Come then, the colors, and the ground prepare!
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;
Chuse a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.
Rufa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each gay light meteor of a spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty smock;
Or Sappho at her toilette's greasy task
With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning mask:
So morning insects, that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.
How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend:
To her Calista prov'd her conduct nice,
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
Sudden, she storms! she raves! you tip the wink,
But spare your censure; Silia does not drink.

All eyes may see from what the change arose;
All eyes may see—a pimple on her nose.
Papilia, wedded to her am'rous spark,
Sighs for the shades—'How charming is a park!'
A park is purchas'd; but the fair he sees
All bath'd in tears—'Oh, odious, odious trees!'
Ladies like variegated tulips show;
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe:
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy spots the nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,
Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes,
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise;
Strange graces still, and stranger flights, she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.
Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's pray'r,
And paid a tradesman once to make him stare;
Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,
And made a widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be borne?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name,
A fool to pleasure yet a slave to fame?
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres:

Now Conscience chills her, and now Passion burns,
And Atheism and Religion take their turns;
A very Heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad good Christian at her heart.
See Sin in state, majestically drunk;
Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk;
Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.
What then? let blood and body bear the fault,
Her head's untouch'd, that noble seat of thought.
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She sins with poets through pure love of wit.
What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain?
Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlemagne.
As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,
The nose of haut-gout, and the tip of taste,
Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:
So Philomedé, lecturing all mankind
On the soft passion, and the taste refin'd,
Th' address, the delicacy—stoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.

Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray:
To toast our wants and wishes is her way;
Nor asks of God, but of her Stars, to give
The mighty blessing 'while we live to live.'
Then all for death, that opiate of the soul!
Lucretia's dagger, Rosamunda's bowl.
Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.

Wise Wretch! with pleasures too refin'd to please;
With too much spirit to be e'er at ease;
With too much quickness ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common thought;
You purchase pain with all that joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live.

Turn then from wits; and look on Simo's mate;
No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate;
Or her, that owns her faults but never mends,
Because she's honest, and the best of friends;
Or her, whose life the church and scandal share,
For ever in a passion, or a pray'r;
Or her, who laughs at hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, 'Ah! how charming if there's no such place!'
Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
Of mirth and opium, ratafie and tears,
The daily anodyne and nightly draught,
To kill those foes to fair ones, Time and Thought.
Woman and fool are too hard things to hit;
For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.

But what are these to great Atossa's mind?
Scarce once herself, by turns all womankind!
Who with herself, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth;
Shines in exposing knaves and painting fools,
Yet in whate'er she hates and ridicules.
No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
Full sixty years the world has been her trade,
The wisest fool much time has ever made.

From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No passions gratify'd, except her rage,
So much the fury still out-ran the wit,
The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes revenge from hell,
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her ev'ry turn with violence pursu'd,
No more a storm her hate than gratitude:
To that each passion turns; or soon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate.
Superiors? death! and equals? what a curse!
But an inferior, not dependant? worse.
Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live;
But die, and she'll adore you—then the bust
And temple rise—then fall again to dust.
Last night, her lord was all that's good and great;
A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
By spirit robb'd of pow'r, by warmth of friends,
By wealth of follow'rs! without one distress
Sick of herself, through very selfishness!
Atossa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
Childless with all her children, wants an heir;
To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, Heav'n directed, to the poor.

Pictures like these, dear Madam, to design,
Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit them right:

For how should equal colors do the knack?
Cameleons who can paint in white and black?
'Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot.'—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
'With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,
'Say, what can Chloe want?'—She wants a heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts, just as she ought,
But never, never, reach'd one gen'rous thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavor,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
So very reasonable, so unmov'd,
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair.
Forbid it, Heav'n, a favor or a debt
She e'er should cancel!—but she may forget.
Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;
But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.
Of all her dears she never slander'd one,
But cares not if a thousand are undone.
Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her footman put it in her head.
Chloe is prudent—Would you too be wise?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.

One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
Which Heav'n has varnish'd out and made a queen;
The same for ever! and describ'd by all
With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.

Poets heap virtues, painters gems, at will,
And shew their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
'Tis well—but, Artists! who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight.
That robe of quality so struts and swells,
None see what parts of Nature it conceals:
Th' exactest traits of body or of mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If Queensberry to strip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.
From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing
To draw the man who loves his God, or king.
Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honest Mah'met, or plain Parson Hale.

But grant, in public, men sometimes are shown,
A woman's seen in private life alone:
Our bolder talents in full light display'd,
Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide;
There none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,
Weakness or delicacy; all so nice,
That each may seem a virtue or a vice.

In men we various ruling passions find;
In Women, two almost divide the kind;
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.

That, Nature gives; and where the lesson taught
Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault?
Experience, this; by man's oppression curst,
They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men, some to bus'ness, some to pleasure take;
But ev'ry Woman is at heart a rake:
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife,
But ev'ry lady would be queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens!
Pow'r all their end, but beauty all the means.
In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age;
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But Wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd retreat,
As hard a science to the fair as great!
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose and dread to be alone;
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they dye.

Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
To covet flying, and regret when lost;
At last, to follies youth could scarce defend,
It grows their age's prudence to pretend;
Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more.
As hags hold sabbaths, less for joy than spight,
So these their merry, miserable night;
Still round and round the ghosts of Beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honor dy'd.

See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, and old age of cards;

Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot;
Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot!
Ah! Friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
To raise the thought and touch the heart be thine!
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing.
So when the sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.
Oh! bless'd with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;
She, who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humor most, when she obeys;
Let fops or fortune fly which way they will,
Disdains all loss of tickets, or codille;
Spleen, vapors, or small-pox, above them all,
And mistress of herself though china fall.
And yet believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.
Heav'n when it strives to polish all it can,
Its last best work, but forms a softer man;
Picks from each sex, to make the fav'rite blest,
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest;

Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your taste of follies with our scorn of fools;
Reserve with frankness, art with truth ally'd,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride;
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces—you.

Be this a Woman's fame: with this unblest,
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forgot the year)
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your parents' simple pray'r,
And gave you beauty, but deny'd the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
The gen'rous god, who wit and gold refines
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,
Kept dross for duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave sense, good humor, and a poet.

EPISTLE III.*

TO ALLEN, LORD BATHURST.

Of the Use of Riches.

The Argument.

THAT it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, avarice or profusion, v. 1, &c. The point discussed, whether the invention of money has been more commodious or pernicious to mankind, v. 21, to 77. That Riches, either to the avaricious or the prodigal, cannot afford happiness, scarcely necessaries, v. 89, to 160. That avarice is an absolute frenzy, without an end or purpose, v. 113, &c. 152. Conjectures about the motives of avaricious men, v. 121, to 153. That the conduct of men with respect to Riches can only be accounted for by the order of Providence, which works the general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions, v. 161, to 178. How a miser acts upon principles which appear to him reasonable, v. 179. How a prodigal does the same, v. 199. The due medium and true use of Riches, v. 219. The Man of Ross, v. 250. The fate of the profuse and the covetous, in two examples; both miserable in life and in death, v. 300, &c. The story of Sir Balaam, v. 339, to the end.

P. WHO shall decide, when doctors disagree,
And sounded casuits doubt, like you and me?

* This Epistle was written after a violent outcry against our author, on a supposition that he had ridiculed a worthy Nobleman merely for his wrong taste. He justified himself upon that article in a letter to the Earl of Burlington; at the end of which are these words: 'I have learnt that there are some 'who would rather be wicked than ridiculous: and there-'fore it may be safer to attack vices than follies. I will there-

A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil!
'Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;
'Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door;
'A hundred Oxen at your levee roar.'
Poor Avarice one torment more would find,
Nor could Profusion squander all in kind.
Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet,
And Worldly crying coals from street to street,
Whom with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,
Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.
Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?
His grace will game: to White's a bull be led,
With spurning heels and with a butting head;
To White's be carry'd, as to ancient games,
Fair coursers, vases, and alluring dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
Bear home six whores, and make his lady weep?
Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?
Oh filthy check on all industrious skill,
To spoil the nation's last great trade, Quadrille!
Since then, my Lord, on such a world we fall,
What say you? B. Say? Why take it, gold and all.
P. What Riches give us, let us then enquire;
Meat, fire, and clothes. B. What more? P. Meat, clothes, and fire.
Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give;

Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!
What can they give? To dying Hopkins heirs;
To Chartres, vigor; Japhet, nose and ears?
Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippia glow?
In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below?
Or heal, old Narses, thy obscener ail,
With all th' embroid'ry plaister'd at thy tail?
They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
Give Harpax' self the blessing of a friend;
Or find some doctor that would save the life
Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife.
But thousands die, without or this or that,
Die, and endow a college, or a cat.
To some indeed Heav'n grants the happier fate,
T' enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.
  Perhaps you think the poor might have their part?
Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart;
The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule
That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool.
'God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)
'The wretch he starves'—and piously denies;
But the good Bishop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.
  Yet to be just to these poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbor as himself:
Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides.

B. Who suffer thus, mere Charity should own,
Must act on motives pow'rful, though unknown.
P. Some war, some plague, or famine, they foresee,
Some revelation hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found,
He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.
What made Directors cheat in South-sea year?
To live on ven'son when it sold so dear.
Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys?
Phryne foresees a general excise.
Why She and Sappho raise that monstrous sum?
Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.
Wise Peter sees the world's respect for gold,
And therefore hopes this nation may be sold;
Glorious ambition! Peter, swell thy store,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.
The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold.
Congenial souls! whose life one av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Asturian mines.
Much-injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in these words our fate:
'At length corruption, like a gen'ral flood,
'(So long by watchful ministers withstood)
'Shall deluge all; and av'rice creeping on,
'Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun;

'Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,
'Peeress and butler share alike the box,
'And judges job, and bishops bite the Town,
'And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown:
'See Britain sunk in Lucre's sordid charms,
'And France reveng'd of Anne's and Edward's arms!'
'Twas no court-badge, great Scriv'ner! fir'd thy brain,
Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, asham'd to see
Senates degen'rate, patriots disagree,
And nobly wishing party-rage to cease,
To buy both sides, and give thy country peace.
'All this is madness,' cries a sober sage:
But who, my Friend, has reason in his rage?
'The ruling passion, be it what it will,
'The ruling passion, conquers reason still.'
Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame
Than ev'n that passion, if it has no aim;
For though such motives Folly you may call
The folly's greater to have none at all.
Hear then the truth: 'Tis Heav'n each passion sends,
'And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends.
'Extremes in Nature equal good produce;
'Extremes in Man concur to gen'ral use.'
Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow?
That power who bids the ocean ebb and flow,

Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
Through reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain;
Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.
Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.
Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the poor;
This year a reservoir, to keep and spare;
The next, a fountain, spouting through his heir,
In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,
And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.
Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What though (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)
His kitchen vy'd in coolness with his grot!
His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,
With soups unbought, and sallads, bless'd his board?
If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more
Than Bramins, saints, and sages did before;
To cram the rich was prodigal expence,
And who would take the poor from Providence?
Like some lone chartreux stands the good old hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noontide bell invites the country round;
Tenants with sighs the smokeless tow'rs survey,
And turn th' unwilling steeds another way;
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curs'd the sav'd candle, and unop'ning door;

While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
Not so his son: he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.
(For what to shun will no great knowledge need,
But what to follow, is a task indeed!)
Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin fortunes, than to raise.
What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious 'squire, and deep divine!
Yet no mean motives this profusion draws:
His oxen perish in his country's cause;
'Tis George and Liberty that crowns the cup,
And zeal for that great house which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked seat,
The Sylvans groan—no matter—for the fleet:
Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands;
Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.
To Town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold trainbands, and burns a pope.
And shall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils?
In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause,
His thankless country leaves him to her laws.
The sense to value Riches, with the art
T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursu'd,
Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude;
To balance fortune by a just expence,
Join with œconomy, magnificence;

With splendor, charity; with plenty, health;
Oh! teach us, Bathurst! yet unspoil'd by wealth!
That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
Of mad good-nature, and of mean self-love.

B. To worth or want well-weigh'd be bounty giv'n,
And ease, or emulate the care of Heav'n;
(Whose measure full o'erflows on human race)
Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
Wealth in the gross is death, but life, diffus'd;
As poison heals, in just proportion us'd:
In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies,
But well disper'd, is incense to the skies.

P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats?
The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that cheats.
Is there a lord, who knows a cheerful noon
Without a fiddler, flatt'rer, or buffoon?
Whose table, wit, or modest merit share,
Unelbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or play'r?
Who copies your's, or Oxford's better part,
To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
Where'er he shines, oh Fortune, gild the scene,
And angels guard him in the golden mean!
There, English bounty yet a while may stand,
And honor linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross:
Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.

Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry
brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught the heav'n-directed spire to rise?
'The Man of Ross,' each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread;
He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans, blest,
The young who labor, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? The man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attornies, now an useless race.

B. Thrice happy Man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!
Oh! say what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
What mines so swell that boundless charity?

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children, clear,
This Man possess'd—five hundred pounds a-year.

Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts! withdraw your blaze;
Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.
B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?
P. Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that virtue fill'd the space between,
Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who living sav'd a candle's end;
Should'ring God's altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
That live-long wig, which Gorgon's self might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.
Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend!
And, see what comfort it affords our end.
In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,

Great Villiers lies—alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king.
No wit to flatter, left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more:
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends!

His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,
And well (he thought) advis'd him, 'Live like me.'
As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir John?
"That I can do, when all I have is gone!"
Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,
Want with a full, or with an empty purse?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd;
Arise, and tell me, was thy death more bless'd?
Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
For very want: he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r,
For very want: he could not pay a dow'r.
A few grey hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd;
'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had!
Cutler and Brutus, dying, both exclaim,
'Virtue! and Wealth! what are you but a name?'

Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd?
Or are they both in this their own reward?
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale—B. Agreed.
P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully lifts the head, and lies,
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth,
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's;
Constant at Church, and 'Change; his gains were sure,
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.
The devil was piqu'd such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old;
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rouz'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.
Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes.
'Live like yourself,' was soon my lady's word;
And lo! two puddings smoak'd upon the board.

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a gem away;
He pledg'd it to the Knight, the Knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.
Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought,
'I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat;
'Where once I went to church I'll now go twice,
'And am so clear too of all other vice;'
The Tempter saw his time, the work he ply'd;
Stocks and subscriptions pour on ev'ry side,
Till all the dæmon makes his full descent
In one abundant show'r of *cent per cent.*
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs Director, and secures his soul.
Behold, Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a blessing now was wit,
And God's good providence a lucky hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn;
His compting-house employ'd the Sunday morn:
Seldom at church, ('twas such a busy life)
But duly sent his family and wife.
There (so the devil ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
My good old lady catch'd a cold and dy'd.
A nymph of quality admires our Knight;
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite;
Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
First for his son a gay commission buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies:

His daughter flaunts a Viscount's tawdry wife;
She bears a coronet and p—x for life.
In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,
And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.
My lady falls to play; so bad her chance,
He must repair it; takes a bribe from France:
The house impeach him: Coningsby harangues;
The Court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs.
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown:
The devil and the king divide the prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

EPISTLE IV.

TO RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON.

Of the use of Riches.

The Argument.

THE vanity of expence in people of wealth and quality. The abuse of the word Taste, v. 13. That the first principle and foundation in this, as in every thing else, is good sense, v. 40. The chief proof of it is to follow Nature, even in works of mere luxury and elegance. Instanced in architecture and gardening, where all must be adapted to the genius and use of the place, and the beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it, v. 50. How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings, for want of this true foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all, and the best examples and rules will be but perverted into something burdensome and ridiculous, v. 65, to 92. A description of the false taste of magnificence: the first grand error of which is to imagine, that greatness consists in the size and dimensions, instead of the proportion and harmony of the whole, v. 97; and the second, either in joining together parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling, or, in the repetition of the same, too frequently, v. 105, &c. A word or two of false taste in books, in music, in painting, even in preaching and prayer; and lastly, in entertainments, v. 133, &c. yet Providence is justified in giving wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the poor and laborious part of mankind, v. 169. [Recurring to what is laid down in the First Book, Ep. ii. and in the Epistle preceding this, v. 159, &c.] What are the proper objects of magnificence, and a proper field for the expence of great men, v. 177, &c. and finally, the great and public works which become a Prince, v. 191, to the end.

'Tis strange, the miser should his cares employ,
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy;
Is it less strange, the prodigal should waste
His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste?

Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats;
Artists must chuse his pictures, music, meats:
He buys for Topham drawings and designs;
For Pembroke statues, dirty gods, and coins;
Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloan.
Think we all these are for himself? no more
Than his fine wife, alas! or finer whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to show how many tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste?
Some dæmon whisper'd, 'Visto! have a taste.'
Heav'n visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.
See! sportive Fate, to punish awkward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide:
A standing sermon at each year's expence,
That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence!

You show us Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of use;
Yet shall, my Lord, your just, your noble rules,
Fill half the land with imitating fools,
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load some vain church with old theatric state,
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden gate;
Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole, ek'd with ends of wall;
Then clap four slices of pilaster on't,
That lac'd with bits of rustic makes a front:

Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.
Oft have you hinted to your brother peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is more needful than expense,
And something previous ev'n to taste—'tis sense;
Good sense, which only is the gift of Heav'n,
And though no science, fairly worth the sev'n;
A light which in yourself you must perceive;
Jones and Le Notre have it not to give.
To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace, or to sink the groat,
In all let Nature never be forgot;
But treat the goddess like the modest fair,
Nor overdress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spy'd,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.
Consult the genius of the place in all,
That tells the waters or to rise or fall;
Or helps th' ambitious hill the heav'ns to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale;
Calls in the country, catches op'ning glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;
Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending lines,
Paints as you plant, and as you work designs.

Still follow sense, of ev'ry art the soul,
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole;
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance:
Nature shall join you; time shall make it grow,
A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stow.
Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls,
And Nero's terraces desert their walls;
The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
Lo! Cobham comes and floats them with a lake:
Or cut wide views through mountains to the plain,
You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an hermitage set Dr. Clarke.
Behold Villario's ten years' toil complete,
His quincunx darkens, his espaliers meet,
The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
And strength of shade contends with strength of light;
A waving glow the bloomy beds display,
Blushing in bright diversities of day,
With silver quiv'ring rills meander'd o'er—
Enjoy them you! Villario can no more:
Tir'd of the scene parterres and fountains yield,
He finds at last he better likes a field.
Through his young woods how pleas'd Sabinus stray'd,
Or sat delighted in the thick'ning shade,
With annual joy the redd'ning shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching branches long to meet!

His son's fine taste an op'ner vista loves,
Foe to the Dryads of his father's groves;
One boundless green or flourish'd carpet views,
With all the mournful family of yews;
The thriving plants ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.
At Timon's villa let us pass a day,
Where all cry out, 'What sums are thrown away?'
So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,
Soft and agreeable come never there.
Greatness with Timon dwells in such a draught,
As brings all Brobdingnag before your thought.
To compass this, his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:
Who but must laugh the master when he sees,
A puny insect shiv'ring at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
The whole a labor'd quarry above ground.
Two Cupids squirt before; a lake behind
Improves the keenness of the northern winds.
His gardens next your admiration call;
On ev'ry side you look, behold the wall!
No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suff'ring eye inverted Nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees;
With here a fountain never to be play'd,
And there a summer-house that knows no shade;

Here Amphitritè sails through myrtle bow'rs,
There gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs;
Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.
My lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen:
But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
First through the length of your hot terrace sweat;
And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
Just at his study door he'll bless your eyes.
His study! with what authors is it stor'd?
In books, not authors, curious is my Lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round;
These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound!
Lo, some are vellum, and the rest as good,
For all his Lordship knows, but they are wood!
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look;
These shelves admit not any modern book.
And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the pride of pray'r:
Light quirks of music, broken and unev'n,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heav'n.
On painted cielings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguèrre,
Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your eye.
To rest the cushion and soft Dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.

But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall:
The rich buffet well-color'd serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face,
Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
No, it's a temple, and a hecatomb;
A solemn sacrifice perform'd in state,
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread Doctor and his wand were there.
Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
From Soup to sweet wine, and *God bless the King*.
In plenty starving tantaliz'd in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
I curse such lavish cost and little skill,
And swear no day was ever past so ill.

Yet hence the poor are cloth'd, the hungry fed;
Health to himself and to his infants bred
The lab'rer bears; what his hard heart denies
His charitable vanity supplies.

Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope, and not on the parterre.
Deep harvests bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres reassume the land.

Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?
Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle?

'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,
And splendor borrows all her rays from sense.
His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbors glad if he increase;
Whose cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,
Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil;
Whose ample lawns are not asham'd to feed
The milky heifer and deserving steed:
Whose rising forests not for pride or show,
But future buildings, future navies grow;
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a country, and then raise a town.
You, too, proceed! make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
Till kings call forth th' ideas of your mind,
(Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd)
Bid harbors open, public ways extend,
Bid temples worthier of the God ascend;
Bid the broad arch the dang'rous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main;
Back to his bounds this subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers through the land:
These honors Peace to happy Britain brings;
These are imperial works, and worthy kings.

EPISTLE V.

TO MR. ADDISON.*

[Occasioned by his Dialogues on Medals.]

See the wild waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples, spread!
The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead!
Imperial wonders rais'd on nations spoil'd,
Where mix'd with slaves the groaning martyr toil'd:
Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
Now drain'd a distant country of her floods;
Fanes, which admiring gods with pride survey,
Statues of men scarce less alive than they!
Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage;
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preserves a name;

* This was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr. Addison, not yet Secretary of State, had prepared his book of Medals for the press, but not published till Mr. Tickell's edition of Addison's works in 1720; when the verses on Mr. Craggs, which conclude this poem, were added.

As the third Epistle treated of the extremes of avarice and profusion; and the fourth book upon one particular branch of the latter, namely, the vanity of expence in people of wealth and quality, and was therefore a corollary to the third; so this treats of one circumstance of that variety, as it appears in the common collectors of old coins; and is, therefore a corollary to the fourth.

That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.
Ambition sigh'd; she found it vain to trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust;
Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more:
Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
And all her triumphs shrink into a Coin.
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps,
Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps.
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile, or Rhine;
A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little Eagles wave their wings in gold.
The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Through climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one short view subjected to our eye,
Gods, emp'rors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale Antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,
One grasps a Cecrops in extatic dreams
Poor Vadius long with learned spleen devour'd
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd;
And Curio, restless by the fair-one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand again Rome's glories shine;
Her gods and godlike heroes rise to view
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
Nor blush these studies thy regard engage;
These pleas'd the fathers' of poetic rage;
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.
Oh! when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living Medals see her wars enroll'd,
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold;
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face,
There warriors frowning in historic brass;
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;
Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison:
Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore another Pollio shine;
With aspect open shall erect his head
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,
'Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
'In action faithful, and in honor clear;
'Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
'Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
'Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
'And prais'd unenvy'd by the Muse he lov'd.'

THE WIFE OF BATH.

HER PROLOGUE.

FROM CHAUCER.

BEHOLD the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with rev'rence an experienc'd Wife;
To dear-bought Wisdom give the credit due,
And think for once a woman tells you true.
In all these trials I have borne a part;
I was myself the scourge that caus'd the smart;
For since fifteen in triumph have I led
Five captive husbands from the church to bed.
Christ saw a wedding once, the Scripture says,
And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days;
Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,
No pious Christian ought to marry twice.
But let them read, and solve me if they can,
The words address'd to the Samaritan:
Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd,
And sure the certain stint was ne'er defin'd.
'Increase and multiply' was Heav'n's command,
And that's a text I clearly understand.
This too 'Let men their sires and mothers leave,
'And to their dearer wives for ever cleave.'
More wives than one by Solomon were try'd,
Or else the wisest of mankind's bely'd.
I've had myself full many a merry fit,
And trust in Heav'n I may have many yet;

For when my transitory spouse unkind,
Shall die and leave his woeful wife behind,
I'll take the next good Christian I can find.
Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,
Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.
There's danger in assembling fire and tow;
I grant them that; and what it means you know.
The same apostle, too, has elsewhere own'd
No precept for virginity he found:
'Tis but a counsel—and we women still
Take which we like, the counsel or our will.
I envy not their bliss if he or she
Think fit to live in perfect chastity:
Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice;
I for a few slight spots am not too nice.
Heav'n calls us diff'rent ways, on these bestows
One proper gift, another grants to those;
Not ev'ry man's oblig'd to sell his store,
And give up all his substance to the poor:
Such as are perfect may, I can't deny;
But by your leaves, Divines! so am not I.
Full many a saint, since first the world began,
Liv'd an unspotted maid in spite of man:
Let such (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
And let us honest wives eat barley bread.
For me, I'll keep the post assign'd by Heav'n,
And use the copious talent it has giv'n:
Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,
And keep an equal reck'ning ev'ry night:

His proper body is not his but mine;
For so said Paul, and Paul's a sound divine.
Know then, of those five husbands I have had,
Three were just tolerable, two were bad.
The three were old, but rich, and fond beside,
And toil'd most piteously to please their bride;
But since their wealth (the best they had) was mine,
The rest without much loss I could resign:
Sure to be lov'd I took no pains to please,
Yet had more pleasure far than they had ease.
Presents flow'd in apace: with show'rs of gold
They made their court, like Jupiter of old:
If I but smil'd a sudden youth they found,
And a new palsy seiz'd them when I frown'd.
Ye sov'reign Wives! give ear, and understand,
Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command;
For never was it giv'n to mortal man
To lie so boldly, as we women can:
Forswear the fact, though seen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witness how he lies.
Hark, old Sir Paul! ('twas thus I us'd to say)
Whence is our neighbor's wife so rich and gay?
Treated, caress'd where'er she's pleas'd to roam—
I sit in tatters, and immur'd at home.
Why to her house dost thou so oft repair?
Art thou so am'rous? and is she so fair?
If I but see a cousin or a friend,
Lord! how you swell and rage like any fiend!
But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your easy chair—

Cry Wives are false, and ev'ry woman evil,
And give up all that's female to the devil.
If poor (you say) she drains her husband's purse;
If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse;
If highly born intolerably vain,
Vapors and pride by turns possess her brain;
Now gaily mad, now sourly splenetic,
Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick:
If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,
By pressing youth attack'd on ev'ry side;
If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,
Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures;
Or else she dances with becoming grace,
Or shape excuses the defects of face.
There swims no goose so grey but soon or late
She finds some honest gander for her mate.
Horses (thou say'st) and asses men may try,
And ring suspected vessels ere they buy;
But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take,
They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake;
Then, nor till then, the veil's remov'd away,
And all the woman glares in open day.
You tell me to preserve your wife's good grace,
Your eyes must always languish on my face,
Your tongue with constant flatt'ries feed my ear,
And tag each sentence with, my life! my dear!
If by strange chance a modest blush be rais'd,
Be sure my fine complexion must be prais'd.
My garments always must be new and gay,
And feasts still kept upon my wedding-day.

Then must my nurse be pleas'd, and fav'rite maid
And endless treats, and endless visits paid
To a long train of kindred, friends, allies:
All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are lies.
On Jenkin, too, you cast a squinting eye:
What, can your 'prentice raise your jealousy?
Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,
And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair.
But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow,
I'd scorn your 'prentice, should you die to-morrow.
Why are thy chests all lock'd? on what design?
Are not thy worldly goods and treasure mine?
Sir, I'm no fool; nor shall you, by St. John,
Have goods and body to yourself alone.
One you shall quit, in spite of both your eyes—
I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the spies.
If you had wit, you'd say, 'Go where you will,
'Dear spouse! I credit not the tales they tell:
'Take all the freedoms of a marry'd life;
'I know thee for a virtuous faithful wife.'
Lord! when you have enough, what need you care
How merrily soever others fare?
Though all the day I give and take delight,
Doubt not sufficient will be left at night.
'Tis but a just and rational desire,
To light a taper at a neighbor's fire.
There's danger too, you think, in rich array,
And none can long be modest that are gay.

The cat, if you but singe her tabby skin,
The chimney keeps, and sits content within;
But once grown sleek, will from her corner run,
Sport with her tail, and wanton in the sun:
She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad,
To show her fur, and to be caterwaul'd.
Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires
These three right ancient venerable sires.
I told 'em, Thus you say, and thus you do;
I told 'em false, but Jenkin swore 'twas true.
I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
And first complain'd whene'er the guilt was mine.
I tax'd them oft with wenching and amours,
When their weak legs scarce dragg'd them out of doors:
And swore the rambles that I took by night,
Were all to spy what damsels they bedight:
That color brought me many hours of mirth;
For all this wit is giv'n us from our birth.
Heav'n gave to woman the peculiar grace
To spin, to weep, and cully human race.
By this nice conduct, and this prudent course,
By murm'ring, wheedling, stratagem, and force,
I still prevail'd, and would be in the right;
Or curtain-lectures made a restless night.
If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,
'What! so familiar with your spouse?' (I cry'd;)
I levy'd first a tax upon his need;
Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed!

Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,
Marry who will, our sex is to be sold.
With empty hands no tassels you can lure,
But fulsome love for gain we can endure:
For gold we love the impotent and old,
And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for gold.
Yet with embraces curses oft I mix'd,
Then kiss'd again, and chid, and rail'd betwixt.
Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
For not one word in man's arrears am I.
To drop a dear dispute I was unable,
Ev'n though the Pope himself had sat at table;
But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke:
'Billy, my dear! how sheepishly you look!
'Approach, my spouse! and let me kiss thy cheek;
'Thou should'st be always thus, resign'd and meek.
'Of Job's great patience since so oft you preach,
'Well should you practise, who so well can teach.
''Tis difficult to do, I must allow,
'But I, my dearest! will instruct you how.
'Great is the blessing of a prudent wife,
'Who puts a period to domestic strife.
'One of us two must rule, and one obey;
'And since in man right reason bears the sway,
'Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way.
'The wives of all my family have rul'd
'Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd.
''Fye! 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan:
'What! would you have me to yourself alone?

'Why, take me, love! take all and ev'ry part!
'Here's your revenge! you love it at your heart.
'Would I vouchsafe to sell what Nature gave,
'You little think what custom I could have.
'But see! I'm all your own—nay hold—for
'shame!
'What means my dear? indeed—you are to
'blame.'

Thus with my first three lords I pass'd my life,
A very woman, and a very wife.
What sums from these old spouses I could raise,
Procur'd young husbands in my riper days.
Though past my bloom, not yet decay'd was I;
Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pie.
In country dances still I bore the bell,
And sung as sweet as ev'ning Philomel.
To clear my quail pipe, and refresh my soul,
Full oft I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl;
Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,
And warm the swelling veins to feats of love:
For 'tis as sure as cold engenders hail,
A liqu'rish mouth must have a lech'rous tail;
Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
As all true gamesters by experience know.

But oh, good Gods! whene'er a thought I cast
On all the joys of youth and beauty past,
To find in pleasures I have had my part,
Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
This wicked world was once my dear delight;
Now all my conquests, all my charms good night;

The flour consum'd, the best that now I can,
Is e'en to make my market of the bran.
My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true;
He kept, 'twas thought, a private miss or two: 230
But all that score I pay'd.—As how? you'll say;
Not with my body in a filthy way;
But I so dress'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd,
And view'd a friend with eyes so very kind
As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry 235
With burning rage, and frantic jealousy.
His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his purgatory.
Oft when his shoe the most severely wrung,
He put on careless airs, and sat and sung. 240
How sore I gall'd him, only Heav'n could know,
And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.
He dy'd when last from pilgrimage I came,
With other gossips, from Jerusalem;
And now lies bury'd underneath a rood, 245
Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood:
A tomb, indeed, with fewer sculptures grac'd
Than that Mausolus' pious widow plac'd,
Or where enshrin'd the great Darius lay;
But cost on graves is merely thrown away. 250
The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;
So bless the good man's soul! I say no more.
Now for my fifth lov'd lord, the last and best;
(Kind Heav'n afford him everlasting rest!)
Full hearty was his love, and I can shew 255
The tokens on my ribs, in black and blue;

Yet with a knack my heart he could have won,
While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.
How quaint an appetite in women reigns!
Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains:
Let men avoid us, and on them we leap;
A glutted market makes provision cheap.
In pure good-will I took this jovial spark,
Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.
He boarded with a widow of the town,
A trusty gossip, one Dame Allison;
Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
Better than e'er our parish priest could do.
To her I told whatever could befal:
Had but my husband piss'd against a wall;
Or done a thing that might have cost his life,
She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
Had known it all: what most he would conceal
To these I made no scruple to reveal.
Oft has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame,
That e'er he told a secret to his dame.
It so befel, in holy time of Lent,
That oft a-day I to this gossip went:
(My husband, thank my stars, was out of town)
From house to house we rambled up and down,
This clerk, myself, and my good neighbor Alse,
To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tales.
Visits to ev'ry church we daily paid,
And march'd in ev'ry holy masquerade;
The stations duly, and the vigils kept,
Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.

At sermons, too, I shone in scarlet gay;
The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my best array;
The cause was this, I wore it ev'ry day.
'Twas when fresh May her early blossoms yields,
The clerk and I were walking in the fields.
We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,
I pawn'd my honor, and engag'd my vow,
If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
That he, and only he, should serve my turn.
We strait struck hands, the bargain was agreed;
I still have shifts against a time of need:
The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouse of any soul.
I vow'd I scarce could sleep since first I knew him,
And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him;
If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone;
And dreams foretel, as learned men have shown.
All this I said; but dreams, sirs, I had none:
I follow'd but my crafty crony's lore,
Who bid me tell this lie and twenty more.
Thus day by day, and month by month we past;
I pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last.
I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,
And beat my breasts, as wretched widows—must.
Before my face my handkerchief I spread,
To hide the flood of tears I did—not shed.
The good man's coffin to the church was borne;
Around the neighbors, and my clerk too, mourn:

But as he march'd, good Gods! he show'd a pair
Of legs and feet so clean, so strong, so fair!
Of twenty winters' age he seem'd to be;
I (to say truth) was twenty more than he;
But vig'rous still, a lively buxom dame,
And had a wondrous gift to quench a flame.
A conj'ror once, that deeply could divine,
Assur'd me Mars in Taurus was my sign.
As the stars order'd, such my life has been;
Alas, alas! that ever love was sin!
Fair Venus gave me fire and sprightly grace,
And Mars assurance, and a dauntless face.
By virtue of this pow'rful constellation,
I follow'd always my own inclination.
But to my tale. A month scarce pass'd away,
With dance and song we kept the nuptial day.
All I possess'd I gave to his command,
My goods and chattels, money, house, and land;
But oft repented, and repent it still:
He prov'd a rebel to my sov'reign will;
Nay, once, by Heav'n! he struck me on the face;
Hear but the fact, and judge yourselves the case.
Stubborn as any lioness was I,
And knew full well to raise my voice on high;
As true a rambler as I was before,
And would be so in spite of all he swore.
He against this right sagely would advise,
And old examples set before my eyes;
Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,
Of Gracchus' mother, and Duilius' wife;

And close the sermon as beseem'd his wit,
With some grave sentence out of Holy Writ.
Oft would he say, 'Who builds his house on sands,
Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands;
Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deserves a fool's cap and long ears, at home.
All this avail'd not, for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally;
And so do numbers more, I'll boldly say,
Men, women, clergy, regular and lay.
My spouse (who was, you know, to learning bred)
A certain treatise oft at ev'ning read,
Where divers authors (whom the devil confound
For all their lies) were in one volume bound:
Valerius whole, and of St. Jerome part;
Crysippus, and Tertullian, Ovid's Art,
Solomon's Proverbs, Eloisa's Loves,
And many more than sure the Church approves.
More legions were there here of wicked wives
Than good in all the Bible and Saints' Lives.
Who drew the lion vanquish'd? 'Twas a man;
But could we women write as scholars can,
Men should stand mark'd with far more wickedness
Than all the sons of Adam could redress.
Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise.
Those play the scholars, who can't play the men,
And use that weapon, which they have—their pen;

When old, and past the relish of delight,
Then down they sit, and in their dotage write,
That not one woman keeps her marriage-vow.
(This by the way, but to my purpose now.)
It chanc'd my husband, on a winter's night,
Read in this book aloud with strange delight,
How the first female (as the Scriptures show)
Brought her own spouse, and all his race, to woe;
How Sampson fell; and he, whom Dejanire
Wrapp'd in th' envenom'd shirt, and set on fire;
How curs'd Eriphyle her lord betray'd,
And the dire ambush Clytemnestra laid;
But what most pleas'd him was the Cretan dame,
And husband-bull—Oh, monstrous! fye, for shame!
He had by heart the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergo;
How oft she scolded in a day he knew;
How many piss-pots on the sage she threw;
Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head,
'Rain follows thunder,' that was all he said.
He read how Arius to his friend complain'd,
A fatal tree was growing in his land,
On which three wives successively had twin'd
A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.
'Where grows this plant (reply'd the friend) oh!
'where?
'For better fruit did never orchard bear;
'Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,
'And in my garden planted shall it be.'

Then how two wives their lords' destruction prove,
Through hatred one, and one through too much love;
That, for her husband mix'd a pois'nous draught,
And this, for lust, an am'rous philtre bought;
The nimble juice soon seiz'd his giddy head,
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.
How some with swords their sleeping lords have slain;
And some have hammer'd nails into their brain;
And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion:
All this he read, and read with great devotion.
Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and frown'd;
But when no end of these vile tales I found,
When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
And half the night was thus consum'd in vain,
Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,
And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.
With that my husband in a fury rose,
And down he settled me with hearty blows.
I groan'd, and lay extended on my side:
'Oh! thou hast slain me for my wealth,' I cry'd,
Yet I forgive thee—take my last embrace—
He wept, kind soul! and stoop'd to kiss my face;
I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,
Then sigh'd and cry'd, Adieu, my dear, adieu!
But after many a hearty struggle past
I condescended to be pleas'd at last.

Soon as he said, 'My mistress and my wife!
Do what you list the term of all your life,'
I took to heart the merits of the cause,
And stood content to rule by wholesome laws;
Receiv'd the reins of absolute command,
With all the government of house and land,
And empire o'er his tongue and o'er his hand.
As for the volume that revil'd the dames,
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.
Now Heav'n on all my husbands gone, bestow
Pleasures above, for tortures felt below;
That rest they wish'd for, grant them in the grave,
And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save.

STATIUS HIS THEBAIS.

BOOK I.

[*Translated in the year* 1703.]

The Argument.

OEDIPUS king of Thebes having, by mistake, slain his father Laius, and married his mother Jocasta, put out his own eyes, and resigned his realm to his sons Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tisiphone, to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices, and one of the daughters of Adrastus king of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect: and Mercury is sent on a message to the shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices in the mean time, departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos, where he meets with Tydeus who had fled from Calydon, having killed his brother. Adrastus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo that his daughters should be married to a boar and a lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers, by whom the hides of those beasts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feast in honor of that God. The rise of this solemnity. He relates to his guests the loves of Phœbus and Psamathe, and the story of Chorœbus: he enquires, and is made acquainted with their descent and quality; the sacrifice is renewed, and the Book concludes with a hymn to Apollo.

The translator hopes he need not apologise for his choice of this piece, which was made almost in his childhood; but, finding the version better than he expected, he gave it some correction a few years afterwards.

FRATERNAL rage, the guilty Thebes' alarms,
Th' alternate reign, destroy'd by impious arms,

Demand our song; a sacred fury fires
My ravish'd breast, and all the Muse inspires.
O Goddess! say, shall I deduce my rhymes
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, Agenor's stern decree,
And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea?
How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil,
And reap'd an iron harvest of his toil?
Or how from joining stones the city sprung,
While to his harp divine Amphion sung?
Or shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,
Whose fatal rage th' unhappy monarch found?
The sire against the son his arrows drew;
O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,
And while her arms a second hope contain,
Sprung from the rocks, and plung'd into the main.
But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
And fix, O Muse! the barrier of thy song
At Œdipus—from his disasters trace
The long confusions of his guilty race:
Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,
And mighty Cæsar's conqu'ring Eagles sing!
How twice he tam'd proud Ister's rapid flood,
While Dacian mountains stream'd with barb'rous blood;
Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
And stretch'd his empire to the frozen pole;
Or, long before, with early valor strove,
In youthful arms t' assert the cause of Jove.
And thou, great heir of all thy father's fame,
Increase of glory to the Latian name!

Oh! bless thy Rome with an eternal reign,
Nor let desiring worlds entreat in vain!
What though the stars contract their heav'nly space,
And crowd their shining ranks to yield thee place;
Though all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,
Conspire to court thee from our world away;
Though Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more serenely shine;
Though Jove himself no less content would be,
To part his throne, and share his heav'n with thee;
Yet stay, great Cæsar! and vouchsafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the wat'ry main;
Resign to Jove his empire of the skies,
And people heav'n with Roman deities.
The time will come when a diviner flame
Shall warm my breast to sing of Cæsar's fame;
Meanwhile permit that my preluding Muse
In Theban wars an humbler theme may chuse:
Of furious hate surviving death, she sings,
A fatal throne to two contending kings,
And fun'ral flames that, parting wide in air,
Express the discord of the souls they bear;
Of towns dispeopled, and the wand'ring ghosts
Of kings unbury'd in the wasted coasts;
When Dirce's fountain blush'd with Grecian blood,
And Thetis, near Ismenos' swelling flood,
With dread beheld the rolling surges sweep
In heaps his slaughter'd sons into the deep.
What hero, Clio! wilt thou first relate?
The rage of Tydeus, or the Prophet's fate?

Or how, with hills of slain on ev'ry side,
Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tide?
Or how, the youth with ev'ry grace adorn'd,
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?
Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,
And sing with horror his prodigious end.
Now wretched Œdipus, depriv'd of sight,
Led a long death in everlasting night;
But while he dwells where not a cheerful ray
Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day,
The clear reflecting mind presents his sin
In frightful views, and makes it day within;
Returning thoughts in endless circles roll,
And thousand Furies haunt his guilty soul.
The wretch then lifted to th' unpitying skies
Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
Whose wounds, yet fresh, with bloody hands he strook,
While from his breast these dreadful accents broke:
'Ye Gods! that o'er the gloomy regions reign,
Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain!
Thou, sable Styx! whose livid streams are roll'd
Through dreary coasts, which I though blind behold!
Tisiphone! that oft has heard my pray'r,
Assist, if Œdipus deserve thy care!
If you receiv'd me from Jocasta's womb,
And nurs'd the hope of mischiefs yet to come;
If, leaving Polybus, I took my way
To Cyrrha's temple, on that fatal day,

When by the son the trembling father dy'd,
Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide;
If I the Sphynx's riddles durst explain,
Taught by thyself to win the promis'd reign;
If wretched I, by baleful Furies led,
With monstrous mixture stain'd my mother's bed;
For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
And with full lust those horrid joys renew'd;
Then self-condemn'd, to shades of endless night,
Forc'd from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight;
Oh hear! and aid the vengeance I require,
If worthy thee, and what thou might'st inspire.
My sons their old unhappy sire despise,
Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes;
Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn,
While these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn;
These sons, ye Gods! who, with flagitious pride,
Insult my darkness, and my groans deride.
Art thou a father, unregarding Jove!
And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above? 110
Thou Fury! then, some lasting curse entail,
Which o'er their children's children shall prevail;
Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore,
Which these dire hands from my slain father tore;
Go, and a parent's heavy curses bear;
Break all the bonds of Nature, and prepare
Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war!
Give them to dare, what I might wish to see,
Blind as I am, some glorious villainy!
Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,
Their ready guilt preventing thy commands: 121

Couldst thou some great, proportion'd, mischief frame,
They'd prove the father from whose loins they came.'
The Fury heard, while on Cocytus brink
Her snakes, unty'd, sulphureous waters drink;
But at the summons roll'd her eyes around,
And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground.
Not half so swiftly shoots along in air,
The gliding lightning, or descending star.
Through crowds of airy shades she wing'd her flight,
And dark dominions of the silent night;
Swift as she pass'd, the flitting ghosts withdrew,
And the pale spectres trembled at her view:
To th' iron gates of Tænarus she flies,
There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies.
The day beheld, and sick'ning at the sight,
Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.
Affrighted Atlas, on the distant shore,
Trembled, and shook the heav'ns and gods he bore.
Now from beneath Malea's airy height
Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to Thebes her flight;
With eager speed the well-known journey took,
Nor here regrets the hell she late forsook.
A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,
A hundred serpents guard her horrid head;
In her sunk eye-balls dreadful meteors glow;
Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circles flow,
When, lab'ring with strong charms, she shoots from high
A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky.

Blood stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there came,
Blue steaming poisons, and a length of flame.
From ev'ry blast of her contagious breath
Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and death.
A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A dress, by Fates and Furies worn alone.
She toss'd her meagre arms; her better hand
In waving circles whirl'd a fun'ral brand;
A serpent from her left was seen to rear
His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.
But when the Fury took her stand on high,
Where vast Cithæron's top salutes the sky,
A hiss from all the snaky tire went round;
The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,
And through th' Achaian cities send the sound.
Oete, with high Parnassus, heard the voice,
Eurotas' banks remurmur'd to the noise;
Again Leucothoe shook at these alarms,
And press'd Palæmon closer in her arms.
Headlong from thence the glowing Fury springs,
And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings;
Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds
Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds;
Strait with the rage of all their race possest,
Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,
And all the furies wake within their breast:
Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears,
And Hate, engender'd by suspicious fears;

And sacred thirst of sway; and all the ties
Of Nature broke; and royal perjuries;
And impotent desire to reign alone,
That scorns the dull reversion of a throne;
Each would the sweets of sov'reign rule devour,
While Discord waits upon divided pow'r.
As stubborn steers, by brawny ploughmen broke,
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke,
Alike disdain with servile necks to bear
Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share,
But rend the reins, and bound a diff'rent way,
And all the furrows in confusion lay;
Such was the discord of the royal pair,
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.
In vain the chiefs contriv'd a specious way,
To govern Thebes by their alternate sway:
Unjust decree! while this enjoys the state,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate;
And the short monarch of a hasty year
Foresees with anguish his returning heir.
Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,
But scarce subsisted to the second reign.
Yet then no proud aspiring piles were rais'd,
No fretted roofs with polish'd metals blaz'd;
No labor'd columns in long order plac'd,
No Grecian stone the pompous arches grac'd;
No nightly bands in glitt'ring armor wait
Before the sleepless tyrant's guarded gate;
No chargers then were wrought in burnish'd gold,
Nor silver vases took the forming mould;

Nor gems on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,
Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine—
Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage?
Say to what end your impious arms engage?
Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,
Or when his ev'ning beams the west adorn,
When the south glows with his meridian ray,
And the cold north receives a fainter day;
For crimes like these not all those realms suffice,
Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize!
But Fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown;
What joys, O Tyrant! swell'd thy soul that day,
When all were slaves thou couldst around survey!
Pleas'd to behold unbounded pow'r thy own,
And singly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne!
But the vile vulgar, ever discontent,
Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent;
Still prone to change, though still the slaves of state,
And sure the monarch whom they have, to hate;
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And softly curse the tyrants whom they fear.
And one of those who groan beneath the sway
Of kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,
(Whom envy to the great, and vulgar spite,
With scandal arm'd, th' ignoble mind's delight)
Exclaim'd—'O Thebes! for thee what fates remain?
What woes attend this inauspicious reign?

Must we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare,
Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,
And still to change whom chang'd we still must fear?
These now control a wretched people's fate,
These can divide, and these reverse the state;
Ev'n Fortune rules no more—O servile land,
Where exil'd tyrants still by turns command!
Thou sire of gods and men, imperial Jove!
Is this th' eternal doom decreed above?
On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate
From the first birth of our unhappy state,
When banish'd Cadmus, wand'ring o'er the main,
For lost Europa search'd the world in vain,
And fated in Bœotian fields to found
A rising empire on a foreign ground,
First rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,
Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain?
What lofty looks th' unrivall'd monarch bears!
How all the tyrant in his face appears!
What sullen fury clouds his scornful brow!
Gods! how his eyes with threat'ning ardor glow!
Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
Quit all his state, descend, and serve again?
Yet who, before, more popularly bow'd?
Who more propitious to the suppliant crowd,
Patient of right, familiar in the throne?
What wonder then? he was not then alone.
O wretched we! a vile submissive train,
Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in ev'ry reign!

As when two winds with rival force contend,
This way, and that, the wav'ring sails they bend,
While freezing Boreas and black Eurus blow,
Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw;
Thus on each side, alas! our tott'ring state
Feels all the fury of resistless fate;
And doubtful still, and still distracted, stands,
While that prince threatens, and while this commands.'
And now th' almighty father of the gods
Convenes a council in the bless'd abodes.
Far in the bright recesses of the skies,
High o'er the rolling heav'ns a mansion lies,
Whence, far below, the gods at once survey
The realms of rising, and declining day,
And all th' extended space of earth, and air, and sea.
Full in the midst, and on a starry throne,
The Majesty of heav'n superior shone:
Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,
And all the trembling spheres confess'd the god.
At Jove's assent, the deities around
In solemn state the consistory crown'd.
Next a long order of inferior pow'rs
Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bow'rs;
Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow,
And those that give the wand'ring winds to blow:
Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs, cease,
And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace.
A shining synod of majestic gods,
Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes;

Heav'n seems improv'd with a superior ray,
And the bright arch reflects a double day.
The Monarch then his solemn silence broke,
The still creation listen'd while he spoke;
Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,
And each irrevocable word was fate.
'How long shall man the wrath of Heav'n defy,
And force unwilling vengeance from the sky?
O race, confed'rate into crimes, that prove
Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove!
This weary'd arm can scarce the bolt sustain,
And unregarded thunder rolls in vain;
Th' o'erlabor'd Cyclop from his task retires,
Th' Æolian forge exhausted of its fires.
For this I suffer'd Phœbus' steeds to stray,
And the mad ruler to misguide the day,
When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn'd,
And heav'n itself the wand'ring chariot burn'd.
For this, my brother of the wat'ry reign
Releas'd th' impetuous sluices of the main;
But flames consum'd, and billows rag'd in vain.
Two races now, ally'd to Jove, offend;
To punish these, see Jove himself descend.
The Theban kings their line from Cadmus trace,
From godlike Perseus those of Argive race.
Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know,
And the long series of succeeding woe?
How oft the Furies from the deeps of night
Arose, and mix'd with men in mortal fight;

Th' exulting mother, stain'd with filial blood;
The savage hunter, and the haunted wood?
The direful banquet why should I proclaim,
And crimes that grieve the trembling gods to name?
Ere I recount the sins of these profane,
The sun would sink into the western main,
And, rising, gild the radiant east again.
Have we not seen (the blood of Laïus shed)
The murd'ring son ascend his father's bed,
Through violated nature force his way,
And stain the sacred womb where once he lay?
Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,
And for the crimes of guilty fate atones;
His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,
Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
Thy curse, O Œdipus! just Heav'n alarms,
And sets th' avenging Thunderer in arms.
I from the root thy guilty race will tear,
And give the nations to the waste of war.
Adrastus soon, with gods averse, shall join
In dire alliance with the Theban line;
Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed;
The guilty realms of Tantalus shall bleed:
Fix'd is their doom. This all-rememb'ring breast
Yet harbors vengeance for the tyrant's feast.'

He said: and thus the queen of Heav'n return'd;
(With sudden grief her lab'ring bosom burn'd)
'' Must I, whose cares Phoroneus' tow'rs defend,
Must I, O Jove! in bloody wars contend?

Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,
Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:
Though there the fair Egyptian heifer fed,
And there deluded Argus slept and bled;
Though there the brazen tow'r was storm'd of old,
When Jove descended in almighty gold;
Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,
Those bashful crimes disguis'd in borrow'd shapes.
But Thebes, where, shining in celestial charms,
Thou cam'st triumphant to a mortal's arms,
When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,
And blazing lightnings danc'd around her bed;
Curs'd Thebes the vengeance it deserves, may prove—
Ah! why should Argos feel the rage of Jove?
Yet since thou wilt thy sister-queen control,
Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,
Go, raise my Samos! let Mycenè fall!
And level with the dust the Spartan wall!
Nor more let mortals Juno's pow'r invoke,
Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,
Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke;
But to your Isis all my rights transfer,
Let altars blaze and temples smoke for her;
For her, through Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd,
Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound!
But if thou must reform the stubborn times,
Avenging on the sons the father's crimes,
And from the long records of distant age
Derive incitements to renew thy rage;

Say, from what period then has Jove design'd
To date his vengeance; to what bounds confin'd?
Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides
His wand'ring stream, and through the briny tides
Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides.
Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name;
Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood
Of fierce Œnomaus, defil'd with blood;
Where once his steeds their savage banquet found,
And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
Say, can those honors please? and can'st thou love
Presumptuous Crete, that boasts the tomb of Jove?
And shall not Tantalus's kingdoms share
Thy wife and sister's tutelary care?
Reverse, O Jove, thy too severe decree,
Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee;
On impious realms and barb'rous kings impose
Thy plagues, and curse 'em with such sons as those."

Thus, in reproach and pray'r, the queen exprest
The rage and grief contending in her breast;
Unmov'd remain'd the ruler of the sky,
And from his throne return'd this stern reply:
"Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear
The dire, though just, revenge which I prepare
Against a nation thy peculiar care:

No less Dionè might for Thebes contend,
Nor Bacchus less his native town defend;
Yet these in silence see the Fates fulfil
Their work, and rev'rence our superior will:
For by the black infernal Styx I swear,
(That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)
'Tis fix'd; the irrevocable doom of Jove;
No force can bend me, no persuasion move.
Haste then, Cyllenius, through the liquid air,
Go, mount the winds, and to the shades repair;
Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
And give up Laïus to the realms of day,
Whose ghost, yet shiv'ring on Cocytus' sand,
Expects its passage to the farther strand;
Let the pale sire revisit Thebes, and bear
These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear;
That from his exil'd brother, swell'd with pride
Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,
Almighty Jove demands him to detain
The promis'd empire, and alternate reign.
Be this the cause of more than mortal hate:
The rest succeeding times shall ripen into fate."
The god obeys, and to his feet applies
Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies.
His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,
And veil'd the starry glories of his head.
He seiz'd the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye;
That drives the dead to dark Tartarean coasts,
Or back to life compels the wand'ring ghosts.

Thus, through the parting clouds, the son of May
Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way;
Now smoothly steers through air his equal flight,
Now springs aloft, and tow'rs th' ethereal height;
Then, wheeling down the steep of heav'n, he flies,
And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.
Mean-time the banish'd Polynices roves
(His Thebes abandon'd) through th' Aönian groves,
While future realms his wand'ring thoughts delight,
His daily vision, and his dream by night;
Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
From whence he sees his absent brother fly,
With transport views the airy rule his own,
And swells on an imaginary throne;
Fain would he cast a tedious age away,
And live out all in one triumphant day;
He chides the lazy progress of the sun,
And bids the year with swifter motion run;
With anxious hopes his craving mind is tost,
And all his joys in length of wishes lost.
The hero then resolves his course to bend
Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,
And fam'd Mycene's lofty tow'rs ascend,
(Where fate the sun did Atreus' crimes detest,
And disappear'd in horror of the feast.)
And now by Chance, by Fate, or Furies, led,
From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,
Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,
Pentheus' blood enrich'd the rising ground,

Then sees Cithæron tow'ring o'er the plain,
And thence declining gently to the main.
Next to the bounds of Nisus' realm repairs,
Where treach'rous Scylla cut the purple hairs;
The barging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores,
And hears the murmurs of the diff'rent shores;
Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,
And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.
'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to Night,
And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light;
Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew
Her airy chariot, hung with pearly dew;
All birds and beasts lie hush'd; sleep steals away
The wild desires of men, and toils of day;
And brings, descending through the silent air,
A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
Promise the skies the bright return of day;
No faint reflections of the distant light
Streak with long gleams the scatt'ring shades of night;
From the damp earth impervious vapours rise,
Increase the darkness, and involve the skies.
At once the rushing winds, with roaring sound,
Burst from th' Æolian caves, and rend the ground;
With equal rage their airy quarrel try,
And win by turns the kingdom of the sky.
But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds
The heav'ns, and drives in heaps the rolling clouds;

From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,
Which the cold North congeals to haily show'rs;
From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
And broken lightnings flash from ev'ry cloud.
Now smokes with show'rs the misty mountain ground,
And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round;
Th' Inachian streams with headlong fury run,
And Erasinus rolls a deluge on;
The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,
And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds:
Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,
Rush through the mounds, and bear the dams away;
Old limbs of trees, from crackling forests torn,
Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are borne;
The storm the dark Lycæan groves display'd,
And first to light expos'd the sacred shade.
Th' intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky,
Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly;
And views astonish'd, from the hills afar,
The floods descending, and the wat'ry war,
That, driv'n by storms, and pouring o'er the plain,
Swept herds, and hinds, and houses to the main.
Through the brown horrors of the night he fled,
Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread;
His brother's image to his mind appears,
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with fears.

So fares a sailor on the stormy main,
When clouds conceal Bootes' golden wain,
When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps:
He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,
While thunder roars, and lightning round him flies.
Thus strove the chief, on ev'ry side distress'd,
Thus still his courage with his toils increas'd;
With his broad shield oppos'd, he forc'd his way
Through thickest woods, and rouz'd the beasts of prey;
Till he beheld, where from Larissa's height
The shelving walls reflect a glancing light:
Thither with haste the Theban hero flies;
On this side, Lerna's pois'nous water lies,
On that, Prosymna's grove and temple rise.
He pass'd the gates, which then unguarded lay,
And to the regal palace bent his way;
On the cold marble, spent with toil, he lies,
And waits till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes.
Adrastus here his happy people sways,
Bless'd with calm peace in his declining days;
By both his parents of descent divine,
Great Jove and Phœbus grac'd his noble line;
Heav'n had not crown'd his wishes with a son,
But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne.
To him Apollo (wondrous to relate!
But who can pierce into the depths of Fate?)

Had sung—'Expect thy sons on Argos' shore,
'A yellow lion and a bristly boar.'
This, long revolv'd in his paternal breast,
Sat heavy on his heart, and broke his rest;
This, great Amphiaraus! lay hid from thee,
Though skill'd in fate and dark futurity.
The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
For thus did the predicting god ordain.
Lo, hapless Tydeus! whose ill-fated hand
Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,
And, seiz'd with horror in the shades of night,
Through the thick deserts headlong urg'd his flight;
Now by the fury of the tempest driv'n,
He seeks a shelter from th' inclement heav'n,
Till, led by Fate, the Theban's steps he treads,
And to fair Argos' open courts succeeds.
When thus the chiefs from diff'rent lands resort
T' Adrastus' realms, and hospitable court,
The king surveys his guests with curious eyes,
And views their arms and habit with surprise.
A lion's yellow skin the Theban wears,
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;
Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,
Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful spoils.
A boar's stiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
Œnides' manly shoulders overspread;
Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood,
Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.
Struck with the sight, and fix'd in deep amaze,
The king th' accomplish'd oracle surveys,

Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
The guiding godhead, and his future sons.
O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,
And a glad horror shoots through ev'ry vein;
To heav'n he lifts his hands, erects his sight,
And thus invokes the silent queen of Night.
'Goddess of shades! beneath whose gloomy reign
Yon spangled arch glows with the starry train;
You who the cares of heav'n and earth allay,
Till nature, quicken'd by th' inspiring ray,
Wakes to new vigor with the rising day;
Oh! thou who freest me from my doubtful state,
Long lost and wilder'd in the maze of Fate,
Be present still, oh Goddess! in our aid;
Proceed, and firm those omens thou hast made!
We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
And on thy altars sacrifices lay;
The sable flock shall fall beneath the stroke,
And fill thy temples with a grateful smoke.
Hail faithful Tripos! hail ye dark abodes
Of awful Phœbus: I confess the gods!'
Thus, seiz'd with sacred fear, the monarch pray'd;
Then to his inner court the guests convey'd,
Where yet thin fumes from dying sparks arise,
And dust yet white upon each altar lies,
The relics of a former sacrifice.
The king once more the solemn rites requires,
And bids renew the feast, and wake the fires.

His train obey, while all the courts around
With noisy care, and various tumult sound.
Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds;
This slave, the floor, and that, the table spreads;
A third dispels the darkness of the night,
And fills depending lamps with beams of light;
Here loaves in canisters are pil'd on high,
And there in flames the slaughter'd victims fly.
Sublime in regal state Adrastus shone,
Stretch'd on rich carpets on his iv'ry throne;
A lofty couch receives each princely guest;
Around, at awful distance, wait the rest.
And now the king, his royal feast to grace,
Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,
Who first their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
And their ripe years in modest grace maintain'd;
Then softly whisper'd in her faithful ear,
And bade his daughters at the rites appear.
When, from the close apartments of the night,
The royal nymphs approach'd divinely bright;
Such was Diana's, such Minerva's face,
Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,
But that in these a milder charm endears,
And less of terror in their looks appears.
As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,
O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise;
Their downcast looks a decent shame confest,
Then on their father's rev'rend features rest.

The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign
To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,
Which Danaus us'd in sacred rites of old,
With sculpture grac'd, and rough with rising gold.
Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies,
Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,
And, ev'n in gold, turns paler as she dies.
There from the chaceJove's tow'ring eagle bears,
On golden wings, the Phrygian to the stars;
Still as he rises in th' ethereal height,
His native mountains lessen to his sight;
While all his sad companions upwards gaze,
Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze;
And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the shade and bark against the skies.
This golden bowl with gen'rous juice was crown'd,
The first libation sprinkled on the ground,
By turns on each celestial pow'r they call;
With Phœbus' name resounds the vaulted hall.
The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,
Crown'd with chaste laurel, and with garlands drest,
While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
Salute the god in num'rous hymns of praise.
Then thus the king: "Perhaps, my noble guests!
These honor'd altars, and these annual feasts,
To bright Apollo's awful name design'd,
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.
Great was the cause: our old solemnities
From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise;

But, sav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay
These grateful honors to the god of day.
When, by a thousand darts, the Python slain,
With orbs unroll'd, lay cov'ring all the plain,
(Transfix'd as o'er Castalia's streams he hung,
And suck'd new poisons with his triple tongue)
To Argos' realms the victor god resorts,
And enters old Crotopos' humble courts.
This rural prince one only daughter bless'd,
That all the charms of blooming youth possess'd;
Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,
Where filial love with virgin sweetness join'd;
Happy! and happy still she might have prov'd,
Were she less beautiful, or less belov'd!
But Phœbus lov'd, and, on the flow'ry side
Of Nemea's stream, the yielding fair enjoy'd.
Now ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
Th' illustrious offspring of the god was born;
The nymph, her father's anger to evade,
Retires from Argos to the sylvan shade;
To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,
And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.
How mean a fate, unhappy child! is thine?
Ah how unworthy those of race divine!
On flow'ry herbs, in some green covert, laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
While the rude swain his rural music tries,
To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes.

Yet ev'n in those obscure abodes to live
Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give;
For on the grassy verdure as he lay,
And breath'd the freshness of the early day,
Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore,
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
Th' astonish'd mother, when the rumor came,
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame;
With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,
And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair;
Then, wild with anguish, to her sire she flies,
Demands the sentence, and, contented, dies.
But touch'd with sorrow for the deed too late,
The raging god prepares t' avenge her fate.
He sends a monster, horrible and fell,
Begot by Furies in the depths of hell.
The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears;
High on her crown a rising snake appears,
Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs;
About the realm she walks her dreadful round,
When night, with sable wings, o'erspreads the ground,
Devours young babes before their parents' eyes,
And feeds and thrives on public miseries.
But gen'rous rage the bold Chorœbus warms,
Chorœbus! fam'd for virtue as for arms;
Some few like him, inspir'd with martial flame,
Thought a short life well lost for endless fame;

These, where two ways in equal parts divide,
The direful monster from afar descry'd,
Two bleeding babes depending at her side;
Whose panting vitals, warm with life she draws,
And in their hearts imbrues her cruel claws.
The youths surround her with extended spears,
But brave Chorœbus in the front appears;
Deep in her breast he plung'd his shining sword,
And hell's dire monster back to hell restor'd.
Th' Inachians view the slain with vast surprise,
Her twisting volumes, and her rolling eyes,
Her spotted breast, and gaping womb, imbru'd
With livid poison, and our children's blood.
The crowd in stupid wonder fix'd, appear
Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
Some with vast beams the squalid corpse engage,
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste,
With hollow screeches fled the dire repast;
And rav'nous dogs, allur'd by scented blood,
And starving wolves, ran howling to the wood.
But, fir'd with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow
Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow,
And hissing flew the feather'd fates below:
A night of sultry clouds involv'd around
The tow'rs, the fields, and the devoted ground:
And now a thousand lives together fled,
Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread,
And a whole province in his triumph led.

But Phœbus, ask'd why noxious fires appear,
And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year?
Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,
And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell.
Bless'd be thy dust, and let eternal fame
Attend thy manes, and preserve thy name,
Undaunted hero! who, divinely brave,
In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save,
But view'd the shrine with a superior look,
And its upbraided godhead thus bespoke:
"With piety, the soul's securest guard,
And conscious virtue, still its own reward,
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear,
Nor shalt thou, Phœbus, find a suppliant here:
Thy monster's death to me was ow'd alone,
And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown.
Behold him here for whom, so many days,
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy sullen rays!
For whom, as man no longer claim'd thy care,
Such numbers fell by pestilential air!
But if th' abandon'd race of human-kind
From gods above no more compassion find;
If such inclemency in heav'n can dwell,
Yet why must unoffending Argos feel
The vengeance due to this unlucky steel?
On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
Nor err from me, since I deserve it all:
Unless our desert cities please thy sight,
Or fun'ral flames reflect a grateful light,

Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,
And to the shades a ghost triumphant send.
But for my country, let my fate atone;
Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own."
Merit distress'd impartial Heav'n relieves;
Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives:
For not the vengeful pow'r that glow'd with rage,
With such amazing virtue durst engage.
The clouds dispers'd; Apollo's wrath expir'd;
And from the wond'ring god th' unwilling youth retir'd.
Thence we these altars in his temple raise,
And offer annual honors, feasts, and praise;
These solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please;
These honors, still renew'd, his ancient wrath appease.
" But say, illustrious guest!" (adjoin'd the King)
" What name you bear, from what high race you spring?
The noble Tydeus stands confess'd, and known
Our neighbor prince, and heir of Calydon.
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night,
And silent hours, to various talk invite."
The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,
Confus'd and sadly thus at length replies:
' Before these altars how shall I proclaim
(O gen'rous Prince!) my nation, or my name,
Or through what veins our ancient bloom has roll'd?
Let the sad tale for ever rest untold!

Yet if, propitious to a wretch unknown,
You seek to share in sorrows not your own,
Know then from Cadmus I derive my race,
Jocasta's son, and Thebes my native place.' 805
To whom the King, (who felt his gen'rous breast
Touch'd with concern for his unhappy guest)
Replies; " ah! why forbears the son to name
His wretched father, known too well by fame?
Fame that delights around the world to stray, 810
Scorns not to take her Argos in her way.
Ev'n those who dwell where suns at distance roll,
In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole,
And those who tread the burning Lybian lands,
The faithless Syrtes, and the moving sands; 815
Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,
Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds;
All these the woes of Œdipus have known,
Your Fates, your Furies, and your haunted town.
If on the sons the parents' crimes descend, 820
What prince from those his lineage can defend?
Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t'efface
With virtuous acts thy ancestors' disgrace,
And be thyself the honor of thy race.
But see! the stars begin to steal away, 825
And shine more faintly at approaching day:
Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays
Once more resound the great Apollo's praise."
" O Father Phœbus! whether Lycia's coast,
And snowy mountains, thy bright presence boast;

Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair
And bathe in silver dews thy yellow hair;
Or pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,
Delight in Cynthus and the shady shore;
Or thus thy seat in Ilion's proud abodes,
The shining structures rais'd by lab'ring gods.
By thee the bow and mortal shafts are borne;
Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn;
Skill'd in the laws of secret Fate above,
And the dark councils of Almighty Jove,
'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,
The change of sceptres and impending woe;
When direful meteors spread through glowing air
Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair.
Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire
T' excel the music of thy heav'nly lyre;
Thy shafts aveng'd lewd Tityus guilty flame,
Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame;
Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lost
Her num'rous offspring for a fatal boast;
In Phlegyas' doom thy just revenge appears,
Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears;
He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
The mould'ring rock that trembles from on high."
"Propitious hear our pray'r, O Pow'r divine!
And on thy hospitable Argos shine;
Whether the style of Titan please thee more,
Whose purple rays th' Achæmenes adore:
Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain
In Pharian fields to sow the golden grain;

Or Mithra, to whose beams the Persian bows,
And pays, in hollow rocks, his aweful vows;
Mithra! whose head the blaze of light adorns,
Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns."

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

She said; and for her lost Galanthis sighs,
When the fair consort of her son replies;
"Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own,
Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate
A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.
No nymph of all Œchalia could compare
For beauteous form with Dryopè the fair;
Her tender mother's only hope and pride,
(Myself the offspring of a second bride.)
This nymph compress'd by him who rules the day,
Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,
Andræmon lov'd; and bless'd in all those charms
That pleas'd a god, succeeded to her arms.
A lake there was, with shelving banks around,
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd;
These shades unknowing of the Fates, she sought,
And to the Naiads flow'ry garlands brought;

Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she prest
Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast.
Not distant far, a wat'ry lotos grows;
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs,
Adorn'd with blossoms, promis'd fruits that vie
In glowing colors with the Tyrian dye:
Of these she cropp'd to please her infant son,
And I myself the same rash act had done;
But lo! I saw (as near her side I stood)
The violated blossoms drop with blood;
Upon the tree I cast a frightful look;
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook.
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)
As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
Forsook her form; and fixing here, became
A flow'ry plant, which still preserves her name.
This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight,
My trembling sister strove to urge her flight;
And first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
And the offended sylvan pow'rs ador'd:
But when she backward would have fled, she found
Her stiff'ning feet were rooted in the ground:
In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
And as she struggles only moves above;
She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
By quick degrees, and cover all below.
Surpris'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves
To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves:
Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen
To rise and shade her with a sudden green.

The child Amphissus, to her bosom prest,
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast,
And found the springs, that ne'er till then deny'd
Their milky moisture, on a sudden dry'd.
I saw, unhappy! what I now relate,
And stood the helpless witness of thy fate,
Embrac'd thy boughs, thy raising bark delay'd,
There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.
Behold Andræmon and th' unhappy sire
Appear, and for their Dryopè inquire;
A springing tree for Dryopè they find,
And print warm kisses on the panting rind.
Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew.
And close embrace as to the roots they grew.
The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree;
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
From ev'ry leaf distils a trickling tear;
And strait a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus through the trembling boughs in sighs complains.
'If to the wretched any faith be giv'n,
I swear by all th' unpitying pow'rs of heav'n,
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred:
In mutual innocence our lives we led.
If this be false, let these new greens decay,
Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honors prey.
But from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care;

And to his mother let him oft be led,
Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed.
Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame
Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
To hail this tree; and say, with weeping eyes,
Within this plant my hapless parent lies;
And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
Oh! let him fly the crystal lakes and floods,
Nor touch the fatal flow'rs; but, warn'd by me,
Believe a goddess shrin'd in ev'ry tree.
My sire, my sister, and my spouse, farewel!
If in your breast, or love, or pity, dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
The browsing cattle, or the piercing steel.
Farewel! and since I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance, at least, to mine.
My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiss to give.
I can no more; the creeping rind invades
My closing lips, and hides my head in shades:
Remove your hands, the bark shall soon suffice
Without their aid to seal these dying eyes.'
She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be,
And all the nymph was lost within the tree:
Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

FROM THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THE fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign;
Of all the virgins of the sylvan train
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
To her the shady grove, the flow'ry field,
The streams and fountains, no delights could yield;
'Twas all her joy the rip'ning fruits to tend,
And see the boughs with happy burthens bend.
The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear,
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,
To decent forms the lawless shoots to bring,
And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.
Now the cleft rind inserted graffs receives,
And yields an offspring more than Nature gives;
Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew,
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.
These cares alone her virgin breast employ,
Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.
Her private orchards, wall'd on ev'ry side,
To lawless sylvans all access deny'd.
How oft the Satyrs and the wanton Fawns,
Who haunt the forests, or frequent the lawns,
The god, whose ensign scares the birds of prey,
And old Silenus, youthful in decay,

Employ'd their wiles and unavailing care
To pass the fences, and surprise the fair!
Like these, Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,
Like these, rejected by the scornful dame.
To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears:
And first a reaper from the field appears;
Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.
Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,
And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temples shade:
Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,
Like one who late unyok'd the sweating steers.
Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines:
Now gath'ring what the bounteous year allows,
He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs.
A soldier now, he, with his sword appears;
A fisher next, his trembling angle bears;
Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,
On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.
A female form at last Vertumnus wears,
With all the marks of rev'rend age appears,
His temples thinly spread with silver hairs:
Propp'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.
The god, in this decrepit form array'd,
The gardens enter'd, and the fruit survey'd;
And, 'Happy you!' he thus address'd the maid,
'Whose charms as far all other nymphs outshine,
'As other gardens are excell'd by thine!'

Then kiss'd the fair ; (his kisses warmer grow
Than such as women on their sex bestow)
Then plac'd beside her on the flow'ry ground,
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.
An elm was near, to whose embraces led,
The curling vine her swelling clusters spread ;
He view'd her twining branches with delight,
And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.
'Yet this tall elm, but for this vine,' he said,
'Had stood neglected, and a barren shade ;
And this fair vine, but that her arms surround
Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.
Ah beauteous Maid ! let this example move
Your mind averse from all the joys of love.
Deign to be lov'd, and ev'ry heart subdue !
What nymph could e'er attract such crowds as you ?
Not she whose beauty urg'd the Centaur's arms,
Ulysses' queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.
Ev'n now, when silent scorn is all they gain,
A thousand court you, though they court in vain ;
A thousand sylvans, demi-gods, and gods,
That haunt our mountains and our Alban woods.
But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,
Whom age and long experience render wise,
And one, whose tender care is far above
All that these lovers ever felt of love,
(Far more than e'er can by yourself be guess'd)
Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest :
For his firm faith I dare engage my own ;
Scarce to himself, himself is better known.

To distant lands Vertumnus never roves;
Like you contented with his native groves;
Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair:
For you he lives; and you alone shall share
His last affection, as his early care.
Besides, he's lovely far above the rest,
With youth immortal, and with beauty blest.
Add, that he varies ev'ry shape with ease,
And tries all forms that may Pomona please.
But what should most excite a mutual flame,
Your rural cares and pleasures are the same.
To him your orchard's early fruits are due;
(A pleasing off'ring when 'tis made by you)
He values these; but yet, alas! complains
That still the best and dearest gift remains.
Not the fair fruit that on yon branches glows
With that ripe red th' autumnal sun bestows;
Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,
Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies;
You, only you, can move the god's desire;
Oh! crown so constant and so pure a fire!
Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind;
Think 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind:
So may no frost, when early buds appear,
Destroy the promise of the youthful year;
Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows,
Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs!'

This, when the various god had urg'd in vain,
He strait assum'd his native form again:

Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
As when through clouds th' emerging sun appears,
And thence exerting his refulgent ray,
Dispels the darkness, and reveals the day.
Force he prepar'd, but check'd the rash design;
For when, appearing in a form divine,
The nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace
Of charming features and a youthful face,
In her soft breast consenting passions move,
And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

IMITATIONS

OF ENGLISH POETS.

[Done by the Author in his Youth.]

I. CHAUCER.

WOMEN ben full of ragerie,
Yet swinken nat sans secresie.
Thilke moral shall ye understond,
From schoole-boy's tale of fayre Irelond;
Which to the fennes hath him betake,
To filch the grey ducke fro the lake.
Right then there passen by the way
His aunt, and eke her daughters tway.
Ducke in his trowses hath he hent,
Not to be spy'd of ladies gent.
But 'ho! our nephew,' crieth one,
"Ho!" quoth another, "Cozen John;"
And stoppen, and lough, and callen out,—
This silly clerke full low doth lout:
They asken that, and talken this,
'Lo, here is Coz, and here is Miss.'
But, as he glozeth with speeches soote,
The ducke sore tickleth his erse roote:
Fore-picce and buttons all-to-brest
Forth thrust a white neck and red crest.
'Te-hee;' cry'd ladies; clerke nought spake:
[illegible]s star'd, and grey ducke crieth "quaake."

'O moder, moder!' quoth the daughter,
'Be thilke same thing maids longen a'ter?
'Bette is to pine on coals and chalke,
'Then trust on mon, whose yerde can talke.'

II. SPENSER.

The Alley.

I.

In ev'ry town where Thamis rolls his tyde,
A narrow pass there is, with houses low,
Where ever and anon the stream is ey'd,
And many a boat soft sliding to and fro:
There oft are heard the notes of infant woe,
The short thick sob, loud scream, and shriller squall:
How can ye, mothers, vex your children so?
Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,
And, as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there,
Doth many a stinking sprat, and herring, lie;
A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs, are feeding by;
And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At ev'ry door are sunburnt matrons seen,
Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry;

Now singing shrill, and scolding oft between:
Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds—bad neighbor-
hood I ween.

III.

The snappish cur (the passenger's annoy)
Close at my heel, with yelping treble flies;
The whimp'ring girl, and hoarser screaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble shrilling cries;
The scolding quean to louder notes doth rise,
And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies;
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round;
And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep base
are drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who, in her early days,
Baskets of fish, at Billingsgate, did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice;
There learn'd she speech from tongues that never
cease.
Slander beside her like a magpie chatters,
With envy, (spitting Cat) dread foe to peace;
Like a curs'd cur, Malice before her clatters,
And vexing ev'ry wight, tears clothes and all to
tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry collier's hand;
Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the stall;

She scratched, bit, and spar'd ne lace, ne band,
And bitch and rogue her answer was to all;
Nay, ev'n the parts of shame by name would call:
Yea, when she passed by or lane, or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the wall;
And by his hand obscene the porter took,
Nor ever did askance like modest virgin look.

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch;
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
And Twick'nam such, which fairer scenes enrich,
Grots, statues, urns, and Jo—n's dog and bitch.
Ne village is without, on either side,
All up the silver Thames, or all adown;
Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are ey'd
Vales, spires, meand'ring streams, and Windsor's
tow'ry pride.

III. WALLER.

On a Lady singing to her lute.

FAIR charmer! cease, nor make your voice's prize
A heart resign'd the conquest of your eyes:
Well might, alas! that threaten'd vessel fail,
Which winds and lightning both at once assail.
We were too bless'd with these enchanting lays,
Which must be heav'nly when an angel plays;

But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
Lest heav'nly music should be heard alive.
Orpheus could charm the trees; but thus a tree,
Taught by your hand, can charm no less than he.
A poet made the silent wood pursue;
This vocal wood had drawn the poet too.

On a Fan of the Author's design, in which was painted the story of Cephalus and Procris, with the motto "Aura Veni."

COME, gentle Air! th' Æolian shepherd said,
While Procris panted in the secret shade;
Come, gentle Air! the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies.
Lo! the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play!
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound:
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove;
Alike both lovers fall by those they love.
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives:
She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while *her* lover dies.

IV. COWLEY.

The Garden.

FAIN would my Muse the flow'ry treasure sing,
And humble glories of the youthful Spring;
Where op'ning roses breathing sweets diffuse,
And soft carnations show'r their balmy dews;
Where lilies smile, in virgin robes of white,
The thin undress of superficial light,
And vary'd tulips show so dazzling gay,
Blushing in bright diversities of day.
Each painted flow'ret in the lake below
Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow;
And pale Narcissus, on the bank in vain
Transformed, gazes on himself again.
Her aged trees cathedral walks compose,
And mount the hill in venerable rows;
There the green infants in their beds are laid,
The Garden's hope, and its expected shade.
Here orange-trees with blooms and pendants shine,
And vernal honors to their autumn join;
Exceed their promise in their ripen'd store,
Yet in the rising blossom promise more.
There in bright drops the crystal fountains play,
By laurels shielded from the piercing day;
Where Daphne, now a tree, as once a maid,
Still from Apollo vindicates her shade;
Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam,
Nor seeks in vain for succour to the stream;

The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,
At once a shelter from her boughs receives,
Where summer's beauty midst of winter stays,
And winter's coolness spite of summer's rays.

Weeping.

WHILE Celia's tears make sorrow bright,
Proud Grief sits swelling in her eyes;
The sun, next those the fairest light,
Thus from the ocean first did rise;
And thus through mists we see the sun,
Which else we durst not gaze upon.

These silver drops, like morning dew,
Foretel the fervor of the day:
So from one cloud soft show'rs we view,
And blasting lightnings burst away.
The stars that fall from Celia's eye,
Declare our doom in drawing nigh.

The baby in that sunny sphere
So like a Phaëton appears,
That Heav'n, the threaten'd world to spare,
Thought fit to drown him in her tears;
Else might th' ambitious nymph aspire
To set, like him, heav'n too on fire.

V. EARL OF ROCHESTER.

On Silence.

I.

SILENCE! coeval with eternity;
Thou wert, ere Nature's self began to be;
'Twas one vast nothing all, and all slept fast in thee.

II.

Thine was the sway, ere heav'n was form'd, or earth,
Ere fruitful Thought conceiv'd Creation's birth,
Or midwife Word gave aid, and spoke the infant forth.

III.

Then various elements against thee join'd,
In one more various animal combin'd,
And fram'd the clam'rous race of busy human-kind.

IV.

The tongue mov'd gently first, and speech was low,
Till wrangling Science taught it noise and show,
And wicked Wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

V.

But rebel Wit deserts thee oft in vain:
Lost in the maze of words he turns again,
And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentle reign.

VI.

Afflicted Sense thou kindly dost set free,
Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed Reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private, modest Dulness lies,
And in thy bosom lurks in Thought's disguise;
Thou varnisher of fools, and cheat of all the wise!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confest;
Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,
And 'tis in thee at last that Wisdom seeks for rest.

IX.

Silence! the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
The only honor of the wishing dame,
The very want of tongue makes thee a kind of fame!

X.

But couldst thou seize some tongues that now are free,
How church and state should be oblig'd to thee!
At senate, and at bar, how welcome wouldst thou be?

XI.

Yet speech, ev'n there, submissively withdraws
From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause;
Then pompous Silence reigns, and stills the noisy laws.

XII.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,
What fav'rites gain, and what the nation owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,
And best by thee express'd, and shine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry,
Lord's quibble, critic's jest, all end in thee;
All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.

VI. EARL OF DORSET.

Artemisia.

THOUGH Artemisia talks, by fits,
Of counsels, classics, fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke;
Yet in some things methinks she fails:
'Twere well if she would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner smock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such nastiness, and so much pride,
Are oddly join'd by Fate:
On her large squab you find her spread,
Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
That lies and stinks in state.

She wears no colors (sign of grace)
On any part except her face,
  All white and black beside:
Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
  And masculine her stride.

So have I seen, in black and white,
A prating thing, a magpie hight,
  Majestically stalk;
A stately worthless animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
  All flutter, pride, and talk.

Phryne.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind;
Open she was, and unconfin'd,
  Like some free port of trade:
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And agents from each foreign state,
  Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good breeding such,
Whether th' Italian, or the Dutch,
  Spaniards, or French, came to her,
To all obliging she'd appear:
'Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Yaw Mynheer*,
  'Twas *Si'l vous plait*, *Monsieur*.

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religions, climes,
At length she turns a bride:
In di'monds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She shines the first of batter'd jades,
And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those insects fair
(Which curious Germans hold so rare)
Still vary shapes and dyes;
Still gain new titles with new forms;
First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
Then painted butterflies.

VII. DR. SWIFT.

The happy Life of a Country Parson.

Parson, these things in thy possessing
Are better than the bishop's blessing:
A wife that makes conserves; a steed
That carries double when there's need;
October store, and best Virginia,
Tythe pig, and mortuary guinea;
Gazettes sent gratis down and frank'd,
For which thy patron's weekly thank'd;
A large concordance, bound long since;
Sermons to Charles the First, when prince;
A chronicle of ancient standing;
A Chrysostom to smooth thy band in;

The Polyglot—three parts,—my text,
Howbeit,—likewise—now to my next:
Lo here the Septuagint,—and Paul,
To sum the whole,—the close of all.
He that has these may pass his life,
Drink with the 'squire, and kiss his wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill,
And fast on Fridays—if he will;
Toast Church and Queen, explain the news,
Talk with churchwardens about pews,
Pray heartily for some new gift,
And shake his head at Doctor S—t.

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT:

BEING THE

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the first Publication of this Epistle.

THIS paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune [the authors of Verses to the Imitator of Horace, and of an Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton-Court] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings, (of which, being public, the public is judge,) but my person, morals, and family, whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of myself, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this Epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the truth, and the sentiment; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, the vicious or the ungenerous.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have, for the most part, spared their names, and they may escape being laughed at, if they please. I would have some of them know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid friend, to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage and honor on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless character can never be found out but by its truth and likeness.

P.

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

P. SHUT, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd, I said;
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Ev'n Sunday shines no sabbath-day to me:
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me, just at dinner-time.
Is there a parson, much bemus'd in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?
Is there who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd Works the cause;
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! (which, did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath, or love? 30
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd, and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie.
To laugh were want of goodness and of grace, 35
And to be grave exceeds all pow'r of face.
I sit with sad civility, I read
With honest anguish, and an aching head,
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears, 39
This saving counsel, 'Keep your piece nine years.'

Nine years! cries he, who, *high* in Drury Lane,
Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhimes ere he wakes, and prints before *Term* ends,
Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends: 44
'The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it,
'I'm all submission; what you'd have it—make it.'

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me: 'You know his Grace,
'I want a patron; ask him for a place.' 50
Pitholeon libell'd me—'But here's a letter
'Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
'Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to dine,
'He'll write a Journal, or he'll turn divine.'
Bless me! a packet.—'Tis a stranger sues, 55
'A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse.'

If I dislike it, 'Furies, death, and rage!'
If I approve, 'Commend it to the stage.'
There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
The play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fir'd that the House reject him, 'Sdeath, I'll
'print it,
'And shame the fools—Your int'rest, Sir, with
'Lintot.'
Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
'Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch.'
All my demurs but double his attacks;
At last he whispers, 'Do, and we go snacks.'
Glad of a quarrel, strait I clap the door;
'*Sir, let me see your works and you no more.*'
'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,
(Midas, a sacred person and a king)
His very minister who spy'd them first
(Some say his queen) was forc'd to speak or burst.
And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?
A. Good friend! forbear; you deal in dang'rous
things;
I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings;
Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,
'Tis nothing.—P. Nothing! if they bite and kick?
Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he's an ass:
The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus, round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gall'ry, in convulsions hurl'd,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb through,
He spins the slight self-pleasing thread anew:
Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Thron'd on the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has poet yet, or peer,
Lost the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnassian sneer?
And has not Colly still his lord, and whore?
His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moore?
Does not one table Bavius still admit?
Still to one bishop Philips seem a wit?
Still Sappho—A. Hold! for God's sake you'll offend,
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
But foes like these—P. One flatt'rer's worse than all.
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the *slaver* kills and not the *bite*.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent;
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.
One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes;

One from all Grubstreet will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, 'Subscribe, subscribe!'
There are who to my person pay their court:
I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short;
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and, 'Sir! you have an eye—'
Go on, obliging creatures! make me see
All that disgrac'd my betters, met in me.
Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed,
'Just so immortal Maro held his head:'
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer dy'd three thousand years ago.
Why did I write? what sin to me unknown,
Dipp'd me in ink, my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd:
The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not wife,
To help me through this long disease, my life;
To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach, the being you preserv'd, to bear.
But why then publish? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, *would* tell me I could write;
Well-natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praise,
And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield, read,
Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head,

And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends before)
With open arms receiv'd one poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
Happier their Author, when by these belov'd!
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
While pure description held the place of sense?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flow'ry theme,
A painted mistress, or a purling stream.
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;
I wish'd the man a dinner, and sat still.
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
I never answer'd: I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madness made them print,
I wag'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint.

Did some more sober critic come abroad;
If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
From slashing Bentley, down to piddling Tibalds:
Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
Ev'n such small critics, some regard may claim,
Preserv'd in Milton's, or in Shakespeare's name.
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!

The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
Were others angry, I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This who can gratify? for who can guess?
The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains, from hard-bound brains, eight lines a-year;
He, who still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left;
And he who now to sense, now nonsense, leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;
And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
All these my modest Satire bade translate,
And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate.
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
And swear, not Addison himself was safe.
Peace to all such! But were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires,
Bless'd with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,

View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!

What though my name stood rubric on the walls,
Or plaister'd posts, with claps, in capitals?
Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I sought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight;
Poems I heeded (now berhym'd so long)
No more than thou, great George! a birthday song.
I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
Nor, like a puppy, daggled through the Town,
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;
Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my side;

But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Castalian state.
  Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sate full-blown Bufo, puff'd by ev'ry quill;
Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
His library (where busts of poets dead
And a true Pindar stood without a head)
Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place:
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat;
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some with praise;
To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye,
But still the great have kindness in reserve:
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.
  May some choice patron bless each gray-goose quill!
May ev'ry Bavius have his Bufo still!
So when a statesman wants a day's defence,
Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Sense,
Or simple Pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
Bless'd be the great! for those they take away,
And those they left me—for they left me Gay;

Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My verse, and Queensb'ry weeping o'er thy urn!
Oh! let me live my own, and die so too!
(To live and die is all I have to do;)
Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books, I please;
Above a patron, though I condescend
Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
I was not born for courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs;
Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know, if Dennis be alive or dead.
Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
'I found him close with Swift—Indeed? no doubt
'(Cries prating Balbus) something will come out.'
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will;
'No, such a genius never can lie still;'
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first lampoon Sir Will. or Bubo makes.
Poor guiltless I! and can I chuse but smile,
When ev'ry coxcomb knows me by my Style?
Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!

But he who hurts a harmless neighbor's peace,
Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress,
Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out;
That fop whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent wounds an author's honest fame;
Who can your merit selfishly approve,
And show the sense of it, without the love;
Who has the vanity to call you Friend,
Yet wants the honor, injur'd, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And, if he lie not, must at least betray;
Who to the Dean and silver bell can swear,
And sees at Canons what was never there;
Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
Makes satire a lampoon, and fiction lie;
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.
Let Sporus tremble—A. What? that thing of silk,
Sporus! that mere white curd of asses' milk?
Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?—
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies;
His wit all see-saw between that and this,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilette, flatt'rer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest,
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest;
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,
Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,
Not proud nor servile, be one poet's praise;
That if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways;
That flatt'ry, ev'n to kings, he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same;
That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song;
That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,

The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own;
The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
The libell'd person, and the pictur'd shape;
Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead;
The whisper that, to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his sov'reign's ear—
Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past;
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the last!

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great?
P. A knave's a knave, to me, in ev'ry state;
Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail;
A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the Post corrupt, or of the shire;
If on a pillory, or near a throne,
He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
This dreaded sat'rist Dennis will confess
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress;
So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
Has drunk with Cibber, nay, has rhym'd for Moore.

Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie.
To please a mistress one aspers'd his life;
He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:
Let Budgel charge, low Grub-street on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will;
Let the two Curls of town and court, abuse
His father, mother, body, soul, and Muse.
Yet why? that father held it for a rule,
It was a sin to call our neighbor Fool;
That harmless mother thought no wife a whore;
Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore!
Unspotted names, and memorable long!
If there be force in virtue, or in song,
Of gentle blood (part shed in Honor's cause,
While yet in Britain Honor had applause)
Each parent sprung.—A. What fortune, pray?
P. Their own;
And better got than Bestia's from the throne.
Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious through his age;
No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lie.
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language but the language of the heart.
By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temp'rance, and by exercise;

His life, though long, to sickness past unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.
O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.
O Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine;
Me let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make Languor smile, and smooth the bed of Death,
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky!
On cares like these, if length of days attend,
May Heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my friend!
Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he serv'd a Queen!
A. Whether that blessing be deny'd or giv'n,
Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n.

SATIRES, EPISTLES, AND ODES, OF HORACE:

IMITATED.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur. HOR.

Advertisement.

THE occasion of publishing these Imitations was the clamor raised on some of my Epistles. An answer from Horace was both more full and of more dignity than any I could have made in my own person; and the example of much greater freedom in so eminent a divine as Dr. Donne, seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat vice or folly in ever so low, or ever so high a station. Both these authors were acceptable to the princes and ministers, under whom they lived. The Satires of Dr. Donne I versified at the desire of the Earl of Oxford, while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom looked upon a satire on vicious courts as any reflection on those they served in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error than that which fools are so apt to fall into, and knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a sa-

tirist for a libeller; whereas, to a true satirist, nothing is so odious as a libeller; for the same reason as to a man truly virtuous nothing is so hateful as a hypocrite:

Uni aequus virtuti atque ejus amicis. P.

Advertisement.

WHOEVER expects a paraphrase of Horace, or a faithful copy of his genius, or manner of writing, in these Imitations, will be much disappointed. Our Author uses the Roman poet for little more than his canvas; and if the old design or coloring chance to suit his purpose, it is well; if not, he employs his own, without scruple or ceremony. Hence it is he is so frequently serious, where Horace is in jest, and at ease, where Horace is disturbed. In a word, he regulates his movements no farther on his original, than was necessary for his concurrence in promoting their common plan of reformation of manners.

Had it been his purpose merely to paraphrase an ancient satirist, he had hardly made choice of Horace: with whom, as a poet, he held little in common, besides a comprehensive knowledge of life and manners, and a certain curious felicity of expression, which consists in using the simplest language with dignity, and the most ornamented with ease. For the rest, his har-

mony and strength of numbers, his force and splendor of coloring, his gravity and sublimity of sentiment, would have rather led him to another model. Nor was his temper less unlike that of Horace, than his talents. What Horace would only smile at, Mr. Pope would treat with grave severity of Persius: and what Mr. Pope would strike with the caustic lightning of Juvenal, Horace would content himself by turning into ridicule.

If it be asked, then, why he took any body at all to imitate, he has informed us in his Advertisement; to which we may add, that this sort of Imitations, which are of the nature of Parody, throws reflected grace and splendor on original wit. Besides, he deemed it more modest to give the name of Imitations to his Satires, than, like Despreaux, to give the name of Satires to Imitations.

HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. I.

IMITATED.

TO MR. FORTESCUE.

P. THERE are, (I scarce can think it, but am told)
There are to whom my Satire seems too bold;
Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres much too rough.
The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say;
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a-day.
Tim'rous by nature, of the rich in awe,
I come to counsel learned in the law:
You'll give me, like a friend, both sage and free,
Advice; and (as you use) without a fee.

F. I'd write no more.

P. Not write? but then I think,
And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life.
Why, if the nights seem tedious—take a wife;
Or rather, truly, if your point be rest,
Lettuce and cowslip wine: *probatum est.*
But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes.
Or if you needs must write, write Cæsar's praise;
You'll gain, at least, a knighthood, or the bays.

P. What? like Sir Richard, rumbling, rough and fierce,
With arms, and George, and Brunswick, crowd the verse,
Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder,
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder?
Or nobly wild, with Budgel's fire and force,
Paint angels trembling round his falling horse?

F. Then all your Muse's softer art display,
Let Carolina smooth the tuneful lay;
Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
And sweetly flow through all the royal line.

P. Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear:
They scarce can bear the Laureate twice a-year;
And justly Cæsar scorns the poet's lays:
It is to history he trusts for praise.

F. Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all taste, blaspheme Quadrille,
Abuse the City's best good men in metre,
And laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter.
Ev'n those you touch not, hate you.

P. What should ail 'em?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam:
The fewer still you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.

P. Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pie;
Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
The doubling lustres dance as fast as she;

F— loves the senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
Like in all else, as one egg to another.
I love to pour out all myself as plain
As downright Shippen, or as old Montaigne:
In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within;
In me what spots (for spots I have) appear,
Will prove, at least, the medium must be clear.
In this impartial glass, my Muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;
Publish the present age; but where my text
Is vice too high, reserve it for the next:
My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,
Verseman or Proseman, term me which you will,
Papist or Protestant, or both between,
Like good Erasmus, in an honest mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet;
I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors.
Save but our army! and let Jove incrust
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!
Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more;
But touch me, and no minister so sore.
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,

Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of some merry song.
Slander, or poison, dread from Delia's rage;
Hard words, or hanging, if your judge be Page:
From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
Its proper pow'r to hurt each creature feels;
Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels;
'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he's not stung by pug.
So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat.
Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter short)
Whate'er my fate, or well, or ill, at court,
Whether old age, with faint, but cheerful ray,
Attends to gild the ev'ning of my day,
Or Death's black wing already be display'd,
To wrap me in the universal shade;
Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the skew'r to write;
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
Like Lee, or Budgell, I will rhyme and print.
F. Alas! young man, your days can ne'er be long:
In flow'r of age you perish for a song!
Plums and directors, Shylock and his wife,
Will club their testers now to take your life.
P. What? arm'd for virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men,

Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car,
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star;
Can there be wanting, to defend her cause,
Lights of the church, or guardians of the laws?
Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
Flatt'rers and bigots, ev'n in Louis' reign?
Could Laureat Dryden pimp and fry'r engage,
Yet neither Charles, nor James, be in a rage?
And I not strip the gilding off a knave,
Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir or slave?
I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause:
Hear this, and tremble! you who 'scape the laws.
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world in credit to his grave:
To Virtue only, and her friends a friend,
The world beside may murmur or commend.
Know all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my grotto, and but sooths my sleep:
There my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place;
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason, and the flow of soul:
And he whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian lines
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines,
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.
Envy must own I live among the great
No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state,
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;

To help who want, to forward who excel;
This all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scribblers, or peers, alike are mob to me.
This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—
What saith my counsel, learned in the laws?

F. Your plea is good, but still I say beware!
Laws are explain'd by men—so have a care.
It stands on record, that, in Richard's times,
A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes.
Consult the statute; *quart.* I think it is,
Edwardi sext, or *prim. et quint. Eliz.*
See Libels, Satires—here you have it—read.
P. Libels and Satires! lawless things indeed!
But grave epistles, bringing vice to light,
Such as a king might read, a bishop write,
Such as Sir Robert would approve—F. indeed!
The case is alter'd—you may then proceed:
In such a cause the plaintiff will be hiss'd,
My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. II.

IMITATED.

TO MR. BETHEL.

WHAT, and how great, the virtue and the art
To live on little with a cheerful heart,
(A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)
Let's talk, my friends, but talk before we dine;

Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride,
Turns you from sound philosophy aside;
Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
Hear Bethel's sermon, one not vers'd in schools,
But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.
Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)
Then scorn a homely dinner if you can.
Your wine lock'd up, your butler stroll'd abroad,
Or fish deny'd, (the river yet unthaw'd)
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.
Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will chuse a pheasant still before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.
Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Though cut in pieces ere my lord can eat)
Yet for small turbots such esteem profess?
Because God made these large, the other less.
Oldfield, with more than Harpy throat endu'd,
Cries, 'Send me, Gods! a whole hog barbecu'd!'
Oh blast it, South-winds! till a stench exhale
Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.
By what criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
If this is prix'd for sweetness, that for stink?
When the tir'd glutton labors through a treat,
He finds no relish in the sweetest meat;
He calls for something bitter, something sour,
And the rich feast concludes extremely poor.

Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives, still we see:
Thus much is left of old simplicity!
The robin redbreast till of late had rest,
And children sacred held a martin's nest;
Till baccaficos sold so dev'lish dear,
To one that was, or would have been, a peer.
Let me extol a cat on oysters fed,
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;
Or ev'n to crack live crawfish recommend;
I'd never doubt at court to make a friend.
'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between excess and famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not sordid, though not splendid, clean.
Avidien or his wife (no matter which,
For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch)
Sell their presented partridges and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots;
One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine;
But on some lucky day, (as when they found
A lost bank-bill, or heard their son was drown'd)
At such a feast, old vinegar to spare,
Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear:
Oil, though it stink, they drop by drop impart,
But souse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.
He knows to live who keeps the middle state,
And neither leans on this side, nor on that;
Nor stops for one bad cork his butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;

Nor lets, like Nævius, ev'ry error pass,
The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.
Now hear what blessings temperance can bring:
(Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing)
First health: the stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry dish,
A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish,
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one intestine war)
Remembers oft the schoolboys' simple fare,
The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air.
How pale each worshipful and rev'rend guest
Rise from a clergy, or a city, feast!
What life in all that ample body say?
What heav'nly particle inspires the clay?
The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound divines.
On morning wings how active springs the mind
That leaves the load of yesterday behind!
How easy ev'ry labor it pursues!
How coming to the poet ev'ry Muse!
Not but we may exceed some holy time,
Or tir'd in search of truth, or search of rhyme:
Ill health some just indulgence may engage,
And more the sickness of long life, old age:
For fainting age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemp'rate youth the vessel drains?
Our fathers prais'd rank ven'son. You suppose,
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose.

Not so: a buck was then a week's repast,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last;
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come
Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.
Why had not I in those good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb pies, or coxcombs, were on earth?

Unworthy he the voice of Fame to hear,
That sweetest music to an honest ear,
(For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a song,)
Who has not learn'd fresh sturgeon and ham-pie
Are no rewards for want and infamy!
When luxury has lick'd up all the pelf,
Curs'd by thy neighbors, thy trustees, thyself;
To friends, to fortune, to mankind, a shame,
Think how posterity will treat thy name;
And buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well.

'Right,' cries his Lordship; 'for a rogue in need
'To have a taste, is insolence indeed:
'In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
'My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great.'
Then, like the sun, let Bounty spread her ray,
And shine that superfluity away.
Oh impudence of wealth! with all thy store
How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall?
Make quays, build bridges, or repair Whitehall;

Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
As M**o's was, but not at five *per cent.*
Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
And who stands safest? tell me is it he
That spreads, and swells, in puff'd prosperity?
Or, bless'd with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war?
Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought:
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love would imitate the man.
In South-sea days, not happier, when surmis'd
The lord of thousands, than if now excis'd;
In forest, planted by a father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little, I can piddle here
On brocoli and mutton, round the year;
But ancient friends, (though poor, or out of play,)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away:
'Tis true, no turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:
To Hounslow-heath I point, and Bansted-down,
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own:
From yon old walnut-tree a show'r shall fall,
And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,
And figs from standard, and espalier join;
The devil's in you if you cannot dine:

As thus, 'Vouchsafe, oh, gracious Maker!
'To grant me this and t' other acre;
'Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
'Direct my plough to find a treasure;
'But only what my station fits,
'And to be kept in my right wits;
'Preserve, almighty Providence!
'Just what *you gave*† me, competence;
'And let me in these shades compose
'Something in verse as true as prose;
'Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,
'Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen.'
In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent,
Nor cross the Channel twice a-year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.
I must by all means come to Town,
'Tis for the service of the Crown;
'Lewis, the Dean will be of use;
'Send for him up, take no excuse.'
The toil, the danger, of the seas,
Great ministers ne'er think of these;
Or, let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found,
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.
'Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
'Let my Lord know you're come to town.'

† The Editor would read *Thou gav'st.*

I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee-day,
And find his Honor in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green,
How should I thrust myself between?
Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
And, smiling, whispers to the next,
'I thought the Dean had been too proud
'To jostle here among a crowd.'
Another, in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit;
'So eager to express your love,
'You ne'er consider whom you shove,
'But rudely press before a duke.'
I own I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant, to show
What I desire the world should know.
I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.
This humbly offers me his case—
That begs my int'rest for a place—
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
'To-morrow my appeal comes on,
'Without your help the cause is gone.'—
The duke expects my lord and you
'About some great affair at two.'—

'Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind
'To get my warrant quickly sign'd:
'Consider, 'tis my first request.'—
"Be satisfy'd; I'll do my best:"—
Then presently he falls to tease,
'You may for certain, if you please;
'I doubt not, if his Lordship knew—
'And, Mr. Dean, one word from you.'—
'Tis (let me see) three years and more
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As, 'What's o'clock?' and, 'How's the wind?'
'Whose chariot's that we left behind?'
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;
Or, 'Have you nothing new to-day
'From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?'
Such tattle often entertains
My Lord and me, as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to Town,
Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-cross.
Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me us'd so well,
'How think you of our friend the Dean?
'I wonder what some people mean;

'My Lord and he are grown so great,
'Always together *tete a tete*.
'What! they admire him for his jokes—
'See but the fortune of some folks!'
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arriv'd at Court;
I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry street.
'You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great,
'Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat?
'Or do the prints and papers lie?'
"Faith, Sir, you know as much as I."
'Ah! Doctor, how you love to jest!
'Tis now no secret.' "I protest
"'Tis one to me."—'Then tell us, pray,
'When are the troops to have their pay?'
And though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.
Thus in a sea of folly tost,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
Oh, could I see my country-seat!
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book,
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the Court and Town *.

† Dr. Swift thus far..

O charming noons! and nights divine!
Or when I sup, or when I dine,
My friends above, my folks below,
Chatting and laughing all-a-row;
The beans and bacon set before 'em,
The grace-cup serv'd with all decorum;
Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,
And ev'n the very dogs at ease!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian sings,
A neighbor's madness, or his spouse's,
Or what's in either of the Houses;
But something much more our concern,
And quite a scandal not to learn:
Which is the happier or the wiser,
A man of merit, or a miser?
Whether we ought to chuse our friends
For their own worth, or our own ends?
What good, or better, we may call,
And what the very best of all?
Our friend Dan Prior, told (you know)
A tale extremely *a propos*:
Name a Town life, and in a trice
He had a story of two Mice.
"Once on a time (so runs the fable)
A country mouse, right hospitable,
Receiv'd a town mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord.
A frugal mouse upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul;

Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
On just occasion, *coute qui coute.*
He brought him bacon, (nothing lean)
Pudding that might have pleas'd a Dean;
Cheese such as men in Suffolk make,
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
He ate himself the rind and paring.
Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
But show'd his breeding and his wit;
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cry'd, 'I vow you're mighty neat:
'But, Lord, my friend, this savage scene!
'For God's sake, come and live with men:
'Consider mice, like men, must die,
'Both small and great, both you and I;
'Then spend your life in joy and sport;
'(This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court.)'
The veriest hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
Away they came, through thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's-inn;
('Twas on the night of a debate,
When all their Lordships had sat late.)
Behold the place, where if a poet
Shin'd in description he might show it;
Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors;

But let it (in a word) be said,
The moon was up, and men a-bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red:
The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice sat *tete a tete*.
Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
'*Que ca est bon! Ah goutez ca!*
'That jelly's rich, this Malmsey healing,
'Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in.'
Was ever such a happy swain!
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.
'I'm quite asham'd—'tis mighty rude
'To eat so much—but all's so good!
'I have a thousand thanks to give—
'My Lord alone knows how to live.'
No sooner said, but from the hall
Rush chaplain, butler, dogs, and all:
'A rat, a rat! clap to the door'—
The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
O for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or gods to save them in a trice!
(It was by Providence they think,
For your damn'd stucco has no chink)
'An't please your Honor,' quoth the peasant,
'This same desert is not so pleasant:
'Give me again my hollow tree,
'A crust of bread, and liberty!'

HORACE, BOOK I. EPISTLE I.

IMITATED.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

ST. JOHN! whose love indulg'd my labors past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
Why will you break the sabbath of my days,
Now sick alike of envy and of praise?
Public too long, ah! let me hide my age:
See modest Cibber now has left the stage;
Our gen'rals now, retir'd to their estates,
Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates;
In life's cool ev'ning satiate of applause,
Nor fond of bleeding ev'n in Brunswick's cause.
A voice there is, that whispers in my ear,
('Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear)
'Friend Pope! be prudent, let your Muse take breath,
'And never gallop Pegasus to death;
'Lest stiff and stately, void of fire, or force,
'You limp, like Blackmore, on a Lord Mayor's horse.'
Farewel then, verse, and love, and ev'ry toy,
The rhymes and rattles of the man, or boy;
What right, what true, what fit, we justly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is all:
To lay this harvest up, and hoard with haste
Wit ev'ry day will want, and most the last.

But ask not to what doctors I apply;
Sworn to no master, of no sect am I:
As drives the storm, at any door I knock,
And house with Montaigne now, or now with Locke.
Sometimes a patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the world, and battle for the state;
Free as young Lyttleton, her cause pursue,
Still true to virtue, and as warm as true;
Sometimes with Aristippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my candor, and grow all to all;
Back to my native moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.
Long as to him who works for debt, the day,—
Long as the night to her whose love's away,
Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,
When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one;
So slow th' unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the functions of my soul;
That keep me from myself, and still delay
Life's instant bus'ness to a future day;
That task which, as we follow, or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise;
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure;
And which not done, the richest must be poor.
Late as it is, I put myself to school,
And feel some comfort not to be a fool.
Weak though I am of limb, and short of sight,
Far from a lynx, and not a giant quite,

I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
Not to go back is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk, at least, before they dance.
Say, does thy blood rebel, thy bosom move
With wretched av'rice, or a wretched love?
Know, there are words and spells which can controul,
Between the fits, this fever of the soul;
Know, there are rhymes which, fresh and fresh apply'd,
Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride.
Be furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
Slave to a wife, or vassal to a punk,
A Switz, a High-Dutch, or a Low-Dutch bear;
All that we ask, is, but a patient ear.
'Tis the first virtue, vices to abhor,
And the first wisdom, to be fool no more:
But to the world no bugbear is so great
As want of figure, and a small estate.
To either India see the merchant fly,
Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty!
See him with pains of body, pangs of soul,
Burn through the tropic, freeze beneath the pole!
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing to make Philosophy thy friend?
To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires,
And ease thy heart of all that it admires?
Here, Wisdom calls, 'Seek Virtue first, be bold!
'As gold to silver, virtue is to gold.'

There, London's voice, 'Get money, money still!
'And then let Virtue follow if she will.'
This, this, the saving doctrine preach'd to all,
From low St. James's up to high St. Paul;
From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches sticks at Westminster.
Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth, abounds;
'Pray then what wants he?' Fourscore thousand pounds;
A pension, or such harness for a slave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard thou art a Cit, with all thy worth;
But Bug and D*l, Their Honors! and so forth.
Yet ev'ry child another song will sing,
'Virtue, brave boys! 'tis virtue makes a king.'
True conscious honor is to feel no sin;
He's arm'd without that's innocent within:
Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass;
Compar'd to this a minister's an ass.
And say, to which shall our applause belong,
This new court-jargon, or the good old song?
The modern language of corrupted peers,
Or what was spoke at Cressy, or Poitiers?
Who counsels best? who whispers, 'Be but great,
'With praise, or infamy, leave that to Fate;
'Get place, and wealth, if possible, with grace;
'If not, by any means, get wealth and place.'
For what? to have a box where eunuchs sing,
And foremost in the circle eye a king.

Or he who bids thee face with steady view
Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness through,
And while he bids thee sets th' example too?
If such a doctrine, in St. James's air,
Should chance to make the well-dress'd rabble stare;
If honest S**z take scandal at a spark
That less admires the Palace than the Park;
Faith I shall give the answer Reynard gave,
'I cannot like, dread Sir! your royal cave:
'Because I see, by all the tracts about,
'Full many a beast goes in, but none come out.'
Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a slave:
Send her to court, you send her to her grave.
Well, if a king's a lion, at the least
The people are a many-headed beast.
Can they direct what measures to pursue,
Who know themselves so little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one lust of gold,
Just half the land would buy, and half be sold:
Their country's wealth, our mightier misers drain,
Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main;
The rest, some farm the poor-box, some the pews;
Some keep assemblies, and would keep the stews;
Some with fat bucks on childless dotards fawn;
Some win rich widows by their chine and brawn;
While with the silent growth of ten per cent,
In dirt and darkness hundreds stink content.

Of all these ways, if each pursues his own,
Satire be kind, and let the wretch alone;
But shew me one who has it in his pow'r
To act consistent with himself an hour.
Sir Job sail'd forth, the ev'ning bright and still,
'No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich
'hill!'
Up starts a palace; lo, th' obedient base
Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
The silver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let some whimsey,—or that devil within,
Which guides all those who know not what they mean,
But give the knight (or give his lady) spleen,
'Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,
'For Snug's the word: my dear! we'll live in
'Town.'
At am'rous Flavio is the stocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone.
The fool, whose wife elopes, some thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.
Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themselves so strangely as the rich?
Well, but the poor—the poor have the same itch;
They change their weekly barber, weekly news,
Prefer a new japanner to their shoes;
Discharge their garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a chaise and one;
They hire their sculler, and, when once aboard,
Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a lord.

You laugh, half-beau, half-sloven, if I stand,
My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;
You laugh if coat and breeches strangely vary,
White gloves, and linen, worthy Lady Mary!
But when no prelate's lawn, with hair-shirt lin'd
Is half so incoherent as my mind;
When (each opinion with the next at strife,
One ebb, and flow of follies all my life)
I plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
Turn round to square, and square again to round;
You never change one muscle of your face,
You think this madness but a common case;
Nor once to chanc'ry, nor to Hale apply,
Yet hang your lip, to see a seam awry!
Careless how ill I with myself agree,
Kind to my dress, my figure, not to me.
Is this my guide, philosopher, and friend?
This he who loves me, and who ought to mend?
Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
That man divine whom Wisdom calls her own;
Great, without title, without fortune, bless'd;
Rich ev'n when plunder'd, honor'd while oppress'd;
Lov'd, without youth, and follow'd, without pow'r;
At home, though exil'd; free, though in the Tow'r:
In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal thing,
Just less than Jove, and much above a king:
Nay, half in heav'n—except (what's mighty odd)
A fit of vapors clouds this demigod?

HORACE, BOOK I. EPISTLE VI.

IMITATED.

TO MR. MURRAY.

THIS piece is the most finished of all his imitations, and executed in the high manner the Italian painters call Con Amore. By which they mean, the exertion of that principle, which puts the faculties on the stretch, and produces the supreme degree of excellence. For the poet had all the warmth of affection for the great lawyer to whom it is addressed; and, indeed, no man ever more deserved to have a poet for his friend. In the obtaining of which, as neither vanity, party, nor fear, had any share, so he supported his title to it by all the offices of true friendship.

'NOT to admire, is all the art I know
'To make men happy, and to keep them so.'
(Plain truth, dear Murray! needs no flow'rs of speech,
So take it in the very words of Creech.)
This vault of air, this congregated ball,
Self-centred sun, and stars, that run and fall,
There are, my Friend! whose philosophic eyes
Look through, and trust the Ruler with his skies;
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view this dreadful All without a fear.
Admire we *then* what earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold;
All the mad trade of fools and slaves for gold?

Or popularity? or stars, and strings?
The mob's applauses, or the gift, of kings?
Say with what eyes we ought, at courts, to gaze,
And pay the great our homage of amaze?
If weak the pleasure that from these can spring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
Whether we dread, or whether we desire,
In either case believe me we admire:
Whether we joy, or grieve, the same the curse,
Surpris'd at better, or surpris'd at worse.
Thus good, or bad, to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd mind, and snatch the man away;
For virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of madmen is, a saint run mad.
Go then, and if you can, admire the state
Of beaming diamonds and reflected plate;
Procure a taste to double the surprise,
And gaze on Parian charms with learned eyes;
Be struck with bright brocade, or Tyrian dye,
Our birth-day nobles' splendid livery.
If not so pleas'd, at council-board rejoice
To see their judgments hang upon thy voice;
From morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labor, all this strife?
For fame, for riches, for a noble wife?
Shall one whom Nature, learning, birth, conspir'd
To form, not to admire, but be admir'd,
Sigh, while his Chloe, blind to wit and worth,
Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth?

Yet time ennobles, or degrades each line;
It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine.
And what is fame? the meanest have their day;
The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
Grac'd as thou art with all the pow'r of words,
So known, so honor'd, at the House of Lords:
Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh,
(More silent far) where kings and poets lie;
Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
Shall be no more than Tully, or than Hyde!
Rack'd with sciatics, martyr'd with the stone,
Will any mortal let himself alone?
See Ward, by batter'd beaux invited over,
And desp'rate Misery lays hold on Dover.
The case is easier in the mind's disease;
There all men may be cur'd whene'er they please.
Would ye be bless'd? despise low joys, low gains;
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains;
Be virtuous; and be happy for your pains.
But art thou one whom new opinions sway,
One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
Who virtue, and a church alike disowns,
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones?
Fly then on all the wings of wild desire,
Admire whate'er the maddest can admire.
Is wealth thy passion? hence! from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll;

For Indian spices, for Peruvian gold,
Prevent the greedy, or outbid the bold;
Advance thy golden mountain to the skies;
On the broad base of fifty thousand rise;
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a square:
For, mark th' advantage; just so many score
Will gain a wife, with half as many more,
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
And then such friends—as cannot fail to last.
A man of wealth is dubb'd a man of worth;
Venus shall give him form, and Anstis birth.
(Believe me many a German prince is worse,
Who, proud of pedigree, is poor of purse.)
His wealth brave Timon gloriously confounds;
Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds:
Or, if three ladies like a luckless play,
Take the whole House upon the poet's day.
Now, in such exigencies not to need,
Upon my word you must be rich indeed:
A noble superfluity it craves,
Not for yourself, but for your fools and knaves;
Something which for your honor they may cheat,
And which it much behoves you to forget.
If wealth alone then make, and keep us, blest,
Still, still, be getting; never, never, rest.

But if to pow'r, and place, your passion lie,
If in the pomp of life consists the joy,
Then hire a slave, or (if you will) a lord,
To do the honors, and to give the word;

Tell at your levee, as the crowds approach,
To whom to nod, whom take into your coach;
Whom honor with your hand; to make remarks,
Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
'This may be troublesome, is near the chair;
'That makes three members, this can chuse a 'may'r.'
Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
Adopt him son, or cousin, at the least,
Then turn about, and laugh at your own jest.
Or if your life be one continu'd treat,
If to live well, means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
Go drive the deer, and drag the finny prey;
With hounds and horns go hunt an appetite—
So Russel did, but could not eat at night;
Call'd, happy dog! the beggar at his door;
And envy'd thirst and hunger to the poor.
Or shall we every decency confound,
Through taverns, stews, and bagnios, take our round?
Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo
'K—l's lewd cargo, or Ty—y's crew,
From Latian Syrens, French Circæan feasts,
Return'd well travell'd, and transform'd to beasts;
Or for a titled punk, or foreign flame,
Renounce our country, and degrade our name?
If, after all, we must with Wilmot own
The cordial drop of life is Love alone,

And Swift cry wisely *Vive la bagatelle!*
The man that loves, and laughs, must sure do well.
Adieu—if this advice appear the worst,
E'en take the counsel which I gave you first:
Or better precepts, if you can, impart,
Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

HORACE, BOOK I. EPIST. VII.

[Imitated in the manner of Dr. Swift.]

'Tis true, my Lord, I gave my word
I would be with you June the third;
Chang'd it to August, and (in short)
Have kept it—as you do at court.
You humor me when I am sick;
Why not when I am splenetic?
In Town what objects could I meet?
The shops shut up in ev'ry street,
And fun'rals black'ning all the doors,
And yet more melancholy whores;
And what a dust in ev'ry place!
And a thin Court that wants your face,
And fevers raging up and down,
And W* and H** both in Town!
'The dog-days are no more the case,'
'Tis true, but winter comes apace:
Then southward let your bard retire,
Hold out some months 'twixt sun and fire,

And you shall see, the first warm weather,
Me and the butterflies together.
My Lord, your favors well I know;
'Tis with distinction you bestow,
And not to ev'ry one that comes,
Just as a Scotsman does his plums.
'Pray take them, Sir—enough's a feast:
'Eat some, and pocket up the rest'—
What, rob your boys? those pretty rogues!
'No, Sir, you'll leave them to the hogs.'
Thus fools with compliments besiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye.
Scatter your favors on a fop,
Ingratitude's the certain crop;
And 'tis but just, I'll tell you wherefore,—
You give the things you never care for,
A wise man always is, or shou'd
Be, mighty ready to do good;
But makes a diff'rence in his thought
Betwixt a guinea and a groat.
Now this I'll say, You'll find in me
A safe companion, and a free;
But if you'd have me always near—
A word, pray, in your Honor's ear:
I hope it is your resolution
To give me back my constitution!
The sprightly wit, the lively eye,
Th' engaging smile, the gaiety
That laugh'd down many a summer sun,
And kept you up so oft till one,

And all that voluntary vein,
As when Belinda rais'd my strain.
  A Weasel once made shift to slink
In at a corn-loft, through a chink,
But having amply stuff'd his skin,
Could not get out as he got in;
Which one belonging to the house
('Twas not a man, it was a Mouse)
Observing, cry'd, 'You 'scape not so:
'Lean as you came, Sir, you must go.'
  Sir, you may spare your application,
I'm no such beast, nor his relation;
Nor one that temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the throat with ortolans;
Extremely ready to resign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-sea subscriptions take who please,
Leave me but liberty and ease.
'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
Who prais'd my modesty and smil'd.
Give me, I cry'd, (enough for me)
My bread and independency!
So bought an annual rent or two,
And liv'd—just as you see I do;
Near fifty, and without a wife,
I trust that sinking fund my life.
Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
Shrink back to my paternal cell;
A little house with trees a-row,
And, like its master, very low;

There dy'd my father, no man's debtor,
And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.
To set this matter full before ye,
Our old friend Swift will tell his story.
'Harley, the nation's great support'—
But you may read it, I stop short.

HORACE, BOOK II. EPISTLE I.

IMITATED.

Advertisement.

THE reflections of Horace, and the judgments passed in his Epistle to Augustus, seemed so seasonable to the present times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own country. The author thought them considerable enough to address them to his prince; whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a monarch upon whom the Romans depended for the increase of an absolute empire; but to make the Poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the happiness of a free people, and are more consistent with the welfare of our neighbors.

This Epistle will shew the learned world to have fallen into two mistakes: one, that Augustus was a patron of poets in general; whereas he not only prohibited all but the best writers to name him, but recommended that care even to the civil magistrate; *Admonebat prætores, ne paterentur nomen suum obsolescere, &c.*; the other, that this piece was only a general discourse of poetry; whereas it was an apology for the poets, in order to render Augustus more their patron. Horace here pleads the cause of his contemporaries; first, against the taste of

the Town, whose humor it was to magnify the authors of the preceding age; secondly, against the court and nobility, who encouraged only the writers for the Theatre; and, lastly, against the Emperor himself, who had conceived them of little use to the government. He shews (by a view of the progress of learning, and the change of taste, among the Romans) that the introduction of the polite arts of Greece had given the writers of his time great advantages over their predecessors; that their morals were much improved, and the license of those ancient poets restrained; that Satire and Comedy were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagancies were left on the stage, were owing to the ill taste of the nobility; that poets, under due regulations, were in many respects useful to the state; and concludes, that it was upon them the Emperor himself must depend for his fame with posterity.

We may further learn from this Epistle, that Horace made his court to this great prince, by writing with a decent freedom towards him, with a just contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character. P.

HORACE, BOOK II. EPISTLE I.

IMITATED.

TO AUGUSTUS.

While you, great Patron of mankind! sustain
The balanc'd world, and open all the main,
Your country, chief in arms, abroad defend,
At home with morals, arts, and laws amend;
How shall the Muse, from such a monarch, steal
An hour, and not defraud the public weal?
Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,
After a life of gen'rous toils endur'd,
The Gaul subdu'd, or property secur'd,
Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,
Or laws establish'd and the world reform'd;
Clos'd their long glories with a sigh, to find
Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind!
All human virtue, to its latest breath,
Finds Envy never conquer'd but by Death.
The great Alcides, ev'ry labor past,
Had still this monster to subdue at last:
Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
Each star of meaner merit fades away!
Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat;
Those suns of glory please not till they set.
To thee the world its present homage pays,
The harvest early, but mature the praise:

Great friend of liberty! in kings a name
Above all Greek, above all Roman, fame*;
Whose word is truth, as sacred and rever'd
As Heav'n's own oracles from altars heard.
Wonder of kings! like whom, to mortal eyes,
None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.

Just in one instance, be it yet confest
Your people, Sir, are partial in the rest;
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
It is the rust we value, not the gold.
Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote.
One likes no language but the Fairy Queen;
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green;
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
He swears the Muses met him at The Devil.

Though justly Greece her eldest sons admires,
Why should not we be wiser than our sires?
In ev'ry public virtue we excel;
We build, we paint, we sing, we dance, as well;
And learned Athens to our art must stoop,
Could she behold us tumbling through a hoop.

If time improve our wits as well as wine,
Say at what age a poet grows divine?
Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
Who dy'd, perhaps, an hundred years ago?

* Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis anteferendo.

End all dispute; and fix the year precise
When British Bards began t' immortalize?
'Who lasts a century can have no flaw;
'I hold that wit a classic, good in law.'
Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
And shall we deem him ancient, right, and sound,
Or damn to all eternity at once
At ninety-nine a modern and a dunce?
'We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
'By courtesy of England he may do.'
Then, by the rule that made the horse-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt down Ancients like a heap of snow,
While you, to measure merits, look in Stowe,
And estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a garland only on a bier.
Shakespeare (whom you and ev'ry play-house bill
Style the Divine, the Matchless, what you will)
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despight.
Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
The life to come, in ev'ry poet's creed.
Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric art;
But still I love the language of his heart.
'Yet surely, surely, these were famous men!
'What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben?
'In all debates where critics bear a part,
'Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's art,

'Of Shakespear's nature, and of Cowley's wit;
'How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher
writ;
'How Shadwell hasty, Wycherly was slow;
'But, for the passions, Southern sure and Rowe!
'These, only these, support the crowded stage
'From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age.'
All this may be; the people's voice is odd;
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
To Gammer Gurton, if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,
Or say our fathers never broke a rule,
Why then, I say, the public is a fool.
But let them own that greater faults than we
They had, and greater virtues, I'll agree.
Spenser himself affects the obsolete,
And Sydney's verse halts ill on Roman feet;
Milton's strong pinion now not heav'n can bound,
Now, serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground;
In quibbles angel and archangel join,
And God the Father turns a school-divine.
Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
Like slashing Bentley with his desp'rate hook;
Or damn all Shakespeare, like th' affected fool
At court, who hates whate'er he read at school.
But for the wits of either Charles's days,
The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling stars the miscellanies o'er)

One simile, that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
Or lengthen'd thought, that gleams through many
Has sanctify'd whole poems for an age. [a page,
I lose my patience, and I own it too,
When works are censur'd, not as bad, but new;
While if our elders break all Reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon, but applause.
On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,
If I but ask if any weed can grow?
One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
Which Betterton's grave action dignify'd,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
(Though but perhaps a muster-roll of names)
How will our fathers rise up in a rage,
And swear all shame is lost in George's age!
You'd think no fools disgrac'd the former reign,
Did not some grave examples yet remain;
Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
And, having once been wrong, will be so still.
He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
Extols old bards, or Merlin's Prophecy,
Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,
And to debase the sons exalts the sires.
Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow
What then was new, what had been ancient now?
Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
By learned critics, of the mighty dead?
In days of ease, when now the weary sword
Was sheath'd, and Luxury with Charles restor'd;

In ev'ry taste of foreign courts improv'd,
'All, by the King's example, liv'd and lov'd.'
Then peers grew proud in horsemanship t' excel,
Newmarket's glory rose, as Britain's fell;
The soldier breath'd the gallantries of France,
And ev'ry flow'ry courtier writ romance.
Then marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,
And yielding metal flow'd to human form;
Lely on animated canvass stole
The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul.
No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
The willing Muses were debauch'd at Court;
On each enervate string they taught the note
To pant, or tremble, through an eunuch's throat.
But Britain, changeful as a child at play,
Now calls in princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
Now all for pleasure, now for church and state;
Now for prerogatives, and now for laws;
Effects unhappy! from a noble cause.
Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock;
Instruct his family in ev'ry rule,
And send his wife to church, his son to school.
To worship like his fathers, was his care;
To teach their frugal virtues to his heir;
To prove that luxury could never hold;
And place on good security his gold.
Now times are chang'd, and one poetic itch
Has seiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich:

Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the bays,
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters, plays;
To theatres and to rehearsals throng,
And all our grace at table is a song.
I, who so oft renounce the Muses, lie,
Not—self e'er tells more fibs than I.
When sick of Muse, our follies we deplore,
And promise our best friends to rhyme no more;
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink, to show our wit.

He serv'd a 'prentieeship, who sets up shop;
Ward try'd on puppies, and the poor, his drop;
Ev'n Radcliff's doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practice till they've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile?
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile:)
But those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

Yet, Sir, reflect; the mischief is not great;
These madmen never hurt the church, or state:
Sometimes, the folly benefits mankind,
And rarely av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his plaything of a pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
Flight of cashiers, or mobs, he'll never mind,
And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.
To cheat a friend, or ward, he leaves to Peter;
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre;
Enjoys his garden, and his book in quiet;
And then—a perfect hermit in his diet.

Of little use the man you may suppose
Who says in verse what others say in prose;
Yet let me show, a poet's of some weight,
And (though no soldier) useful to the state.
What will a child learn sooner than a song? 205
What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
What's long, or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace?
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some monster of a king; 210
Or virtue, or religion, turn to sport,
To please a lewd, or unbelieving Court.
Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
And in our own (excuse some courtly strains) 215
No whiter page than Addison remains:
He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth;
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart. 220
Let Ireland tell how Wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supply'd her laws,
And leave on Swift this grateful verse engrav'd,
'The rights a court attack'd—a Poet sav'd.'
Behold the hand, that wrought a nation's cure,
Stretch'd to relieve the idiot, and the poor, 225
Proud vice to brand, or injur'd worth adorn,
And stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.
Not but there are who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with psalms;

The boys, and girls, whom charity maintains,
Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
How could Devotion touch the country pews,
Unless the gods bestow'd a proper Muse?
Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work,
Verse prays for peace, or sings down Pope and Turk.
The silenc'd preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain;
The blessing thrills through all the lab'ring throng,
And heav'n is won by violence of song.

Our rural ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labor, when the end was rest,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain:
The joy their wives, their sons, and servants, share,
Ease of their toil, and partners of their care:
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry soul:
With growing years the pleasing license grew,
And taunts alternate innocently flew.
But times corrupt, and nature ill-inclin'd,
Produc'd the point that left a sting behind;
Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
Triumphant malice rag'd through private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
Appeal'd to Law, and Justice lent her arm.
At length, by wholesome dread of statutes bound,
The poets learn'd to please, and not to wound;

Most warp'd to Flatt'ry's side; but some, more nice,
Preserv'd the freedom, and forebore the vice.
Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit,
And heals, with morals, what it hurts with wit.
We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms;
Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms;
Britain to soft refinements less a foe,
Wit grew polite, and numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine;
Though still some traces of our rustic vein,
And splay-foot verse, remain'd, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tir'd nation, breath'd from Civil war.
Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire
Show'd us that France had something to admire.
Not but the tragic spirit was our own,
And full, in Shakespeare, fair, in Otway, shone;
But Otway fail'd to polish, or refine,
And fluent Shakespeare scarce effac'd a line.
Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last, and greatest art, the art to blot.
Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire,
The humbler Muse of Comedy require.
But in known images of life I guess
The labor greater, as th' indulgence less.

Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed;
Tell me if Congreve's fools are fools indeed?
What pert low dialogue has Farquhar writ!
How Van. wants grace, who never wanted wit!
The stage how loosely does Astrea tread,
Who fairly puts all characters to bed!
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinkey, eat with vast applause!
But fill their purse, our Poet's work is done,
Alike to them by Pathos, or by Pun.
O you! whom vanity's light bark conveys
On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
For ever sunk too low, or borne too high!
Who pants for glory finds but short repose;
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
Farewel the stage! if just as thrives the play,
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.
There still remains, to mortify a wit,
The many-headed monster of the pit;
A senseless, worthless, and unhonor'd crowd,
Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud,
Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the Farce, the Bear, or the Black-Joke.
What dear delights to Britons farce affords! 310
Ever the taste of mobs, but now of lords!
(Taste! that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)
The play stands still; damn action, and discourse;
Back fly the scenes; and enter foot and horse; 315

Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn;
Peers, heralds, bishops, ermine, gold, and lawn;
The champion too! and, to complete the jest,
Old Edward's armor beams on Cibber's breast.
With laughter sure Democritus had dy'd
Had he beheld an audience gape so wide.
Let bear, or elephant, be e'er so white,
The people, sure, the people are the sight!
Ah, luckless Poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
That bear, or elephant, shall heed thee more;
While all its throats the gallery extends,
And all the thunder of the pit ascends!
Loud as the wolves on Orcas' stormy steep,
Howl to the roarings of the northern deep;
Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat;
Or when from Court a birth-day suit bestow'd
Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!
'But has he spoken?'—Not a syllable.
'What shook the stage, and made the people stare?'
Cato's long wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacker'd chair.

Yet, lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume t' instruct the times,
To know the poet from the man of rhymes.
'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art;
With pity, and with terror, tear my heart;

And snatch me o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.
But not this part of the poetic state
Alone deserves the favor of the great.
Think of these authors, Sir, who would rely
More on a reader's sense, than gazer's eye.
Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?
How shall we fill a library with wit,
When Merlin's cave is half unfurnish'd yet?
My Liege! why writers little claim your thought,
I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault.
We poets are (upon a Poet's word)
Of all mankind the creatures most absurd:
The season when to come, and when to go,
To sing, or cease to sing, we never know;
And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You lose your patience just like other men.
Then, too, we hurt ourselves when, to defend
A single verse, we quarrel with a friend;
Repeat, unask'd; lament the wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line;
But most when, straining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write epistles to the King;
And from the moment we oblige the Town,
Expect a place, or pension, from the Crown;
Or, dubb'd Historians, by express command,
T'enrol your triumphs o'er the seas and land,

Be call'd to Court to plan some work divine,
As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine.
Yet think, great sir (so many virtues shown)
Ah! think what poet best may make them known;
Or choose at least some minister of grace,
Fit to bestow the Laureat's weighty place.
Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,
Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed,
To fix him graceful on the bounding steed;
So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit.
But kings in wit may want discerning spirit:
The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles;
Which made old Ben, and surly Dennis swear,
'No Lord's anointed, but a Russian bear.'
Not with such majesty, such bold relief,
The forms august of king, or conqu'ring chief,
E'er swell'd on marble, as in verse have shin'd
(In polish'd verse) the manners and the mind.
Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your arms, your actions, your repose, to sing!
What seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
Your country's peace how oft, how dearly bought!
How barb'rous rage subsided at your word,
And nations wonder'd, while they dropp'd the sword!

How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep
Peace stole her wing, and wrapp'd the world in sleep,
Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And Asia's tyrants tremble at your throne—
But verse, alas! your majesty disdains;
And I'm not us'd to panegyric strains.
The zeal of fools offends at any time,
And, most of all, the zeal of fools in rhyme.
Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praise, they say I bite.
A vile encomium doubly ridicules:
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a woeful likeness; and if lies,
'Praise undeserv'd, is scandal in disguise.'
Well may he blush who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like journals, odes, and such forgotten things,
As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of kings)
Clothe spice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

HORACE, BOOK II. EPIST. II.

IMITATED.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur.

DEAR Col'nel, Cobham's and your country's friend!
You love a verse; take such as I can send.
A Frenchman comes, presents you with his boy,
Bows and begins—'This lad, sir, is of Blois:
'Observe his shape how clean! his locks how 'curl'd!
'My only son, I'd have him see the world:
'His French is pure; his voice too—you shall 'hear:
'Sir, he's your slave for twenty pound a-year.
'Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
'Your barber, cook, upholst'rer; what you please:
'A perfect genius at an op'ra song—
'To say too much might do my honor wrong.
'Take him with all his virtues, on my word;
'His whole ambition was to serve a lord.
'But, sir, to you with what would I not part? 15
'Though faith, I fear 'twill break his mother's 'heart.
'Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
'And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry;

'The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
'(Could you o'erlook but that) it is, to steal.'
If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
Could you complain, my friend! he prov'd so bad?
Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit,
Who sent the thief that stole the cash away,
And punish'd him that put it in his way.
Consider then, and judge me in this light;
I told you, when I went, I could not write;
You said the same; and are you discontent
With laws to which you gave your own assent?
Nay, worse, to ask for verse at such a time!
D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?
In Anna's wars, a soldier, poor, and old,
Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold;
Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckless night
He slept, (poor dog!) and lost it to a doit.
This put the man in such a desp'rate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,
Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a castle wall,
Tore down a standard, took the fort and all.
'Prodigious well!' his great commander cry'd,
Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
Next pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter;
(Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter)
'Go on, my friend,' he cry'd, 'see yonder walls!
'Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
'More honors, more rewards, attend the brave.'

Don't you remember what reply he gave?
'D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral! such a sot?
'Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat.'
Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son;
Besides, my father taught me from a lad,
The better art, to know the good from bad;
(And little sure imported to remove,
To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
But knottier points we knew not half so well,
Depriv'd us soon of our paternal cell;
And certain laws, by suff'rers thought unjust,
Deny'd all posts of profit, or of trust;
Hopes after hopes of pious Papists fail'd,
While mighty William's thund'ring arm prevail'd.
For right hereditary, tax'd and fin'd,
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me the Muses help to undergo it,
Convict a Papist he, and I a poet.
But, (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive,
Sure I should want the care of ten Monros,
If I would scribble rather than repose.
Years foll'wing years steal something ev'ry day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away;
In one, our frolics, one, amusements end,
In one, a mistress drops, in one, a friend.
This subtle thief of life, this paltry time,
What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme?

If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd mill,
That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still?
But, after all, what would you have me do,
When out of twenty I can please not two?
When this, Heroics only deigns to praise,
Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg:
Hard task to hit the palate of such guests,
When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf detests!
But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme, can London be the place?
Who there his Muse, or self, or soul, attends,
In crowds, and courts, law, bus'ness, feasts, and friends?
My counsel sends to execute a deed;
A poet begs me I will hear him read.
In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten, for certain, sir, in Bloomsb'ry-square—
Before the Lords, at twelve, my cause comes on—
There's a rehearsal, sir, exact at one.—
'Oh! but a wit can study in the streets,
'And raise his mind above the mob he meets.'
Not quite so well, however, as one ought;
A hackney-coach may chance to spoil a thought;
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,
Two aldermen dispute it with an ass?

And peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own s-r-v--nce in a car?
Go, lofty poet! and in such a crowd
Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.
Alas! to grottoes and to groves we run,
To ease and silence, ev'ry Muse's son:
Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-court.
How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?

The man who, stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,
To books and study gives sev'n years complete,
See! strow'd with learned dust, his nightcap on,
He walks an object new beneath the sun!
The boys flock round him, and the people stare:
So stiff, so mute! some statue you would swear
Stept from his pedestal to take the air!
And here, while Town, and Court, and City, roars,
With mobs, and duns, and soldiers at their doors,
Shall I in London act this idle part,
Composing songs for fools to get by heart?

The Temple late two brother Serjeants saw,
Who deem'd each other oracles of law;
With equal talents these congenial souls,
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls;
Each had a gravity would make you split,
And shook his head at Murray as a wit.

'Twas, sir, your law'—and, "sir, your elo-
"quence,"
"Your's Cowper's manner—and your's Talbot's
sense."
Thus we dispose of all poetic merit,
Your's Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.
Call Tibbald Shakespeare, and he'll swear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never match'd one ode of thine.
Lord! how we strut through Merlin's cave, to see
No poets there but Stephen, you, and me.
Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
Weave laurel crowns, and take what names we
please.
'My dear Tibullus!' if that will not do,
'Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you;
'Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains,
'And you shall rise up Otway for your pains.'
Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming, race;
And much must flatter, if the whim should bite,
To court applause by printing what I write.
But let the fit pass o'er; I'm wise enough
To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.
In vain bad rhymers all mankind reject:
They treat themselves with most profound respect.
'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue,
Each prais'd within, is happy all day long.
But how severely with themselves proceed
The men, who write such verse as we can read?

Their own strict judges, not a word they spare
That wants of force, or light, or weight, or care;
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay, though at court (perhaps) it may find grace:
Such they'll degrade; and, sometimes in its stead,
In downright charity revive the dead;
Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears,
Bright through the rubbish of some hundred years;
Command old words, that long have slept, to wake,
Words that wise Bacon, or brave Rawleigh, spake;
Or bid the new be English ages hence,
(For Use will father what's begot by Sense)
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But show no mercy to an empty line;
Then polish all with so much life and ease
You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to please:
'But ease in writing flows from art, not chance,
'As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.'
If such the plague, and pains, to write by rule,
Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool;
Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease;
It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.
There liv'd *in primo Georgii* (they record)
A worthy member, no small fool, a lord;
Who, though the House was up, delighted sate,
Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate;

In all, but this, a man of sober life,
Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife;
Not quite a madman, though a pasty fell,
And much too wise to walk into a well.
Him the damn'd doctors, and his friends, immur'd,
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in short, they cur'd:
Whereat the gentleman began to stare—
'My friends! (he cry'd) p-x take you for your care!
That from a patriot of distinguish'd note
Have bled and purg'd me to a simple vote.'
Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fate!
Wisdom (curse on it!) will come soon, or late.
There is a time when poets will grow dull;
I'll ev'n leave verses to the boys at school:
To rules of poetry no more confin'd,
I'll learn to smooth and harmonize my mind,
Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal measure of the soul.
Soon as I enter at my country door
My mind resumes the thread it dropp'd before;
Thoughts, which at Hyde-park Corner I forgot,
Meet, and rejoin me, in the pensive grot:
There all alone, and compliments apart,
I ask these sober questions of my heart:
If, when the more you drink the more you crave,
You tell the doctor; when the more you have

The more you want, why not, with equal ease,
Confess as well your folly as disease?
The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
'Men only feel the smart, but not the vice.'
When golden angels cease to cure the evil,
You give all royal witchcraft to the devil:
When servile chaplains cry that birth and place
Endue a peer with honor, truth, and grace,
Look in that breast, most dirty Dean! be fair,
Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to church, to hear these flatt'rers preach.
Indeed, could wealth bestow, or wit, or merit,
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
If D*** lov'd sixpence more than he.
If there be truth in law, and use can give
A property, that's yours on which you live.
Delightful Abs-court, if its field afford
Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord:
All Worldly's hens, nay partridge, sold to town,
His ven'son too, a guinea makes *your* own:
He bought at thousands, what with better wit
You purchase as you want, and bit by bit:
Now, or long since, what diff'rence will be found?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.
Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln Fen,
Buy ev'ry stick of wood that lends them heat,
Buy ev'ry pullet they afford to eat.

Yet these are wights who fondly call their own
Half that the devil o'erlooks from Lincoln town.
The laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor a perpetuity should stand:
Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r,
Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,
Ready by force, or of your own accord,
By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.
Man? and for ever? wretch! what wouldst thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
All vast possessions, (just the same the case
Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chace)
Alas, my Bathurst! what will they avail?
Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale;
Let rising granaries and temples, here,
There, mingled farms and pyramids, appear;
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak;
Enclose whole downs in walls; 'tis all a joke!
Inexorable death shall level all,
And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer, fall.
Gold, silver, iv'ry vases sculptur'd high,
Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Persian dye,
There are who have not—and, thank Heav'n, there are
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.
Talk what you will of taste, my friend! you'll find
Two of a face as soon as of a mind.
Why of two brothers, rich and restless one
Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun;

The other slights for women, sports, and wines,
All Townshend's turnips, and all Grosvenor's
mines:
Why one, like Bu—, with pay and scorn content,
Bows and votes on in court, and parliament;
One, driv'n by strong benevolence of soul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole;—
Is known alone to that directing pow'r,
Who forms the genius in the natal hour;
That God of Nature, who, within us still,
Inclines our action, not constrains our will.
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual; his great end the same.
Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy as well as keep.
My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
A man so poor would live without a place;
But sure no statute in his favor says,
How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days;
I who at some times spend, at others spare,
Divided between carelessness and care.
'Tis one thing, madly to disperse my store,
Another, not to heed to treasure more;
Glad, like a boy, to snatch the first good day,
And pleas'd, if sordid want be far away.
What is't to me (a passenger, God wot)
Whether my vessel be first rate, or not?
The ship itself may make a better figure,
But I that sail, am neither less, nor bigger.

I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath,
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth;
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremost, and before the last.
'But why all this of *avarice*? I have none.'
I wish you joy, sir, of a tyrant gone.
But does no *other* lord it, at this hour,
As wild and mad? the avarice of *pow'r*?
Does neither rage inflame, nor fear appal?
Not the black fear of death, that saddens all?
With terrors round, can reason hold her throne,
Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind?
Has life no sourness drawn so near its end?
Canst thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend! your bus'ness done,
When of a hundred thorns you pull out one?
Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and ate, and drank your fill.
Walk sober off, before a sprightlier age
Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage:
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please,

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE I.

TO VENUS.

AGAIN new tumults in my breast?
Ah, spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest!
I am not now, alas! the man
As in the gentle reign of my queen Anne.
Ah! sound no more thy soft alarms,
Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms.
Mother too fierce of dear desires!
Turn, turn, to willing hearts your wanton fires;
To number five direct your doves,
There spread round Murray, all your blooming loves;
Noble and young, who strikes the heart
With ev'ry sprightly, ev'ry decent part;
Equal the injur'd to defend,
To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend:
He, with a hundred arts refin'd,
Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind:
To him each rival shall submit,
Make but his riches equal to his wit.
Then shall thy form the marble grace,
(Thy Grecian form) and Chloe lend the face;
His house, embosom'd in the grove,
Sacred to social life, and social love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
Where Thames reflects the visionary scene;

Thither the silver-sounding lyres
Shall call the smiling Loves and young Desires;
There ev'ry Grace and Muse shall throng,
Exalt the dance, or animate the song;
There youths and nymphs, in consort gay,
Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.
With me, alas! those joys are o'er;
For me the vernal garlands bloom no more,
Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
The still believing, still renew'd desire!
Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
And all the kind deceivers of the soul!
But why? ah! tell me, ah! too dear!
Steals down my cheek th' involuntary tear?
Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee?
Thee, dress'd in Fancy's airy beam,
Absent I follow through th' extended dream;
Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,
And now you burst (ah, cruel!) from my arms!
And swiftly shoot along the Mall,
Or softly glide by the Canal;
Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,
And now on rolling waters snatch'd away.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE IX.

A FRAGMENT.

Lest you should think that verse shall die,
Which sounds the silver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of Truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar song;

Through daring Milton sits sublime
In Spencer native Muses play;
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay—

Sages and Chiefs long since had birth,
Ere Cæsar was, or Newton nam'd;
These, rais'd new empires o'er the earth,—
And those, new heav'ns and systems fram'd.

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!
They had no poet, and they died.
In vain *they* schem'd, in vain they bled!
They had no poet, and are dead.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY,

AND OTHER PIECES OF MUSIC.

[Written in the year 1708.]

I.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend, and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire;
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain,
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound:
While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies:
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air trembling, the wild music floats;
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low:
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft assuasive voice applies;
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds,
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds;
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
List'ning Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.

III.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main:
Transported demigods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflam'd with Glory's charms:
Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining blade;
And seas, and rocks, and skies, rebound,
To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when through all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegeton surrounds,

Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coasts!
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghosts!
But, hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And, see! the tortur'd ghosts respire!
See! shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance!
The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the Elysian flow'rs;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel,
Or amaranthine bow'rs;
By the heroes' armed shades,
Glitt'ring through the gloomy glades;

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

Written when the Author was about Twelve Years old.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer, yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Bless'd, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mix'd; sweet recreation;
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

ODE.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

I.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature! cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
'Sister Spirit, come away.'
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul! can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

THE SATIRES

OF

DR. JOHN DONNE.

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, VERSIFIED.

Quid vetat et nosmet Lucili scripta legentes
Quaerere, num illius, num rerum dura negârit
Versiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius? HOR.

SATIRE II.

YES; thank my stars! as early as I knew
This Town, I had the sense to hate it too:
Yet here, as ev'n in hell, there must be still
One giant-vice so excellently ill,
That all beside, one pities, not abhors;
As who knows Sappho smiles at other whores.
I grant that poetry's a crying sin;
I brought (no doubt) th' Excise and Army in:

SATIRE II.

SIR; though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this Town: yet there's one state
In all ill things, so excellently best,
That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the rest.
Though poetry, indeed, be such a sin,
As I think, that brings dearth and Spaniards in:

Catch'd, like the plague, or love, the Lord knows
how,
But that the cure is starving, all allow.
Yet like the Papist's is the poet's state,
Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!
Here a lean bard, whose wit could never give
Himself a dinner, makes an actor live:
The thief condemn'd, in law already dead,
So prompts, and saves, a rogue who cannot read.
Thus as the pipes of some carv'd organ move,
The gilded puppets dance, and mount above,
Heav'd by the breath th' inspiring bellows blow;
Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below.
One sings the fair: but songs no longer move;
No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:

Though, like the pestilence, and old-fashion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never, till it be starv'd out; yet their state
Is poor, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate.
One (like a wretch, which at bar judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read,
And saves his life) gives idiot actors means,
(Starving himself) to live by's labor'd scenes.
As in some organs puppets dance above,
And bellows pant below which them do move,
One would move love by rhymes; but witchcraft's
charms
Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms.

In love's, in Nature's, spite the siege they hold,
And scorn the flesh, the devil, and all but gold.
These write to lords, some mean reward to get,
As needy beggars sing at doors for meat:
Those write, because all write, and so have still
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.
Wretched, indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on other's wit:
'Tis changed, no doubt, from what it was before;
His rank digestion makes it wit no more:
Sense passed through him no longer is the same;
For food digested takes another name.
I pass o'er all those confessors and martyrs
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Charles,
Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir,
Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear;

'Rams and slings now are silly battery;
Pistolets are the best artillery:
And they who write to lords rewards to get,
Are they not like singers at doors for meat?
And they who write, because all write, have still
Th' excuse for writing, and for writing ill.
But he is worst who (beggarly) doth chaw
Others' wits' fruits, and his ravenous maw
Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue
As his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true:
For if one eat my meat, though it be known
The meat was mine, th' excrement is his own.
But these do me no harm, nor they which use
To . . . . . out-usure Jews,

Wicked as pages, who in early years
Act sins which Prisca's confessor scarce hears.
Ev'n those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Of whose strange crimes no canonist can tell,
In what commandment's large contents they dwell.
One, one man only breeds my just offence,
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impu-
Time, that at last matures a clap to pox, [dence:
Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to pass,
Hath made him an Attorney of an Ass.
No young divine, new benefic'd, can be
More pert, more proud, more positive, than he.

T' out-drink the sea, t' out-swear the Litany,
Who with sins of all kinds as familiar be
As confessors, and for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Whose strange sins canonists could hardly tell,
In which commandment's large receipt they dwell.
But these punish themselves. The insolence
Of Coscus only breeds my just offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on, must make a calf, an ox)
Hath made a lawyer; which, (alas!) of late;
But scarce a poet, jollier of this state,
Than are new-benefic'd ministers; he throws,
Like nets, or lime-twigs, wheresoe'er he goes,

What further could I wish the fop to do
But turn a wit, and scribble verses too?
Pierce the soft lab'rinth of a lady's ear
With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per* year.
Or court a wife, spread out his wily parts,
Like nets, or lime-twigs, for rich widows' hearts;
Calls himself barrister to ev'ry wench,
And woos in language of the Pleas and Bench?
Language which Boreas might to Auster hold,
More rough than forty Germans when they scold.
Curs'd be the wretch, so venal, and so vain,
Paltry and proud as drabs in Drury-Lane.
'Tis such a bounty as was never known,
If Peter deigns to help you to your own:
What thanks, what praise, if Peter but supplies!
And what a solemn face, if he denies!

His title of Barrister on ev'ry wench,
And woos in language of the Pleas and Bench.**
Words, words which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a maid's soft ear
More, more than ten Sclavonians scolding, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd abbeys roar.
Then sick with poetry, and possess'd with Muse
Thou wast, and mad, I hop'd; but men which chuse
Law-practice for mere gain, bold souls repute
Worse than imbrothell'd strumpets prostitute.
Now, like an owl-like watchman, he must walk,
His hand still at a bill; now he must talk

Grave, as when pris'ners shake the head, and swear
'Twas only suretyship that brought 'em there.
His office keeps your parchment fates entire,
He starves with cold to save them from the fire;
For you he walks the streets, through rain, or dust,
For not in chariots Peter puts his trust;
For you he sweats and labors at the laws,
Takes God to witness he affects your cause,
And lies to ev'ry lord, in ev'ry thing,
Like a king's favorite—or like a king.
These are the talents that adorn them all,
From wicked Waters ev'n to godly**
Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,
Not more of bastardy in heirs to crowns.
In shillings, and in pence, at first they deal,
And steal so little, few perceive they steal;
Till like the sea, they compass all the land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover Strand:

Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear,
That only suretyship hath brought them there,
And to every suitor lie in ev'ry thing,
Like a king's favorite,—or like a king:
Like a wedge in a block, wring to the bar,
Bearing like asses, and more shameless far
Than carted whores, lye to the grave judge; for
Bastardy abounds not in kings' titles, nor
Simony and Sodomy in churchmen's lives,
As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
Shortly (as th' sea) he'll compass all the land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover Strand:

And when rank widows purchase luscious nights,
Or when a duke to Janssen punts at White's,
Or city-heir in mortgage melts away,
Satan himself feels far less joy than they.
Piece-meal they win this acre first, then that,
Glean on, and gather up the whole estate;
Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
Indentures, cov'nants, articles, they draw,
Large as the fields themselves, and larger far
Than Civil codes, with all their glosses, are;
So vast, our new divines, we must confess,
Are fathers of the church for writing less.
But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
The deeds, and dex'trously omits, *ses heires*:

And spying heirs melting with luxury,
Satan will not joy at their sins as he:
For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen-stuff,
And barrelling the droppings and the snuff
Of wasting candles, which in thirty year,
(Reliquely kept) perchance buys wedding cheer)
Piece-meal he gets lands, and spends as much time
Wringing each acre as maids pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
Assurance big as gloss'd Civil laws;
So huge, that men (in our time's forwardness)
Are fathers of the church for writing less.
These he writes not, nor for these written pays,
Therefore spares no length (as in those first days

No commentator can more slily pass
O'er a learn'd unintelligible place;
Or in quotation shrewd divines leave out
Those words, that would against them clear the doubt.
So Luther thought the Pater-noster long,
When doom'd to say his beads and even-song;
But having cast his cowl, and left those laws,
Adds to Christ's pray'r the Pow'r and Glory clause.
The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Those ancient woods that shaded all the ground?
We see no new-built palaces aspire,
No kitchens emulate the Vestal fire.
Where are those troops of poor that throng'd of yore
The good old landlord's hospitable door?
Well, I could wish that still, in lordly domes,
Some beasts were kill'd, though not whole hecatombs;

When Luther was profest, he did desire
Short Pater-nosters, saying as a fryer,
Each day his beads; but having left those laws,
Adds to Christ's pray'r the Power and Glory clause)
But when he sells, or changes land, h' impairs
His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out *ses heires*,
And slily, as any commenter, goes by
Hard words, or sense; or in divinity
As controverters in vouch'd texts leave out
Shrewd words, which might against them clear the doubt.
Where are those spread woods which cloth'd here-tofore
Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within door.

That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
Carthusian fasts and fulsome Bacchanals;
And all mankind might that just mean observe,
In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.
These as good works, 'tis true, we all allow,
But, oh! these works are not in fashion now:
Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.
Thus much I've said, I trust without offence;
Let no court sycophant pervert my sense,
Nor sly informer watch, these words to draw
Within the reach of treason, or the law.

Where the old landlord's troops and alms? In halls
Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals
Equally I hate. Means blest. In rich men's homes
I bid kill some beasts, but no hecatombs:
None starve, none surfeit so. But (oh!) w'allow
Good works as good, but out of fashion now,
Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draw
Within the vast reach of th' huge statute-law.

SATIRE IV.

Well, if it be my time to quit the stage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!
I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace—at least beyond the grave.
I've had my purgatory here betimes,
And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.
The poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.
With foolish pride my heart was never fir'd,
Nor the vain itch t' admire, or be admir'd;
I hop'd for no commission from his Grace;
I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place;
Had no new verses, nor new suit to show,
Yet went to Court!—the devil would have it so.

SATIRE IV.

Well; I may now receive and die. My sin
Indeed is great; but yet I have been in
A Purgatory, such as fear'd hell is
A recreation, and scant map of this.
My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor hath been
Poison'd with love to see, or to be seen.
I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
Yet went to court: but as Glare which did go

But as the fool, that in reforming days
Would go to mass in jest, (as story says)
Could not but think to pay his fine was odd,
Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God;
So was I punish'd, as if full as proud,
As prone to ill, and negligent of good,
As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as false, as they
Who live at court, for going once that way!
Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
A thing which Adam had been posed to name;
Noah had refus'd it lodging in his ark,
Where all the race of reptiles might embark:
A verier monster than on Afric's shore
The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,

To mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
Two hundred marks, which is the statute's curse,
Before he 'scap'd; so 't pleas'd my destiny
(Guilty of my sin of going) to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
Full, as proud, lustful, and as much in debt,
As vain, as witless, and as false as they
Which dwell in court, for once going that way.
Therefore I suffer'd this. Towards me did run
A thing more strange than on Nile's slime the sun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came;
A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:
Stranger than seven antiquaries' studies,
Afric's monsters, Guiana's rarities;

Or Sloane, or Woodward's wondrous shelves con-
Nay, all that lying travellers can feign. [tain,
The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
At night would swear him dropp'd out of the moon:
One whom the mob, when next we find, or make,
A Popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take; 35
And the wise justice, starting from his chair,
Cry, 'By your priesthood, tell me what you are!'
Such was the wight: the apparel on his back,
Though coarse, was rev'rend; and though bare was
The suit, if by the fashion one might guess, [black:
Was velvet in the youth of good Queen Bess, 41
But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd;
So Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!
Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away. 45

Stranger than strangers; one, who for a Dane,
In the Danes' massacre had sure been slain,
If he had liv'd then, and without help dies
When next the 'prentices 'gainst strangers rise;
One whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by;
One, t' whom th' examining justice sure would cry,
'Sir, by your priesthood, tell me what you are!'
His clothes were strange, tho' coarse, and black, tho' [bare;
Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)
Become tuff-taffety; and our children shall
See it plain rash awhile, then nought at all.

This thing has travell'd, speaks each language too,
And knows what's fit for ev'ry state to do;
Of whose best phrase, and courtly accent join'd
He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.
Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew ; 50
Henley himself I've heard, and Budgell too;
The Doctor's wormwood style, the hash of tongues
A pedant makes, the storm of Gonson's lungs;
The whole artill'ry of the terms of war,
And (all those plagues in one) the bawling bar: 55
These I could bear; but not a rogue so civil
Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil:
A tongue that can cheat widows, cancel scores,
Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
With royal favorites in flatt'ry vie, 60
And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.

The thing hath travell'd, and, faith, speaks all-tongues,
And only knoweth what to all states belongs;
Made of the accents, and best phrase of all these
He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste;
But pedants' motley tongue, soldiers' bombast,
Mountebanks' drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are strong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this; yet I must be content
With his tongue, in his tongue called complement;
In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
Make men speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
Out-flatter favorites, or outlie either
Jovius, or Surius, or both together.

He spies me out; I whisper, gracious God!
What sin of mine could merit such a rod?
That all the shot of Dulness now must be
From this thy blunderbuss discharg'd on me!
Permit, he cries, no stranger to your fame,
To crave your sentiment, if ———'s your name.
What speech esteem you most? 'The King's,' said I;
But the best words?—'O, Sir, the Dictionary.'
You miss my aim; I mean the most acute,
And perfect speaker?—'Onslow, past dispute.'
But, Sir, of writers? 'Swift for closer style,
'But Hoadly for a period of a mile.'
Why, yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass;
Good common linguists, and so Panurge was;
Nay, troth th'Apostles, (though, perhaps, too rough,)
Had once a pretty gift of tongues enough;
Yet these were all poor gentlemen! I dare
Affirm 'twas travel made them what they were.

He names me, and comes to me; I whisper, God!
How have I sinn'd, that thy wrath's furious rod,
This fellow, chuseth me? He saith, Sir,
I love your judgment; whom do you prefer
For the best linguist? and I sillily
Said, that I thought Calepine's Dictionary.
Nay, but of men most sweet Sir? Beza then,
Some Jesuits, and two rev'rend men
Of our two academies, I nam'd. Here
He stopp'd me, and said; Nay, your Apostles were
Good pretty linguists; so Panurgus was,
Yet a poor gentleman; all these may pass

Thus, others' talents having nicely shown,
He came by sure transition to his own;
Till I cry'd out, You prove yourself so able,
Pity you was not druggerman at Babel:
For had they found a linguist half so good,
I make no question but the Tow'r had stood.
"Obliging Sir! for courts you sure were made;
"Why then for ever bury'd in the shade?
"Spirits like you should see, and should be seen;
"The King would smile on you—at least the Queen."
Ah, gentle Sir! you courtiers so cajole us—
But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus solus:*
And as for courts, forgive me, if I say
No lessons now are taught the Spartan way.
Though, in his pictures, Lust be full display'd,
Few are the converts Aretine has made;
And though the court show vice exceeding clear,
None should, by my advice, learn virtue there.

By travail. Then, as if he would have sold
His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told,
That I was fain to say, if you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been interpreter
To Babel's bricklayers, sure the Tow'r had stood.
He adds, If of court-life you knew the good
You would leave loneness. I said, Not alone
My loneness is; but Spartanes' fashion
To teach by painting drunkards, doth not last
Now; Aretine's pictures have made few chaste;
No more can princes' courts, though there be few
er pictures of vice, teach me virtue.

At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lute-string, and replies;
" Oh 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things
" To gaze on princes, and to talk of kings!"
Then happy man who shows the tombs! said I,
He dwells amidst the royal family;
He ev'ry day from king to king can walk,
Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk,
And get, by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living—ease, and bread.
" Lord, Sir, a mere mechanic! strangely low,
" And coarse of phrase—your English all are so.
" How elegant your Frenchmen!" Mine, d'ye mean?
I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean.

He, like to a high-stretch'd lute-string squeaks, O,
'Tis sweet to talk of kings! at Westminster, [Sir!
Said I, the man that keeps the Abbey-tombs,
And for his price doth, with whoever comes,
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
From king to king, and all their kin can walk;
Your ears shall hear nought but kings; your eyes meet
Kings only; the way to it is Kings'-street.
He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, mechanique coarse,
So're all your Englishmen in their discourse.
Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you see,
I have but one, Sir; look, he follows me.

" Oh! Sir, politely so! nay, let me die,
" Your only wearing is your Paduasoy."
Not, Sir, my only; I have better still,
And this you see is but my dishabille—
Wild to get loose, his patience I provoke,
Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke:
But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch most hurts when anger'd to a sore,
So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse,
You only make the matter worse and worse.
He past it o'er; affects an easy smile
At all my peevishness, and turns his style.
He asks, " what news?" I tell him of new plays,
New eunuchs, harlequins, and operas.
He hears, and as a still, with simples in it,
Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute,
Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little, and by little, drops his lies.

Certes, they are neatly cloth'd. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your grogaram.
Not so, Sir; I have more. Under this pitch
He would not fly. I chaf'd him; but as itch
Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt iron ground
Into an edge hurts worse; so I (fool!) found
Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness
He to another key his style doth dress,
And asks, what news? I tell him of new plays:
He takes my hands, and as a still, which stays
A sembrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
[illegible]th to enrich me, so tells many a lye.

Mere household trash! of birthnights, balls, and shows
More than ten Holinsheds, or Halls, or Stows.
When the Queen frown'd, or smil'd, he knows,
A subtle minister may make of that; [and what
Who sins with whom; who got his pension rug,
Or quicken'd a reversion by a drug;
Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
And whether to a bishop, or a whore;
Who having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a government;
Who in the secret, deals in stocks secure,
And cheats th' unknowing widow and the poor;
Who makes a trust of charity a job,
And gets an act of parliament to rob;
Why turnpikes rise, and now no cit nor clown
Can gratis see the country, or the town:
Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,
But some excising courtier will have toll:

More than ten Holinsheds, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial household trash he knows: he knows
When the Queen frown'd, or smil'd; and he knows
A subtle statesman may gather of that; [what
He knows who loves whom, and who by poison
Hastes to an office's reversion;
Who wastes in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes;
Who loves whores . . . . . .
He knows who 'ath sold his land, and now doth beg
A license, old iron, boots, shoes, and egg-
Shells to transport. Shortly boys shall not play
At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay

He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
What 'squire his lands, what citizen his wife:
At last (which proves him wiser still than all)
What lady's face is not a whited wall.
As one of Woodward's patients, sick, and sore,
I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more;
Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,
And talks Gazettes and Postboys o'er by heart.
Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat
Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat.
Then as a licens'd spy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels the great man;
Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come
In sure succession to the day of doom;

Toll to some courtier; and, wiser than all us,
He knows what lady is not painted. Thus
He with home meats cloys me. I belch, spue, spit,
Look pale, and sickly, like a patient; yet
He thrusts on more; and as he 'ad undertook
To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,
Speaks of all states, and deeds, that have been since
The Spaniards came to th' loss of Amyens.
Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat,
Ready to travail, so I sigh and sweat
To hear this makaron talk: in vain, for yet,
Either my humor, or his own to fit,
He, like a privileg'd spy, whom nothing can
Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man.

He names the price for ev'ry office paid,
And says, our wars thrive ill, because delay'd;
Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a port.
Not more amazement seiz'd on Circe's guests,
To see themselves fall headlong into beasts,
Than mine, to find a subject stay'd and wise
Already half-turn'd traitor by surprise.
I felt th' infection slide from him to me,
As in the pox some give it to get free;
And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
One of our giant statutes ope its jaw.

He names the price for ev'ry office paid;
He saith, our wars thrive ill, because delay'd;
That offices are in tail; and that there are
Perpetuities of them, lasting as far
As the last day; and that great officers
Do with the Spaniards share and Dunkirkers.
I, more amaz'd than Circe's prisoners, when
They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
Becoming traitor, and methought I saw
One of our giant statutes ope his jaw
To suck me in for hearing him: I found,
That as burnt venomous leachers do grow sound
By giving others their sores, I might grow
Guilty, and he free; therefore I did show

In that nice moment, as another lie
Stood just a-tilt, the minister came by.
To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
When half his nose is in his prince's ear.
I quak'd at heart; and still afraid to see
All the Court fill'd with stranger things than he,
Ran out as fast, as one that pays his bail,
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.

All signs of loathing; but since I am in,
I must pay mine, and my forefather's sin
To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
Toughly and stubbornly I bear; but th' hour
Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring
Me to pay a fine to 'scape a torturing,
And says, Sir, can you spare me—? I said, willingly.
Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crown? Thankfully I
Gave it as ransom. But as fiddlers still,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thrust one more jigg upon you; so did he
With his long complemental thanks vex me.
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the prerogative of my crown. Scant
His thanks were ended, when I (which did see
All the court fill'd with more strange things than he)
Ran from thence with such, or more haste than one
Who fears more actions, doth haste from prison.

Bear me, some God! oh! quickly bear me hence
To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense;
Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free soul looks down to pity kings!
There sober thought pursu'd th' amusing theme,
Till fancy color'd it, and form'd a dream.
A vision hermits can to hell transport,
And forc'd ev'n me to see the damn'd at Court.
Not Dante dreaming all th' infernal state,
Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
Base fear becomes the guilty, not the free,
Suits tyrants, plunderers, but suits not me.
Shall I, the terror of this sinful Town,
Care if a liv'ry'd lord, or smile, or frown?
Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
Tremble before a noble serving-man?
O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee
For huffing, braggart, puft, nobility?

At home in wholesome solitariness
My piteous soul began the wretchedness
Of suitors at Court to mourn; and a trance,
Like his who dreamt he saw hell, did advance
Itself o'er me: such men as he saw there
I saw at Court, and worse, and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not th' accuser; then
Shall I, none's slave, of high-born, or rais'd men
Fear frowns, and, my mistress Truth! betray thee
For th' huffing, braggart, puft, nobility?

Thou who, since yesterday, hast roll'd o'er all
The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,
Hast thou, Sun! beheld an emptier sort
Than such as swell this bladder of a Court?
Now pox on those who shew a court in wax!
It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs;
Such painted puppets! such a varnish'd race
Of hollow gewgaws, only dress and face!
Such waxen noses, stately staring things—
No wonder some folks bow, and think them kings.
See! where the British youth, engag'd no more
At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,
Pay their last duty to the Court, and come
All fresh and fragrant to the drawing room;

No, no; thou which since yesterday hast been
Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
O Sun! in all thy journey, vanity
Such as swells the bladder of our Court? I
Think he which made your waxen garden, and
Transported it from Italy, to stand
With us at London, flouts our courtiers; for
Just such gay painted things, which no sap nor
Taste have in them, ours are; and natural
Some of the stocks are, their fruits bastard all.
'Tis ten a'clock, and past; all whom the mews,
Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the stews
Had all the morning held, now the second
Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found

In hues as gay, and odors as divine,
As the fair fields they sold, to look so fine.
'That's velvet for a king!' the flatt'rer swears;
'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.
Our Court may justly to our stage give rules,
That helps it both to fools'-coats, and so fools.
And why not players strut in courtiers' clothes?
For these are actors too as well as those:
Wants reach all states; they beg but better drest,
And all is splendid poverty at best.

Painted for sight, and essenc'd for the smell,
Like frigates fraught with spice and cochineal,
Sail in the ladies: how each pirate eyes,
So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize!

In the presence, and I, (God pardon me!)
As fresh and sweet their apparels be, as be
The fields they sold to buy them. For a king
Those hose are, cry the flatt'rers; and bring
Them next week to the theatre to sell.
Wants reach all states. Me seems they do as well
At stage as courts. All are players; whoe'er looks
(For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books,
Shall find their wardrobe's inventory. Now
The ladies come. As pirates, which do know
That there came weak ships fraught with cochineal,
The men board them, and praise (as they think) well
Their beauties; they the men's wits: both are bought.
Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns, I thought.

Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim,
He boarding her, she striking sail to him.
Dear Countess! you have charms all hearts to hit!
And, sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much wit!
Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought.
'Twould burst ev'n Heraclitus with the spleen
To see those antics, Fopling and Courtin:
The presence seems, with things so richly odd,
The mosque of Mahound, or some queer pa-god.
See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules,
Of all beau-kind the best-proportion'd fools!
Adjust their clothes, and to confession draw
Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw;
But oh! what terrors must distract the soul
Convicted of that mortal crime—a hole?

This cause, these men, men's wit for speeches buy,
And women buy all reds which scarlets dye.
He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:
She fears her drugs ill laid, her hair loose set.
Wouldn't Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
From hat to shoe himself at door refine,
As if the presence were a Mosque; and lift
His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,
Making them confess not only mortal
Great stains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate:
And then by Durer's rules survey the state

Or should one pound of powder less bespread
Those monkey tails that wag behind their head?
Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the fair.
So first to preach a white-glov'd chaplain goes,
With band of lily, and with cheek of rose,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
Neatness itself impertinent in him.
Let but the ladies smile and they are blest:
Prodigious! how the things protest, protest.
Peace, fools! or Gonson will for Papists seize you,
If once he catch you at your Jesu! Jesu!
Nature made ev'ry fop to plague his brother,
Just as one beauty mortifies another.

Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waist to thighs.
So in immaculate clothes, and symmetry
Perfect as circles, with such nicety
As a young preacher at his first time goes
To preach, he enters, and a lady, which owes
Him not so much as good-will, he arrests,
And unto her protests, protests, protests;
So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown
Ten cardinals into the Inquisition:
And whispers by Jesu so oft, that a
Pursuivant would have ravish'd him away
For saying our Lady's psalter. But 'tis fit
That they each other plague: they merit it.

But here's the captain that will plague them both,
Whose air cries—arm! whose very look's an oath.
The captain's honest, Sirs, and that's enough,
Though his soul's bullet, and his body buff.
He spits fore-right; his haughty chest before,
Like batt'ring-rams, beats open ev'ry door;
And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hang-dogs in old tapestry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
Has yet a strange ambition to look worse;
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like Law.
Frighted I quit the room, but leave it so
As men from gaols to execution go:
For hung with deadly sins I see the wall,
And lin'd with giants deadlier than 'em all:

But here comes Glorious, that will plague them both,
Who, in the other extreme, only doth
Call a rough carelessness, good fashion;
Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
To him; he rushes in, as if—arm, arm!
He meant to cry; and though his face be as ill
As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still
He strives to look worse; he keeps all in awe;
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like Law.
Tir'd now, I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
As men from gaols to execution go,
Go through the great chamber, (why is it hung
with the seven deadly sins?) being among

Each man an Askapart, of strength to toss
For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-cross.
Scar'd at the grisly forms, I sweat, I fly,
And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy.
Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine:
Charge them with Heav'n's artill'ry, bold divine!
From such alone, the *great* rebukes endure,
Whose satire's sacred, and whose rage secure:
'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs
To deluge sin, and drown a court in tears.
Howe'er, what's now apocrypha, my wit,
In time to come, may pass for holy writ.

Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw
Charing-cross for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth, but Queen's man, and fine
Living; barrels of beef, flaggons of wine.
I shook like a spied spy. Preachers! which are
Seas of wit and arts, you can, then dare,
Drown the sins of this place; but as for me,
Which am but a scant brook, enough shall be
To wash the stains away. Although I yet
(With Maccabee's modesty) the known merit
Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall,
I hope, esteem my writs canonical.

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

[Written in the year 1738.]

DIALOGUE I.

F. Not twice a twelvemonth you appear in print,
And when it comes, the court see nothing in't.
You grow correct, that once with rapture writ,
And are, besides, too moral for a wit.
Decay of parts, alas! we all must feel—
Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said 'Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;'
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
'To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter.'

But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice,
Bubo observes—he lash'd no sort of vice.
Horace would say, Sir Billy serv'd the Crown,
Blunt could do business, Higgins knew the Town;
In Sappho touch the failings of the sex,
In rev'rend bishops note some small neglects,
And own the Spaniard did a waggish thing,
Who cropt our ears, and sent them to the King.
His sly, polite, insinuating style
Could please at Court, and make Augustus smile:
An artful manager, that crept between
His friend and shame, and was a kind of screen

But, 'faith, your very friends will soon be sore;
Patriots there are who wish you'd just no more—
And where's the glory? 'twill be only thought
The great men never offer'd you a groat.
Go see Sir Robert—
P. See Sir Robert!—hum—
And never laugh—for all my life to come?
Seen him I have; but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure, ill-exchang'd for power;
Seen him, uncumber'd with a venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.
Would he oblige me? let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;
The only difference is—I dare laugh out.
F. Why, yes: with Scripture still you may be free;
A horse-laugh, if you please, at honesty;
A joke on Jekyll, or some odd old Whig,
Who never chang'd his principle or wig.
A patriot is a fool in ev'ry age,
Whom all lord chamberlains allow the stage:
These nothing hurts; they keep their fashion still,
And wear their strange old virtue as they will.
If any ask you, 'Who's the man so near
His prince, that writes in verse, and has his ear?'
Why answer, Lyttleton, and I'll engage
The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage;
But were his verses vile, his whisper base,
You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case.

Sejanus, Wolsey, hurt not honest Fleury,
But well may put some statesmen in a fury.
Laugh then at any, but at fools or foes;
These you but anger, and you mend not those.
Laugh at your friends, and if your friends are sore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To vice and folly to confine the jest
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest,
Did not the sneer of more impartial men
At sense and virtue, balance all agen.
Judicious wits spread wide the ridicule,
And charitably comfort knave and fool.
P. Dear Sir, forgive the prejudice of youth:
Adieu distinction, satire, warmth, and truth!
Come, harmless characters that no one hit;
Come, Henley's oratory, Osborne's wit!
The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The flow'rs of Bubo, and the flow of Young!
The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
And all the well-whipt cream of courtly sense!
The first was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
The S—te's, and then H—vy's once agen,
O come! that easy Ciceronian style,
So Latin, yet so English all the while,
As, though the pride of Middleton and Bland,
All boys may read, and girls may understand!
Then might I sing without the least offence,
And all I sung should be the nation's sense;
Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,
Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn,

And hail her passage to the realms of rest,
All parts perform'd, and all her children blest!
So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
No Gazetteer more innocent than I—
And let, a-God's name! ev'ry fool and knave
Be grac'd through life, and flatter'd in his grave.
F. Why so? if Satire knows its time and place,
You still may lash the greatest—in disgrace:
For merit will by turns forsake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
But let all satire in all changes spare
Immortal S—k, and grave De—re.
Silent and soft, as saints remov'd to heav'n,
All ties dissolv'd, and ev'ry sin forgiv'n,
These may some gentle ministerial wing
Receive, and place for ever near a king!
There, where no passion, pride, or shame, transport,
Lull'd with the sweet nepenthe of a court,
There, where no father's, brother's, friend's, disgrace
Once break their rest, or stir them from their place;
But past the sense of human misery,
All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
No check is known to blush, no heart to throb,
Save when they lose a question, or a job.
P. Good Heaven forbid, that I should blast their glory,
Who knew how like Whig ministers to Tory,
And when three sov'reigns dy'd, could scarce be vext,
Consid'ring what a gracious prince was next.

Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
As pride in slaves, and avarice in kings?
And at a peer, or peeress, shall I fret,
Who starves a sister, or forswears a debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
But shall the dignity of vice be lost?
Ye Gods! shall Cibber's son, without rebuke,
Swear like a lord, or Rich outwhore a duke?
A fav'rite's porter, with his master, vie,
Be bribed as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward draw contracts with a statesman's skill?
Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a will?
Is it for Bond or Peter (paltry things)
To pay their debts, or keep their faith, like kings?
If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,
And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran!
But shall a printer, weary of his life,
Learn from their books to hang himself and wife?
This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not, bear;
Vice thus abus'd, demands a nation's care;
This calls the church to deprecate our sin,
And hurls the thunder of the laws on gin.
Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
Ten metropolitans in preaching well;
A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's wife,
Outdo Landaffe in doctrine—yea in life;
Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
Virtue may chuse the high or low degree,
'Tis just alike to Virtue, and to me;

Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
She's still the same belov'd contented thing.
Vice is undone, if she forgets her birth,
And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth.
But 'tis the fall degrades her to a whore;
Let greatness own her, and she's mean no more:
Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess,
Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops bless;
In golden chains the willing world she draws,
And her's the gospel is, and her's the laws;
Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead.
Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car
Old England's Genius, rough with many a scar,
Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,
His flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign gold,
Before her dance; behind her crawl the old!
See thronging millions to the pa-god run,
And offer country, parent, wife, or son!
Hear her black trumpet through the land proclaim,
That not to be corrupted is the shame.
In soldier, churchman, patriot, man in pow'r,
'Tis av'rice all, ambition is no more!
See, all our nobles begging to be slaves!
See, all our fools aspiring to be knaves!
The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore,
Are what ten thousand envy and adore:

All, all look up, with reverential awe,
At crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the law:
While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry—
'Nothing is sacred now but villany.'
Yet may this verse (if such a verse remain)
Shew there was one who held it in disdain.

DIALOGUE II.

F. 'Tis all a libel—Paxton, Sir, will say.
P. Not yet, my Friend! to-morrow, 'faith it may;
And for that very cause I print to-day.
How should I fret to mangle ev'ry line
In rev'rence to the sons of Thirty-nine?
Vice with such giant strides comes on amain,
Invention strives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
Some rising genius sins up to my song.
F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash;
Ev'n Guthry saves half Newgate by a dash.
Spare then the person, and expose the vice.
P. How, Sir! not damn the sharper, but the dice?
Come on then, Satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and souse on all the kind.
Ye Statesmen, Priests, of one religion all!
Ye Tradesmen, vile in army, court, or hall!

Ye rev'rend Atheists. F. Scandal! name them, who?
P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who starv'd a sister, who forswore a debt,
I never nam'd; the Town's inquiring yet.
The pois'ning dame—F. You mean—P. I don't.—
F. You do.
P. See, now I keep the secret, and not you!
The bribing statesman—F. Hold, too high you go.
P. The brib'd elector—F. There you stoop too low.
P. I fain would please you if I knew with what;
Tell me which knave is lawful game, which not?
Must great offenders, once escap'd the Crown,
Like royal harts, be never more run down?
Admit your law to spare the knight requires,
As beasts of nature may we hunt the squires?
Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To save a Bishop may I name a Dean?
F. A dean, Sir? no: his fortune is not made;
You hurt a man that's rising in the trade.
P. If not the tradesman who set up to-day,
Much less the 'prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, Down, proud Satire! though a realm be spoil'd,
Arraign no mightier thief than wretched Wild;
Or, if a court or country's made a job,
Go drench a pickpocket, and join the mob.
But, Sir, I beg you (for the love of vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice:

Have you less pity for the needy cheat,
The poor and friendless villain, than the great?
Alas! the small discredit of a bribe
Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the scribe.
Then better sure it charity becomes
To tax directors, who (thank God!) have plums;
Still better ministers, or if the thing
May pinch ev'n there—Why, lay it on a king.
F. Stop! stop!
P. Must Satire then nor rise nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.
F. Yes, strike that Wild, I'll justify the blow.
P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago;
Who now that obsolete example fears?
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his ears.
F. What, always Peter? Peter thinks you mad;
You make men desp'rate, if they once are bad:
Else might he take to virtue some years hence—
P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the prince.
F. Strange spleen to S—k!
P. Do I wrong the man?
God knows, I praise a courtier where I can.
When I confess, there is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodness, need I Scarb'row name?
Pleas'd let me own, in Esher's peaceful grove,
(Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham's love)
The scene, the master, op'ning to my view,
I sit and dream I see my Craggs anew!

Ev'n in a bishop I can spy desert;
Secker is decent, Rundel has a heart;
Manners with candor are to Benson giv'n,
To Berkley ev'ry virtue under heaven.
But does the Court a worthy man remove?
That instant, I declare, he has my love:
I shun his zenith, court his mild decline;
Thus Somers once, and Halifax, were mine.
Oft in the clear, still mirror of retreat,
I study'd Shrewsbury, the wise and great:
Carleton's calm sense and Stanhope's noble flame,
Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous end the same:
How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour!
How shin'd the soul, unconquer'd, in the Tow'r!
How can I Pult'ney, Chesterfield, forget,
While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit!
Argyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field:
Or Wyndham, just to freedom and the throne,
The master of our passions and his own.
Names which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
Rank'd with their friends, nor number'd with their train;
And if yet higher the proud list should end,
Still let me say, no foll'wer, but a friend.
Yet think not friendship only prompts my lays;
I follow Virtue; where she shines, I praise:
Point she to priest or elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's beaver cast a glory.

I never (to my sorrow I declare)
Din'd with the Man of Ross, or my Lord May'r.
Some, in their choice of friends (nay, look not grave)
Have still a secret bias to a knave:
To find an honest man I beat about,
And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.
F. Then why so few commended?
P. Not so fierce;
Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verse.
But random praise—the task can ne'er be done;
Each mother asks it for her booby son,
Each widow asks it for the best of men,
For him she weeps, for him she weds agen.
Praise cannot stoop, like Satire, to the ground;
The number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
Enough, for half the greatest of these days,
To 'scape my censure, not expect my praise.
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a poet for their friend?
What Richlieu wanted, Louis scarce could gain,
And what young Ammon wish'd, but wish'd in vain.
No pow'r the Muse's friendship can command;
No pow'r, when Virtue claims it, can withstand.
To Cato, Virgil paid one honest line;
O let my country's friends illumine mine!
—What are you thinking? F. Faith the thought's no sin;
I think your friends are out, and would be in.

P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take it strangely round about.
F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?
P. I only call those knaves who are so now.
Is that too little? come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of Arnall! aid me while I lie.
Cobham's a coward, Polwarth is a slave,
And Lyttleton a dark, designing knave,
St. John has ever been a wealthy fool—
But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull,
Has never made a friend in private life,
And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife.
But pray, when others praise him do I blame?
Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name?
Why rail they then if but a wreath of mine,
Oh all-accomplish'd St. John! deck thy shrine?
What! shall each spur-gall'd hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double pots and pay,
Or each new-pension'd sycophant pretend
To break my windows, if I treat a friend;
Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my guest at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure if I spare the minister, no rules
Of honor bind me not to maul his tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said,
His saws are toothless, and his hatchets lead.
It anger'd Turenne, once upon a day,
To see a footman kick'd that took his pay;

But when he heard th' affront the fellow gave,
Knew one a man of honor, one a knave,
The prudent gen'ral turn'd it to a jest,
And begg'd he'd take the pains to kick the rest;
Which not at present having time to do—
F. Hold, Sir! for God's sake; where's th' affront to you?
Against your Worship when had S—k writ?
Or P—ge pour'd forth the torrent of his wit?
Or grant the bard whose distich all commend
(In pow'r a servant, out of pow'r a friend)
To W—le guilty of some venial sin,
What's that to you, who ne'er was out nor in?
The priest whose flattery bedropp'd the crown,
How hurt he you? he only stain'd the gown.
And how did, pray, the florrid youth offend,
Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend?
P. Faith, it imports not much from whom it came?
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,
Since the whole House did afterwards the same.
Let courtly wits to wits afford supply,
As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly:
If one, through Nature's bounty, or his lord's,
Has what the frugal dirty soil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a mess almost as it came in;
The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind;

From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouse;
The last full fairly gives it to the House.
F. This filthy simile, this beastly line,
Quite turns my stomach—P. So does flatt'ry mine;
And all your courtly civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is excrement.
But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed,
Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read;
In all the courts of Pindus guiltless quite;
But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write;
And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Because the deed he forg'd was not my own?
Must never patriot then declaim at gin
Unless, good mad! he has been fairly in?
No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse,
Without a staring reason on his brows?
And each blasphemer quite escape the rod,
Because the insult's not on man, but God?
Ask you what provocation I have had?
The strong antipathy of good to bad.
When truth or virtue an affront endures,
Th' affront is mine, my friend, and should be your's,
Mine as a foe profess'd to false pretence,
Who think a coxcomb's honor like his sense;
Mine as a friend to ev'ry worthy mind;
And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.
F. You're strangely proud.
P. So proud, I am no slave;
So impudent, I own myself no knave;
So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.

Yes, I am proud: I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me;
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by ridicule alone.
O sacred weapon! left for truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
To all but heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The Muse may give thee, but the gods must guide:
Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal,
To rouse the watchman of the public weal,
To Virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
And goad the prelate slumb'ring in his stall.
Ye tinsel insects! whom a court maintains,
That counts your beauties only by your stains,
Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day,
The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:
All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,
All that makes saints of queens, and gods of kings;
All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the press,
Like the last Gazette, or the last Address.
When black Ambition stains a public cause,
A monarch's sword when mad Vain-glory draws,
Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's scar,
Not Boileau turn the feather to a star.
Not so when diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the flame that breaks from Virtue's shrine,
Her priestess Muse forbids the good to die,
And opes the temple of Eternity.

There other trophies deck the truly brave
Than such as Anstis casts into the grave;
Far other stars then * and ** wear,
And may descend to Mordington from Stair;
(Such as on Hough's unsully'd mitre shine,
Or beam, good Digby! from a heart like thine.)
Let Envy howl, while heav'n's whole chorus sings.
And bark at honor not conferr'd by kings;
Let Flatt'ry, sick'ning, see the incense rise,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies:
Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, verse, as mean as mine.

Yes, the last pen for freedom let me draw,
When truth stands trembling on the edge of law.
Here, last of Britons! let your names be read:
Are none, none living? let me praise the dead,
And for that cause which made your fathers shine,
Fall by the votes of their degen'rate line.

F. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more Essays on Man.

EPISTLES.

EPISTLE I.

TO ROBERT, EARL OF OXFORD, AND LORD MORTIMER.*

Such were the notes thy once lov'd poet sung
Till death, untimely, stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh, just beheld and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts, adorn'd!
Bless'd in each science! bless'd in ev'ry strain!
Dear to the Muse! to Harley dear—in vain!

For him thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
For Swift and him despis'd the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great;
Dext'rous the craving, fawning, crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to scape from flattery to wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear,)
Recal those nights that clos'd thy toilesome days,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
Who, careless now of int'rest, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;

* Sent to the Earl of Oxford, with Dr. Parnell's Poems, published by our author after the said Earl's imprisonment in the Tower, and retreat into the country, in the year 1721.

Or deeming meanest, what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.
And sure if aught below the seats divine,
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine;
A soul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,
Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
The rage of pow'r, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.
In vain to deserts thy retreat is made,
The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade:
'Tis her's the brave man's latest steps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace.
When Int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,
And all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain,
She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewel.
Ev'n now she shades thy ev'ning walk with bays;
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise;)
Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm sunset of thy various day;
Through Fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
Nor fears to tell that Mortimer is he.

EPISTLE II.

TO JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ. SECRETARY OF STATE, 1720.

A SOUL as full of worth as void of pride,
Which nothing seeks to shew, or needs to hide;
Which nor to guilt nor fear its caution owes,
And boasts a warmth that from no passion flows.
A face untaught to feign; a judging eye,
That darts severe upon a rising lie,
And strikes a blush through frontless flattery:
All this thou wert; and being this before,
Know, kings and fortune cannot make thee more.
Then scorn to gain a friend by servile ways,
Nor wish to lose a foe these virtues raise;
But candid, free, sincere, as you began,
Proceed—a minister, but still a man.
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
Asham'd of any friend, not e'en of me:
The patriot's plain, but untrod, path pursue;
If not, 'tis I must be asham'd of you.

EPISTLE III.

TO MR. JERVAS,

With Mr. Dryden's Translation of Fresnoy's Art of Painting.†

THIS verse be thine, my Friend! nor thou refuse
This, from no venal or ungrateful Muse.
Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
Where life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the color'd mass,
And from the canvass call the mimic face:
Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
Fresnoy's close art, and Dryden's native fire;
And reading wish, like theirs, our fate and fame,
So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name;
Like them to shine through long succeeding age,
So just thy skill, so regular my rage.

Smit with the love of sister arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
Like friendly colors found them both unite,
And each from each contract new strength and light.
How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
While summer's-suns roll unperceiv'd away!
How oft our slowly-growing works impart,
While images reflect from art to art!

† This Epistle, and the two following, were written some years before the rest, and originally printed in 1717.

How oft review, each finding, like a friend,
Something to blame, and something to commend!
What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,
Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!
Together o'er the Alps, methinks we fly,
Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy.
With thee on Raphael's monument I mourn,
Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn:
With thee repose, where Tully once was laid,
Or seek some ruin's formidable shade.
While Fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,
And builds imaginary Rome a-new:
Here thy well-studied marbles fix our eye,
And fading fresco here demands a sigh:
Each heav'nly piece, unweary'd, we compare;
Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air;
Caracci's strength; Corregio's softer line;
Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.
How finish'd with illustrious toil, appears
This small, well-polish'd gem, the work of years*!
Yet still how faint, by precept, is exprest
The living image in the painter's breast?
Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow,
Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;
Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, supplies
An Angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.
Muse! at that name thy sacred sorrow shed,
Those tears eternal that embalm the dead;

* Fresnoy employed above 20 years in finishing his poem.

Call round her tomb each object of desire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire;
Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife;
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore,
Then view this marble, and be vain no more!

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage,
Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flow'r! that ev'ry season fears,
Blooms in thy colors for a thousand years.
Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,
And other beauties envy Worsley's eyes;
Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,
And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.

Oh! lasting as those colors may they shine!
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line;
New graces yearly like thy works display,
Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;
Led by some rule that guides, but not constrains,
And finish'd more through happiness than pains:
The kindred arts shall in their praise conspire,
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre.
Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face;
Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll,
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul;
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
And these be sung till Granville's Myra die:
Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
Thou but preserv'st a face, and I a name.

EPISTLE IV.

TO MISS BLOUNT,

With the works of Voiture.

In these gay thoughts the Loves and Graces shine,
And all the writer lives in ev'ry line;
His easy art may happy nature seem;
Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who, without flatt'ry, pleas'd the fair and great;
Still with esteem no less convers'd than read;
With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred;
His heart, his mistress and his friend did share,
His time, the Muse, the witty and the fair.
Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
Cheerful he play'd the trifle, life, away;
Till Fate, scarce felt, his gentle breath suppress,
As smiling infants sport themselves to rest.
Ev'n rival wits did Voiture's death deplore,
And the gay mourn'd, who never mourn'd before;
The truest hearts for Voiture heav'd with sighs;
Voiture was wept by all the brightest eyes:
The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.
Let the strict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and serious comedy;
In ev'ry scene some moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both please and preach:

Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear,
And more diverting still than regular;
Have humor, wit, a native ease and grace,
Though not too strictly bound to time and place.
Critics in wit, or life, are hard to please;
Few write to those, and none can live to these.
Too much your sex is by their forms confin'd,
Severe to all, but most to womankind;
Custom, grown blind with age, must be your guide;
Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride;
By nature yielding, stubborn but for fame,
Made slaves by honor, and made fools by shame.
Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,
But sets up one, a greater, in his place:
Well might you wish for change by those accurst;
But the last tyrant ever proves the worst.
Still in constraint your suff'ring sex remains,
Or bound in formal or in real chains:
Whole years neglected, for some months ador'd,
The fawning servant turns a haughty lord.
Ah! quit not the free innocence of life,
For the dull glory of a virtuous wife;
Nor let false shews, nor empty titles please:
Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.
The gods, to curse Pamela with her pray'rs,
Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares,
The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,
And, to complete her bliss, a fool for mate.
She glares in balls, front-boxes, and the ring,
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched thing!—

Pride, pomp, and state, but reach her outward part;
She sighs,—and is no duchess at her heart.
But, Madam, if the Fates withstand, and you
Are destin'd Hymen's willing victim too,
Trust not too much your now resistless charms,
Those, age or sickness, soon or late disarms;
Good humor only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past.
Love, rais'd on beauty, will like that decay;
Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day,
As flow'ry bands in wantonness are worn,
A morning's pleasure, and at ev'ning torn;
This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.
Thus * Voiture's early care still shone the same,
And Monthausier was only chang'd in name:
By this ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
Their wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm.
Now crown'd with myrtle on th' Elysian coast,
Amid those lovers, joys his gentle ghost;
Pleas'd while with smiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer Rambouillet in you.
The brightest eyes in France inspir'd his Muse;
The brightest eyes of Britain now peruse;
And dead, as living, 'tis our author's pride
Still to charm those who charm the world beside.

* Mademoiselle Paulet.

EPISTLE V.

To the same, on her leaving the Town after the Coronation, 1715.

As some fond virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the Town to wholesome country air,
Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling she must sever,
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever;
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;
Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent;
She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went.
She went to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from opera, park, assembly, play,
To morning walks, and pray'rs, three hours a-day;
To part her time, 'twixt reading and bohea,
To muse, and spill her solitary tea;
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with a spoon,
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire;
Up to her godly garret after sev'n,
There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.
Some squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack,
Whose game is Whist, whose treat a toast in sack;

Who visits with a gun, presents you birds,
Then gives a smacking buss, and cries—no words!
Or with his hounds comes hallooing from the stable,
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are coarse,
And loves you best of all things—but his horse.

In some fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
You dream of triumphs in the rural shade;
In pensive thought recal the fancy'd scene,
See coronations rise on ev'ry green:
Before you, pass th' imaginary sights
Of lords, and earls, and dukes, and garter'd knights,
While the spread fan o'ershades your closing eyes;
Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.
Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls!

So when your slave, at some dear idle time,
(Not plagu'd with headachs or the want of rhyme,)
Stands in the streets abstracted from the crew,
And while he seems to study, thinks of you;
Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes,
Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,
Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
Streets, chairs, and coxcombs, rush upon my sight:
Vext to be still in Town, I knit my brow,
Look sour, and hum a tune, as you may now.

EPISTLE VI.

TO MR. JOHN MOORE,

Author of the celebrated worm-powder.

How much, egregious Moore! are we
  Deceiv'd by shews and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
  All human kind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
  Vile, reptile, weak, and vain!
A-while he crawls upon the earth,
  Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm, we find
  E'er since our grandame's evil;
She first convers'd with her own kind,
  That ancient worm, the devil.

The learn'd themselves we book-worms name,
  The blockhead is a slow-worm;
The nymph whose tail is all on flame,
  Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm.

The fops are painted butterflies,
  That flutter for a day;
First from a worm they take their rise,
  And in a worm decay.

The flatterer an ear-wig grows:
Thus worms suit all conditions;
Misers are muck-worms, silk-worms beaus,
And death-watches, physicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen
By all their winding play:
Their conscience is a worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah, Moore! thy skill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would rise,
If thou couldst make the courtier void,
The worm that never dies!

O learned friend of Abchurch-lane,
Who sett'st our entrails free;
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
Since worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our fate thou only canst adjourn
Some few short years, no more!
Ev'n Button's wits to worms shall turn,
Who maggots were before.

EPISTLE VII.

TO MRS. M. B———.

On her birth-day.

O H! be thou bless'd with all that Heav'n can send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend:

Not with those toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.
With added years, if life bring nothing new,
But like a sieve, let ev'ry blessing through,
Some joys still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain some sad reflection more:
Is that a birth-day? 'tis, alas! too clear,
'Tis but the fun'ral of the former year.
Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
And the gay conscience of a life well spent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear;
Till death, unfelt, that tender frame destroy,
In some soft dream, or ecstacy of joy,
Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come.

EPISTLE VIII.

TO MR. THOMAS SOUTHERN,

On his birth-day, 1742.

RESIGN'D to live, prepar'd to die,
With not one sin but poetry.
This day Tom's fair account has run
(Without a blot) to eighty-one.

Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays
A table, with a cloth of bays;
And Ireland, mother of sweet singers,
Presents her harp still to his fingers.
The feast his tow'ring genius marks
In yonder wild-goose, and the larks!
The mushrooms shew his wit was sudden!
And for his judgment, lo, a pudden!
Roast beef, though old, proclaims him stout,
And grace, although a bard, devout.
May Tom, whom Heav'n sent down to raise
The price of prologues and of plays,
Be ev'ry birth-day more a winner,
Digest his thirty-thousandth dinner;
Walk to his grave without reproach,
And scorn a rascal and a coach.

MISCELLANIES.

THE BASSET-TABLE.

AN ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA, SMILINDA, LOVET.

CARDELIA.

THE Basset-table spread, the tallier come,
Why stays Smilinda in the dressing-room?
Rise, pensive nymph! the tallier waits for you.
SMIL. Ah, Madam! since my Sharper is untrue,
I joyless make my once ador'd Alpheu.
I saw him stand behind Ombrelia's chair,
And whisper with that soft deluding air,
And those feign'd sighs which cheat the list'ning fair.
CARD. Is this the cause of your romantic strains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains;
As you by love, so I by fortune crost;
One, one bad deal, three Septlevas have lost.
SMIL. Is that the grief which you compare with mine?
With ease the smiles of fortune I resign:

Would all my gold in one bad deal were gone,
Were lovely Sharper mine, and mine alone.
CARD. A lover lost, is but a common care;
And prudent nymphs against that change prepare:
The knave of clubs thrice lost; oh! who could guess
The fatal stroke, this unforeseen distress?
SMIL. See Betty Lovet!—very *à-propos*,—
She all the cares of love and play does know:
Dear Betty shall th' important point decide;
Betty, who oft the pain of each has try'd:
Impartial, she shall say who suffers most,
By cards,—ill usage,—or by lovers lost.
LOV. Tell, tell your griefs, attentive will I stay,
Though time is precious, and I want some tea.
CARD. Behold this equipage, by Mathers wrought,
With fifty guineas (a great penn'worth) bought.
See on the toothpick Mars and Cupid strive,
And both the struggling figures seem alive.
Upon the bottom shines the Queen's bright face;
A myrtle foilage round the thimble-case.
Jove, Jove himself does on the scissors shine,
The metal and the workmanship, divine!
SMIL. This snuff-box—once the pledge of Sharper's love,
When rival beauties for the present strove;
At Corticelli's he the raffle won;
Then first his passion was in public shown:

Hazardia blush'd, then turn'd her head aside,
A rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
This snuff-box—on the hinge see brilliants shine!
This snuff-box will I stake; the prize is mine.

CARD. Alas! far lesser losses than I bear
Have made a soldier sigh, a lover swear.
And, oh! what makes the disappointment hard,
'Twas my own lord that drew the fatal card.
In complaisance, I took the queen he gave;
Though my own secret wish was for the knave:
The knave won Sonica, which I had chose,—
And the next pull my Septleva I lose.

SMIL. But, ah! what aggravates the killing smart,
The cruel thought that stabs me to the heart;
This curs'd Ombrelia, this undoing fair,
By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms she wears.
An awkward thing, when first she came to town,
Her shape unfashion'd, and her face unknown:
She was my friend; I taught her first to spread
Upon her sallow cheeks enliv'ning red;
I introduc'd her to the Park and plays,
And, by my int'rest, Cozens made her stays.
Ungrateful wretch! with mimic airs grown pert,
She dares to steal my fav'rite lover's heart.

CARD. Wretch that I was, how often have I swore,
When Winnall tally'd, I would punt no more?

I know the bite, yet to my ruin run,
And see the folly which I cannot shun.

SMIL. How many maids have Sharper's vows deceiv'd?
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd?
Yet his known falsehoods could no warning prove;
Ah! what is warning to a maid in love.

CARD. But of what marble must that breast be form'd,
To gaze on Basset and remain unwarm'd?
When kings, queens, knaves, are set in decent rank,
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting bank,
Guineas, half-guineas, all the shining train,
The winner's pleasure, and the loser's pain:
In bright confusion open rouleaus lie,
They strike the soul, and glitter in the eye.
Fir'd by the sight, all reason I disdain,
My passions rise, and will not bear the rein:—
Look upon Basset, you who reason boast,
And see if reason must not there be lost.

SMIL. What more than marble must that heart compose,
Can hearken coldly to my Sharper's vows?
Then, when he trembles! when his blushes rise!
When awful love seems melting in his eyes!
With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves,
He loves—I whisper to myself, He loves!
Such unfeign'd passion in his looks appears,
I lose all mem'ry of my former fears;
My panting heart confesses all his charms,
I yield at once, and sink into his arms.

Think of that moment you who prudence boast;
For such a moment, prudence well were lost.
CARD. At the Groom-porter's, batter'd bullies play,
Some dukes at Marybone bowl time away;
But who the bowl, or rattling dice compares
To Basset's heav'nly joys and pleasing cares?
SMIL. Soft Simplicetta dotes upon a beau;
Prudina likes a man, and laughs at show:
Their several graces in my Sharper meet,
Strong as the footman, as the master sweet.
LOV. Cease your contention, which has been too long;
I grow impatient, and the tea's too strong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
The equipage shall grace Smilinda's side;
The Snuff-box to Cardelia I decree.
Now leave complaining, and begin your tea.

VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.

Un jour, dit un auteur, &c.

ONCE (says an author, where I need not say)
Two trav'llers found an oyster in their way:
Both fierce, both hungry, the dispute grew strong,
While, scale in hand, Dame Justice pass'd along.

Before her each with clamor pleads the laws,
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.
Dame Justice weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.
The cause of strife remov'd so rarely well,
There take, (says Justice) take you each a shell.
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you:
'Twas a fat oyster—live in peace—Adieu.

ANSWER TO THE FOLLOWING QUESTION OF MRS. HOWE.

WHAT IS PRUD'RY?
'Tis a beldam,
Seen with wit and beauty seldom.
'Tis a fear that starts at shadows.
'Tis (no, 'tis n't) like Miss Meadows.
'Tis a virgin hard of feature,
Old, and void of all good nature;
Lean and fretful; would seem wise;
Yet plays the fool before she dies.
'Tis an ugly envious shrew
That rails at dear Lepell and you.

OCCASIONED BY SOME VERSES OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Muse, 'tis enough;—at length thy labor ends,
And thou shalt live, for Buckingham commends.
Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail;
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,
Time, health, and fortune, are not lost in vain.
Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

A PROLOGUE BY MR. POPE.

To a play for Mr. Dennis's benefit, in 1733, when he was old, blind, and in great distress, a little before his death.

As when that hero, who in each campaign
Had brav'd the Goth, and many a Vandal slain,
Lay Fortune-struck, a spectacle of woe!
Wept by each friend, forgiv'n by ev'ry foe:—
Was there a gen'rous, a reflecting mind,
But pity'd Bellisarius, old and blind?
Was there a chief but melted at the sight?
A common soldier, but who club'd his mite?
Such, such emotions should in Britons rise,
When press'd by want and weakness, Dennis lies;
Dennis! who long had warr'd with modern Huns,
Their quibbles routed, and defy'd their puns;
A desp'rate bulwark, sturdy, firm, and fierce,
Against the Gothic sons of frozen verse:

How chang'd from him who made the boxes groan,
And shook the stage with thunders all his own!
Stood up to dash each vain pretender's hope,
Maul the French Tyrant, or pull down the Pope!
If there's a Briton then, true bred and born,
Who holds dragoons, and wooden shoes in scorn;
If there's a critic of distinguish'd rage;
If there's a senior, who contemns this age;
Let him to-night his just assistance lend,
And be the critic's, Briton's, old man's friend.

MACER,

A CHARACTER.

When simple Macer, now of high renown,
First sought a poet's fortune in the Town.
'Twas all th' ambition his high soul could feel,
To wear red stockings, and to dine with Steele.
Some ends of verse his betters might afford;
And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
Set up with these he ventur'd on the Town,
And with a borrow'd play, outdid poor Crown.
There he stopp'd short, nor since has writ a tittle,
But has the wit to make the most of little:
Like stunted hide-bound trees, that just have got
Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.
Now he begs verse, and what he gets commends,
Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.

So some coarse country-wench, almost decay'd,
Trudges to Town, and first turns chambermaid;
Awkward and supple, each devoir to pay,
She flatters her good lady twice a-day;
Thought wondrous honest, though of mean degree,
And strangely lik'd for her simplicity:
In a translated suit then tries the Town,
With borrow'd pins, and patches not her own;
But just endur'd the winter she began,
And in four months a batter'd Harridan:
Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk,
To bawd for others, and go shares with punk.

SONG, BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

Written in the year 1733.

I.

FLUTT'RING spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid! o'er my heart;
I a slave in thy dominions:
Nature must give way to Art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming,
All beneath yon flow'ry rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth!

Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia! tune harmonious numbers;
Fair Discretion! string the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers:
Bright Apollo! lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto! king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
Wat'ring soft Elysian plains.

VI.

Mournful Cypress, verdant Willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows;
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth Mæander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping;
Melody resigns to Fate.

ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.

I KNOW the thing that's most uncommon;
(Envy be silent, and attend!)
I know a reasonable Woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by passion, aw'd by rumor,
Not grave through pride, nor gay through folly,
An equal mixture of good-humor,
And sensible soft melancholy.

'Has she no faults then, (Envy says) Sir?'
Yes, she has one, I must aver;
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The Woman's deaf, and does not hear.

ON HIS GROTTO AT TWICKENHAM,

Composed of Marbles, Spars, Gems, Ores, and Minerals.

THOU who shalt stop, where Thames' translucent wave
Shines a broad mirror through the shadowy cave;
Where ling'ring drops from min'ral roofs distil,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill;
Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow,
And latent metals innocently glow;
Approach. Great Nature studiously behold!
And eye the mine, without a wish for gold.

Approach; but awful! lo! th' Ægerian Grot,
Where, nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought;
Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's soul.
Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

ON RECEIVING FROM THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY, A STANDISH AND TWO PENS.

YES, I beheld th' Athenian Queen
Descend in all her sober charms;
'And take,' she said, and smil'd serene,
'Take at this hand, celestial arms.

'Secure the radiant weapons wield;
'This golden lance shall guard desert;
'And if a vice dares keep the field,
'This steel shall stab it to the heart.'

Aw'd, on my bended knees I fell,
Receiv'd the weapons of the sky,
And dipp'd them in the sable well,
The fount of fame or infamy.

"What well? what weapon?" Flavia cries,
"A standish, steel, and golden pen!

" It came from Bertrand's, not the skies;
" I gave it you to write again.
" But, Friend! take heed whom you attack;
" You'll bring a House (I mean of peers)
" Red, blue, and green, nay, white and black,
" L—— and all about your ears.
" You'd write as smooth again on glass,
" And run on ivory so glib,
" As not to stick at fool or ass,
" Nor stop at flattery or fib.
" Athenian Queen! and sober charms!
" I tell ye, fool! there's nothing in't:
" 'Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms;
" In Dryden's Virgil see the print.
" Come, if you'll be a quiet soul,
" That dares tell neither truth nor lies,
" I'll list you in the harmless roll
" Of those that sing of these poor eyes."

THE FOURTH EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE'S EPISTLES*.

A Modern Imitation.

SAY † St. John, who alone peruse
With candid eye, the mimic Muse,

* This satire on Lord Bolingbroke, and the praise bestowed on him in a letter to Mr. Richardson, where Mr. Pope says,
' The sons shall blush their fathers were his foes.'
being so contradictory, probably occasioned the former to be suppressed. S.

† Ad ALBIUM TIBULLUM,
Albi, nostrorum sermonum candide judex,

What schemes of politics, or laws,
In Gallic land the patriot draws!
Is then a greater work in hand,
Than all the tomes of Haines's band?
'Or shoots he folly as it flies?
'Or catches manners as they rise *.'
Or urg'd by unquench'd native heat,
† Does St. John Greenwich sports repeat?
Where (emulous of Chartres fame)
Ev'n Chartres' self is scarce a name.
‡ To you the all-envy'd gift of heav'n
Th' indulgent gods unask'd have given
A form complete in every part,
And, to enjoy the gift, the art.
§ What could a tender mother's care
Wish better to her favorite heir,
Than wit, and fame, and lucky hours,
A stock of health, and golden show'rs,
And graceful fluency of speech,
Precepts before unknown to teach.
‖ Amidst thy various ebbs of fear,
And gleaming hope, and black despair;

Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedana?
Scribere, quod Cassi Parmensis opuscula vincat?

* The lines here quoted occur in the *Essay on Man*.

† An tacitum silvas inter reptare salubres?

‡ ——— Di tibi formam
Di tibi divitias dederant, artemque fruendi.

§ Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
Quam sapere, et fari posset quæ sentiat, et cui
Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde,
———non deficiente crumena?

‖ Inter spem, curamque, timores inter et iras

Yet, let thy friend this truth impart,
A truth I tell with bleeding heart;
(In justice for your labors past)
That every day shall be your last,
* That every hour, your life renew,
Is to your injur'd country due.
In spite of fears, of mercy, spite,
My genius still must rail, and write.
Haste to thy Twickenham's safe retreat,
And mingle with the grumbling great,
There, half devour'd by spleen, you'll find
The rhyming bubbler of mankind;
There (objects of our mutual hate)
We'll ridicule both church and state.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE †.

I.

In beauty or wit,
No mortal as yet
To question your empire has dar'd;
But men of discerning
Have thought that in learning,
To yield to a lady was hard.

* Omnem crede diem tibi dilucisse supremum,
Me pinguem, et nitidum bene curata cute vises,
Cum ridere voles Epicuri di grege porcum.

† This panegyric on Lady M. W. Montague might have been suppressed by Mr. Pope, on account of her having satirized him in her verses to the imitator of Horace; which abuse he returned in the first satire of the second book of Horace.

'From furious, Sappho scarce a milder fate,
'P—d by her love, or libell'd by her hate. S.

II.

Impertinent schools
With musty dull rules,
Have reading to females deny'd,
So papists refuse
The Bible to use,
Lest flocks should be wise as their guides.

III.

'Twas a woman at first
(Indeed she was curst)
In knowledge that tasted delight,
And sages agree
The laws should decree
To the first of possessors the right.

IV.

Then bravely, fair dame,
Resume the old claim,
Which to your whole sex does belong;
And let men receive,
From a second bright Eve,
The knowledge of right, and of wrong.

V.

But if the first Eve
Hard doom did receive,
When only one apple had she,
What a punishment new,
Shall be found out for you,
Who tasting, have robb'd the whole tree.

PROLOGUE

TO SOPHONISBA,

By Pope and Mallet*.

WHEN Learning after the long Gothic night
Fair o'er the western world, resum'd its light
With wits arising, Sophonisba rose;
The Tragic Muse, returning, wept her woes.
With her the Italian scene first learn'd to glow,
And the first tears for her were taught to flow,
Her charms the Gallic Muses next inspir'd,
Corneille himself saw, wonder'd, and was fir'd.
What foreign theatres with pride have shewn,
Britain by juster title, makes her own.
When Freedom is the cause, 'tis hers to fight,
And her's, when Freedom is the theme, to write.
For this a British author bids again
The heroine rise, to grace the British scene.
Here, as in life, she breathes her genuine flame:
She asks, what bosom has not felt the same?
Asks of the British youth—Is silence there?
She dares to ask it of the British fair.
To night, our home-spun author would be true,
At once, to nature, history, and you.
Well pleas'd to give our neighbours due applause,
He owns their learning, but disdains their laws.

* I have been told by Savage, that of the Prologue to Sophonisba, the first part was written by Pope, who could not be persuaded to finish it; and that the concluding lines were written by Mallet. Dr. Johnson.

Not to his patient touch, or happy flame,
'Tis to his British heart he trusts for fame.
If France excel him in one free-born thought,
The man, as well as poet, is in fault.
Nature! informer of the poets art,
Whose form alone can raise or melt the heart,
Thou artless guide; each passion, ev'ry line,
Whate'er he draws to please, must all be thine.
Be thou his judge: in every candid breast,
Thy silent whisper is the sacred test.

DIALOGUE.

Pope.—Since my old friend is grown so great
As to be minister of state,
I'm told (but 'tis not true I hope)
That Craggs will be asham'd of Pope.

Craggs.—Alas! if I am such a creature,
To grow the worse for growing greater;
Why faith, in spite of all my braggs,
'Tis Pope must be asham'd of Craggs.

ON AN OLD GATE,

Erected in Chiswick Gardens.

O GATE, how cam'st thou here?
Gate.—I was brought from Chelsea last year

Batter'd with wind and weather.
Inigo Jones put me together.
Sir Han Sloane
Let me alone;
Burlington brought me hither.

1724.

A FAREWELL TO LONDON,

Written in the Year 1715.

DEAR damn'd distracting town farewell!
Thy fools no more I'll teaze;
This year in peace, ye critics, dwell,
Ye harlots, sleep at ease!

Soft B—— and rough C—— adieu!
Earl Warwick make your moan,
The lively H—k and you
May knock up w—h—es alone.

To drink and droll be Rowe allow'd
'Till the third watchman toll;
Let Jervais gratis paint, and Frowde
Save threepence and his soul.

Farewell Arbuthnot's raillery
On every learned Sot;
And Garth, the best good christian he,
Although he knows it not.

Lintot farewel! thy Bard must go,
Farewel, unhappy Tonson!
Heaven gives thee for thy loss of Rowe,
Lean Phillips and fat Johnson.

Why should I stay, both parties rage;
My vixen mistress squalls;
The wits in envious feuds engage;
And Homer (D—n him) calls.

The love of arts lies cold and dead
In Halifax's urn;
And not one Muse of all he fed
Has yet the grace to mourn.

My friends, by turns, my friends confound,
Betray and are betray'd;
Poor Y—r's sold for fifty pound
And B——ll, is a jade.

Why make I friendships with the great,
When I no favor seek?
Or follow girls seven hours in eight?—
I need but once a week.

Still idle with a busy air,
Deep whimsies to contrive;
The gayest valetudinaire,
Most thinking rake alive.

Solicitous for other's ends,
Though fond of dear repose;
Careless or drowsy with my friends,
And frolic with my foes.

Luxurious Lobster-nights, farewel,
For sober, studious days!
And Burlington's delicious meal,
For sallads, tarts, and pease!

Adieu to all but Gay alone,
Whose soul, sincere and free,
Loves all mankind, but flatters none,
And so may starve with me.

A FRAGMENT.

WHAT are the falling rills, the pendant shades,
The morning bowers, the evening colonades,
But soft recesses for th' weary mind
To sigh unheard into the passing wind!
So the struck deer, in some sequester'd part,
Lies down to die; (the arrow in his heart:)
There hid in shades, and wasting day by day,
Inly he bleeds, and pants his soul away.

VERSES

Left by Mr. Pope, on his lying in the same bed which Wilmot, the celebrated Earl of Rochester slept in, at Adderbury, then belonging to the Duke of Argyle, July 9th, 1739.

WITH no poetic ardor fir'd
I press the bed where Wilmot lay;
That here he lov'd, or here expir'd,
Begets no numbers grave or gay.

But in thy roof Argyle, are bred
Such thoughts as prompt the brave to lie
Stretch'd out in honor's noble bed,
Beneath a nobler roof—the sky.

Such flames as high in patriots burn,
Yet stoop to bless a child or wife;
And such as wicked kings may mourn,
When freedom is more dear than life—

VERSES

TO MR. C.— ST. JAMES'S-PLACE,

London, Oct. 22.

FEW words are best, I wish you well;
Bethel, I'm told, will soon be here:
Some morning-walks along the Mall,
And evening friends, will end the year.

If in this interval between
The falling leaf and coming frost,
You please to see on Twick'nham Green,
Your friend, your poet, and your host.

For three whole days you here may rest,
From office, bus'ness, news, and strife;
And (what most folks would think a jest)
Want nothing else, except your wife.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

On his painting for me the statues of Apollo, Venus, and Hercules.

WHAT God, what Genius did the pencil move
When Kneller painted these?
'Twas friendship—warm as Phœbus, kind as Love,
And strong as Hercules.

EPIGRAM.

On one who made long Epitaphs *.

FRIEND, for your Epitaphs I'm griev'd,
Where still so much is said;
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read.

* It is not generally known that the person here meant was Dr. Robert Friend, head master of Westminster School.

EPIGRAM

Engraved on the Collar of a Dog, which I gave to his Royal Highness.

I AM his Highness' dog at Kew,
Pray, tell me Sir, whose dog are you?

EPIGRAM.

Occasioned by an Invitation to Court.

IN the lines that you sent are the Muses and Graces;
You've the Nine in your wit, and the Three in your faces.

EPIGRAM ON MRS. TOFTS*,

A handsome woman with a fine voice, but very covetous and proud.

SO bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along;

* This Epigram, first printed anonymously in Steele's collection, and copied in the Miscellanies of Swift and Pope, is ascribed to Pope by Sir John Hawkins, in his history of music.—Mrs. Toft, who was the daughter of a person in the family of Bishop Burnet, is celebrated as a singer little inferior, either for her voice or manner, to the best Italian women. She lived at the introduction of the Opera into this kingdom, and sung in company with Nicolini; but being ignorant of Italian, chanted her recitative in English, in answer to his Italian; yet the sweetness of their voices overcame the absurdity.

But such is thy avarice, and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starv'd, and the poet
have died.

EPIGRAM

On the introduction of Barber's name on Butler's Monument*.

RESPECT to Dryden, Sheffield justly paid,
And noble Villars honor'd Cowley's shade,
But whence this Barber?—that a name so mean
Should, join'd with Butler's, on a tomb be seen;
This pyramid would better far proclaim,
To future ages humbler Settle's name:
Poet and patron then had been well pair'd,
The city printer, and the city bard.

* Mr. Pope, in one of the prints from Sheemaker's monument of Shakspear in Westminster-Abbey, has sufficiently shewn his contempt of Alderman Barber, by the following couplets, which is subscribed in the place of 'The cloud capp'd towers.'

'Thus Britain lov'd me; and preserv'd my fame,
'Clear from a Barber's or a Benson's name.' A. Pope.

The above Epigram is attributed to Mr. Pope, and he might probably have suppressed his satire on the Alderman, because he was one of Swift's acquaintances and correspondents; though in the fourth book of the Dunciad, he has an anonymous stroke at one line:—

'So by such bard an Alderman shall sit,
'A heavy load shall hang at every wit.

EPITAPHS.

His saltem accumulem donis, et fun ar inani
Munere! VIRG.

I. ON CHARLES EARL OF DORSET, IN THE CHURCH OF WITHYAM, IN SUSSEX.

DORSET, the grace of courts, the Muse's pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of Nature, dy'd;
The scourge of pride, though sanctify'd or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state;
Yet soft his nature, though severe his lay,
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
Bless'd Satirist! who touch'd the mean so true,
As show'd vice had his hate, and pity too.
Bless'd Courtier! who could king and country please,
Yet sacred keep his friendships and his ease.
Bless'd Peer! his great forefathers' ev'ry grace,
Reflecting, and reflected in his race;
Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets, shine,
And patriots still, or poets, deck the line.

II. ON SIR WILLIAM TRUMBALL,

One of the principal Secretaries of State to King William III. who, having resigned his place, died in his retirement at Easthamstead, in Berkshire, 1716.

A PLEASING form; a firm, yet cautious mind;
Sincere, though prudent; constant, yet resign'd:
Honor unchang'd, a principle profest,
Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest;
An honest courtier, yet a patriot too;
Just to his prince, and to his country true:
Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A gen'rous faith, from superstition free;
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny;
Such this man was; who now from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

III. ON THE HON. SIMON HARCOURT,

Only son of the Lord Chancellor Harcourt, at the Church of Stanton-Harcourt, in Oxfordshire, 1720.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near;
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear;
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief, but when he dy'd.
How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
Oh! let thy once lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
And, with a father's sorrows, mix his own!

IV. ON JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

In Westminster-Abbey.

JACOBUS CRAGGS.

Regis magnæ Britanniæ a secretis
et consiliis sanctioribus,
Principis pariter ac populi amor et deliciæ:
Vixit titulis et invidia major
Annos, heu paucos, XXXV.
OB. FEB. XVI. M.DCC.XX.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear!
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honor'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

V. INTENDED FOR MR. ROWE,

In Westminster-Abbey.

THY reliques, Rowe! to this fair urn we trust,
And sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust:
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
Bless'd in thy genius, in thy love too, blest!

One grateful woman to thy fame supplies,
What a whole thankless land to his denies.

VARIATION.

It is as follows, on the monument in the Abbey, erected to Rowe and his daughter.

Thy reliques, Rowe! to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy Shakespeare place thy honor'd bust,
Oh, next him, skill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere;
To nobler sentiment to fire the brave,
For never Briton more disdain'd a slave.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest;
Blest in thy genius, in thy love, too, blest!
And, blest, that, timely from our scene remov'd,
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.
To these so mourn'd in death, so lov'd in life;
The childless parent and the widow'd wife,
With tears inscribes this monumental stone,
That holds their ashes and expects her own.

VI. ON MRS. CORBET,

who died of a cancer in her breast.

HERE rests a woman, good without pretence,
Bless'd with plain reason and with sober sense:
No conquest she but o'er herself desir'd,
No arts essay'd but not to be admir'd.
Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinc'd that virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, so compos'd a mind;
So firm, yet soft, so strong, yet so refin'd;

Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures try'd;
The saint sustain'd it, but the woman dy'd.

VII. ON THE MONUMENT OF THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY, AND OF HIS SISTER MARY,

Erected by their father the Lord Digby, in the church of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, 1727.

Go! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth;
Compos'd in suff'rings, and in joy sedate,
Good without noise, without pretension great:
Just of thy word, in ev'ry thought sincere,
Who knew no wish but what the world might hear:
Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind!
Go, live! for Heav'n's eternal year is thine;
Go, and exalt thy moral to divine.

And thou, bless'd maid! attendant on his doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only bliss sincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!

Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,
And till we share your joys, forgive our grief:
These little rites, a stone, a verse, receive;
'Tis all a father, all a friend, can give!

VIII. ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

In Westminster Abbey, 1723.

KNELLER, by Heav'n, and not a master taught,
Whose art was Nature, and whose pictures Thought;
Now for two ages having snatch'd from Fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with princes' honors, poet's lays,
Due to his merit, and brave thirst of praise.
Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herself may die.

IX. ON GENERAL HENRY WITHERS,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1729.

HERE, Withers! rest; thou bravest, gentlest mind,
Thy country's friend, but more of human kind.
Oh, born to arms! O worth in youth approv'd!
O soft humanity, in age belov'd!
For thee the hardy vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.
Withers! adieu; yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit, or thy social love!
Amidst corruption, luxury and rage,
Still leave some antient virtues to our age;
Nor let us say (those English glories gone)
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

X ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON,

At Easthamstead, in Berks. 1730.

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, Here lies an honest man;
A poet bless'd beyond the poet's fate,
Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the proud and great;
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace.
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

XI. ON MR. GAY,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1732.

OF manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit, a man; simplicity, a child:
With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once, and lash the age:
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted ev'n among the great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end.
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;

But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here* lies Gay.

XII. INTENDED FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

In Westminster-Abbey.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:
Quem Immortalem
Testantur Tempus, Natura, Cœlum:
Mortalem
Hoc Marmor Fatetur.

Nature, and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
God said, Let Newton be! and all was light.

XIII. ON DR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

Bishop of Rochester, who died in exile at Paris, 1732.

[His only daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after she arrived in France to see him.]

DIALOGUE.

SHE.

YES, we have liv'd—One pang, and then we part!
May heav'n, dear Father! now have all thy heart,
Yet, ah! how once we lov'd, remember still,
Till you are dust like me.

HE.

Dear shade! I will:
Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless ghost!
O more than fortune, friends, or country lost!
Is there on earth one care, one wish beside?
Yes—SAVE MY COUNTRY, HEAV'N,
—He said, and dy'd.

XIV. ON EDMUND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

Who died in the Nineteenth year of his age, 1735.

IF modest youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
And ev'ry op'ning virtue blooming round,
Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,
Or add one patriot to a sinking state;
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear,
Or sadly told how many hopes lie here!
The living virtue now had shone approv'd,
The senate heard him, and his country lov'd.
Yet softer honours, and less noisy fame
Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham;
In whom a race, for courage fam'd and art,
Ends in the milder merit of the heart;
And chiefs, or sages, long to Britain giv'n,
Pays the last tribute of a saint to heav'n.

XV. FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

HEROES and kings! your distance keep;
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd folks like you;
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

XVI. *Another on the same.*

UNDER this marble, or under this sill,
Or under this turf, or e'en what they will,
Whatever an heir, or a friend in his stead,
Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and still cares not a pin
What they said, or may say, of the mortal within;
But who, living and dying, serene still and free,
Trusts in God, that as well as he was, he shall be.

XVII. LORD CONINGSBY'S EPITAPH *.

HERE lies Lord Coningsby—be civil;
The rest God knows—so does the Devil.

* This epitaph, originally written on Picus Mirandula, is applied to F. Chartres, and printed among the works of Swift. See Hawksworth's edition, Vol. VI. S.

END OF VOL. III.

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THE

POETS

OF

GREAT BRITAIN,

IN ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. LXXXI.

POPE. VOL. IV.

Printed by S. Hollingsworth, Crane-Court, Fleet-street

POPE, VOLUME IV.

But in her Temple's last recess inclos'd,
On Dulness' lap th' Anointed head repos'd.
Book iv. v. 388.

Ingram del.

Emery sc.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE.

WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

POPE! if like mine, or Codrus' were thy style,
The blood of vipers had not stain'd thy file;
Merit less solid, less despite had bred:
They had not *bit*, and then they had not *bled*.
Fame is a public mistress, none enjoys;
But, more or less, his rival's peace destroys—
Slight, peevish insects round a genius rise,
As a bright day awakes the world of flies;
With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
(To shew they live) they flutter, and they sting:
But as, by depredations, wasps proclaim
The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame. YOUNG.

IN ELEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

London:

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SAMUEL HAGSTER.

1807.

THE DUNCIAD.

A LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER.

Occasioned by the first correct edition of

THE DUNCIAD.

It is with pleasure I hear, that you have procured a correct copy of the Dunciad, which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary; and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a Commentary; a work so requisite, that I cannot think the Author himself would have omitted it, had he approved of the first appearance of this Poem.

Such Notes as have occurred to me I herewith send you: you will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others; since not only the Author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged, by humanity, to take some care of an Orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its Parent seems to have abandoned

from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately published, that my great regard to a person whose friendship I esteem as one of the chief honors of my life, and a much greater respect to truth than him or any man living, engaged me in enquiries, of which the enclosed Notes are the fruit:

I perceived that most of these authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first aggressors. They had tried, till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other: no body was either concerned or surprised, if this or that scribbler was proved a dunce: but every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr. Pope one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery; a stratagem which, would they fairly own, it might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful superiors, whom they daily abuse, only (as I charitably hope) to get that *by* them, which they cannot get *from* them.

I found this was not all: ill success in that, had transported them to personal abuse either of himself, or (what I think he could less forgive) of his friends. They had called men of virtue and honor bad men, long before he had either leisure or inclination to call them bad writers; and some had been such old offenders, that he had quite forgot-

ken their persons, as well as their slanders, till they were pleased to revive them.

Now what had Mr. Pope done before, to incense them? He had published those works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the least mention is made of any of them. And what has he done since? He has laughed, and written the Dunciad. What has that said of them? A very serious truth, which the public had said before, that they were dull; and what it had no sooner said, but they themselves were at great pains to procure, or even purchase, room in the prints, to testify under their hands to the truth of it.

I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such accusers, or if they had only meddled with his writings; since whoever publishes puts himself on his trial by his country; but when his moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can secure the most innocent; in a manner which, though it annihilates the credit of the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accusers, I mean by authors without names; then I thought, since the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be so; and that it was an act of justice to detect the authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the same who, for several years past, have made free with the greatest

names in Church and State, exposed to the world the private misfortunes of families, abused all, even to women, and whose prostituted papers (for one or other party in the unhappy divisions of their country) have insulted the fallen, the friendless, the exiled, and the dead.

Besides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confessed I had a private one. I am one of that number who long loved and esteemed Mr. Pope; and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings, (which we ever thought the least valuable part of his character,) but the honest, open, and beneficent man, that we most esteemed and loved in him. Now, if what these people say, were believed, I must appear to all my friends either a fool or a knave; either imposed on myself, or imposing on them; so that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies as he is himself.

I am no author, and consequently not to be suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight; and as for their writings, I have sought them (on this one occasion) in vain, in the closets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had still been in the dark, if a gentleman had not procured me (I suppose from some of themselves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the passages I send you. I solemnly

protest I have added nothing to the malice or absurdity of them; which it behoves me to declare, since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and so irrecoverably lost. You may, in some measure, prevent it, by preserving at least their titles *, and discovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the names of the concealed authors.

The first objection I have heard made to the Poem is, that the persons are too *obscure* for satire. The persons themselves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the satire; and if one could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassinates, popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors, and of domestics within, most wrongfully chastised, if the meanness of offenders indemnified them from punishment? On the contrary, obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of: law can pronounce judgment only on open facts: morality alone can pass censure on intentions of mischief; so that for secret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public punishment left but what a good writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are *poor*. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Bailey, for lesser crimes than defamation, (for it is the case of almost all who are tried

* Which we have done in a List hereto subjoined.

there,) but sure it can be none here: for who will pretend that the robbing another of his reputation, supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood; but poverty is here the accident, not the subject. He who describes malice and villany to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against paleness or leanness, but against malice and villany. The Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet is poor; but is he therefore justified in vending poison? Not but poverty itself becomes a just subject of satire, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increases the public burden, fills the streets and highways with robbers, and the garrets with clippers, coiners, and weekly Journalists.

But admitting that two or three of these offend less in their morals than in their writings, must poverty make nonsense sacred? if so, the fame of bad authors would be much better consulted than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of an hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They mistake the whole matter: it is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

Is it not pleasant enough to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their persons and characters were too sacred for satire; and the Public objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for ridicule? But whether bread or fame be their end, it must be allowed, our Author, by and in this Poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three, who, by their rank and fortune, have no benefit from the former objections, supposing them good, and these I was sorry to see in such company: but if, without any provocation, two or three gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embarked, they cannot, certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his friends. Surely they are *their* enemies who say so, since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot persuade myself, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his admirers, I would gladly ask, if it lays him under a personal obligation? At that rate he would be the most obliged humble servant in the world. I dare swear

for these in particular, he never desired them to be his admirers, nor promised, in return, to be theirs: that had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have suspected such an approbation of some motive worse than ignorance, in the Author of the Essay on Criticism? Be it as it will, the reasons of their admiration and of his contempt are equally subsisting, for his works and theirs are the very same that they were.

One, therefore, of their assertions, I believe may be true, 'That he has a contempt for their writings.' And there is another which would probably be sooner allowed by himself than by any good judge beside, 'That his own have found too 'much success with the Public.' But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the Public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what, in my opinion, might seem a better plea for these people than any they have made use of. If *obscurity* or *poverty* were to exempt a man from satire, much more should *folly* or *dullness*, which are still more involuntary; nay, as much so as personal deformity. But even this will not help them: deformity becomes an object of ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome; and so must dullness, when he sets up for a wit. They are not ridiculed because ridicule is

itself is, or or ought to be, a pleasure; but because it is just, to undeceive and vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition; because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number, who are not naturally fools, ought never to be made so, in complaisance to a few who are. Accordingly we find that, in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever so poor, or ever so dull, have been constantly the topics of the most candid satirists, from the Codrus of Juvenal to the Damon of Boileau.

Having mentioned Boileau, the greatest poet and most judicious critic of his age and country, admirable for his talents, and yet, perhaps, more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them, I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt him and our author in qualities, fame, and fortune; in the distinctions shewn them by their superiors, in the general esteem of their equals, and in their extended reputation amongst foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his translators, persons of the most eminent rank and abilities in their respective nations *. But the resemblance holds in

* Essay on Criticism, in French verse, by General Hamilton; the same, in verse also, by Monsieur Roboton, counsellor and privy secretary to King George I. After by the Abbe Reynel, in verse, with notes. Rape of the Lock, in French, by the Princess of Conti, Paris, 1728; and in Italian verse, by the Abbé

nothing more, than in their being equally abused by the ignorant pretenders to poetry of their times; of which not the least memory will remain but in their own writings, and in the notes made upon them. What Boilean has done in almost all his poems, our Author has only in this: I dare answer for him he will do it in no more; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had slandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from censuring obscure and worthless persons; for scarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last; and if ever he should give us an edition of this Poem himself, I may see some of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinalt were at last by Boileau.

In one point I must be allowed to think the character of our English poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of fortune or success; he has lived with the great without flattery; been a friend to men in power without pensions, from whom, as he asked, so he received, no favor, but what was done him in his friends. As his Satires

Conti, a noble Venitian; and by the Marquis Rangoni, envoy extraordinary from Modena to King George II. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c. His Essays and Dissertations on Homer, several times translated into French. Essay on Man, by the Abbé Reynel, in verse; by Monsieur Silhouet, in prose, 1737; and since by others in French, Italian, and Latin.

were the more just for being delayed, so were his Panegyrics; bestowed only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observed in them, and only *at such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them—I mean when out of power, or out of fashion**. A satire, therefore, on writers so notorious for the contrary practice, became no man so well as himself; as none, it is plain, was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abused, namely the greatest and best of all parties. Let me add a further reason, that, though engaged in their friendships, he never espoused their animosities! and can almost singly challenge this honor, not to have written a line of any man which, through guilt, through shame, or through fear, through variety of fortune, or change of interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking, what a pleasure it must be to every reader of humanity to see all along that our Author, in his very laughter, is not indulging his own ill-nature, but only punishing that of others. As to his Poem, those alone are capable of doing it justice who, to use the words

* Mr. Wycherley, at the time the Town declaimed against his book of Poems; Mr. Walsh, after his death; Sir William Trumball when he had resigned the office of secretary of state; Lord Bollingbroke, at his leaving England, after the Queen's death; Lord Oxford, in his last decline of life; Mr. Secretary Craggs, at the end of the South-sea year, and after his death: others only in Epitaphs.

of a great writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his subject and his manner) *vetustis dare novitatem obsoletis nitorem, obscuris lucem, fastiditis gratiam.* I am

Your most humble servant,

St. James's,
Dec. 22, 1728. WILLIAM CLELAND*.

* This gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the university of Utrecht with the Earl of Mar. He served in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the peace, he was made one of the commissioners of the customs in Scotland, and then of taxes in England; in which having shewn himself for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible, (though without any other assistance of fortune,) he was suddenly displaced by the minister, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and died two months after, in 1741. He was a person of universal learning, and an enlarged conversation; no man had a warmer heart for his friend, or a sincerer attachment to the constitution of his country.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

His Prolegomena and Illustrations

TO THE DUNCIAD.

WITH THE HYPERCRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS.

DENNIS', Remarks on Prince Arthur.

I CANNOT but think it the most reasonable thing in the world, to distinguish good writers, by discouraging the bad: nor is it an ill-natured thing, in relation even to the very persons upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them a little the sooner of a short profit and a transitory reputation; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are so very unfit, and to have recourse to something in which they may be more successful.

CHARACTER OF MR. P. 1716.

The persons whom Boileau has attacked in his writings, have been for the most part authors, and most of those authors, poets: and the censures he hath passed upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

GILDON, PREF. TO HIS NEW REHEARSAL.

It is the common cry of the poetasters of the Town, and their fautors, that it is an ill-natured thing to expose the pretenders to wit and poetry. The judges and magistrates may with full as good reason be reproached with ill-nature for putting the laws in execution against a thief or impostor.—The same will hold in the Republic of Letters, if the critics and judges will let every ignorant pretender to scribbling pass on the world.

THEOBALD, Letter to Mist, June 22, 1728.

Attacks may be levelled either against failures in genius, or against the pretentions of writing without one.

CONCANEN, Ded. to the Author of the Dunciad

A Satire upon dulness is a thing that has been used and allowed in all ages.

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, wicked Scribbler!

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS

CONCERNING OUR POET AND HIS WORKS.

M. SCRIBLERUS LECTORI S.

BEFORE we present thee with our Exercitations on this most delectable Poem (drawn from the many volumes of our *adversaria* on modern Authors), we shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the learned concerning our Poet; various, indeed, not only of different authors, but of the same author of different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the Testimonies of such eminent wits as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection; but we shall likewise, with incredible labor, seek out for divers others, which, but for this our diligence, could never, at the distance of a few months, appear to the eye of the most curious. Hereby thou mayst not only receive the delectation of variety, but also arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumspect comparison of the witnesses with each other, or of each with himself. Hence, also, thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections not only of a critical, but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the persons as well as genius, and of the fortune as well as merit, of our Author: in which, if I relate some things of little concern, peradven-

ture, to thee, and some of as little even to him, I intreat thee to consider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to insist upon such, and how material they seem to themselves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle Reader, if (following learned example) I, ever and anon, become tedious; allow me to take the same pains to find whether my Author were good or bad, well or ill-natured, modest or arrogant; as another, whether his author was fair or brown, short or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a cassock.

We proposed to begin with his life, parentage, and education; but as to these even his contemporaries do exceedingly differ. One saith * he was educated at home; another†, that he was bred at St. Omer's by Jesuits; a third ‡, not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford; a fourth ‖, that he had no university education at all. Those who allow him to be bred at home differ as much concerning his tutor: one saith § he was kept by his father on purpose; a second **, that he was an itinerant priest; a third ††, that he was a parson: one ‡‡ calleth him a secular clergyman of the church of Rome; another |||, a monk. As little do they agree about his father, whom ┼ one supposeth, like the father

* Giles Jacob's Lives of the Poets, vol. II, in his life. † Dennis's Reflections on the Essay on Criticism. ‡ Dunciad Dissected. p. 4. ‖ Guardian, No. 40. § Jacob's Lives, &c. vol. II. ** Dunciad Dissected. †† Farmer P. and his Son. ‡‡ Dunciad Dissected. ||| Characters of the Times, p. 45. ┼ Female Dun-

of Hesiod, a tradesman or merchant; another *, a husbandman; another ‡, a hatter, &c. Nor has an author been wanting to give our Poet such a father as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, namely a dæmon: for thus Mr. Gildon ‖; 'Certain it is that his original is not from Adam, but the devil? and that 'he wanteth nothing but horns and tail to be the 'exact resemblance of his infernal father.' Finding, therefore, such contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this sort of generation) not being fond to enter into controversy, we shall defer writing the Life of our Poet till authors can determine among themselves what parents or education he had, or whether he had any education or parents at all.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his Works; though not less uncertain the judgments concerning them; beginning with his Essay on Criticism, of which hear first the most ancient of critics,

MR. JOHN DENNIS.

'His precepts are false or trivial, or both; his 'thoughts are crude and abortive; his expressions,

ciad, p. ult. Dunciad Dissected. ‡ Roome Paraphrase on the 4th of Genesis, printed 1729. ‖ Character of Mr. P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend, printed for S. Popping, 1716, p. 10. Curl, in his Key to the Dunciad, (first edit. said to be printed for A. Dodd) in the tenth page, declared Gildon to be author of that libel; though in the subsequent editions of his Key he left out this assertion and affirmed (in the Curliad, p. 4. and 8.) that it was written by Dennis only.

'absurd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, his 'rhymes trivial and common.—Instead of majesty 'we have something that is very mean; instead of 'gravity, something that is very boyish; and in-'stead of perspicuity and lucid order, we have but 'too often obscurity and confusion.' And in another place; 'What rare Numbers are here! 'would not one swear that this youngster had es-'poused some antiquated Muse, who had sued out 'a divorce from some superanuated sinner, upon 'account of impotence, and who being p——d 'by the former spouse, has got the gout in 'her decripit age, which makes her hobble so 'd————bly *?'

No less peremptory is the censure of our hyper-critical historian,

MR. OLDMIXON.

'I dare not say any thing of the Essay on Cri-'ticism in verse; but if any more curious reader 'has discovered in it something *new*, which is not 'in Dryden's Prefaces, Dedications, and his Essay 'on Dramatic Poetry, not to mention the French 'critics, I should be very glad to have the benefit 'of the discovery †.'

* Reflections Critical and Satirical on a Rhapsody called, An Essay on Criticism, printed for Bernard Lintot, octavo.

† Essay on Criticism in prose, octavo, 1728, by the author of the Critical History of England.

He is followed (as in fame, so in judgment) by the modest and simple-minded

MR. LEONARD WELSTEAD,

who, out of great respect to our Poet, not naming him, doth yet glance at his Essay, together with the Duke of Buckingham's, and the Criticisms of Dryden, and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth†: 'As to the numerous treatises, essays, 'arts, &c. both in verse and prose, that have been 'written by the Moderns on this ground-work, 'they do but hackney the same thoughts over 'again, making them still more trite. Most of 'their pieces are nothing but a pert, insipid heap 'of common place. Horace has, even in his Art 'of Poetry, thrown out several things which plainly 'shew he thought an Art of Poetry was of no use, 'even while he was writing one.'

To all which great authorities we can only oppose that of

MR. ADDISON.

'‡ The Art of Criticism,' saith he, 'which 'was published some months since, is a master-'piece in its kind. The observations follow one 'one another like those in Horace's Art of Poe-'try, without that methodical regularity which

† Preface to his Poems, p. 18, 53.
‡ Spectator. No. 253.

'would have been requisite in a prose writer. 'They are some of them *uncommon*, but such as 'the reader must assent to, when he sees them ex- 'plained with that ease and perspicuity in which 'they are delivered. As for those which are the 'most known, and the most received, they are 'placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with 'such apt allusions, that they have in them all the 'graces of novelty, and make the reader, who was 'before acquainted with them, still more con- 'vinced of their truth and solidity. And here 'give me leave to mention what Mons: Boileau 'has so well enlarged upon in the Preface to his 'Works; that wit and fine writing doth not consist so 'much in advancing things that are new, as in giv- 'ing things that are known an agreeable turn. It 'is impossible for us, who live in the latter ages 'of the world, to make observations in criticism, 'morality, or any art or science, which have not 'been touched upon by others; we have little else 'left us but to represent the common sense of 'mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more 'uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's 'Art of Poetry, he will find but few precepts in 'it, which he may not meet with in Aristotle, 'and which were not commonly known by all the 'poets of the Augustan age. His way of express- 'ing and applying them, not his invention of them, 'is what we are chiefly to admire.

'Longinus, in his Reflections, has given us the 'same kind of sublime which he observes in the 'several passages that occasioned them; I cannot 'but take notice that our English Author has, 'after the same manner, exemplified several of 'the precepts in the very precepts themselves.' He then produces some instances of a particular beauty in the Numbers, and concludes with saying, that 'There are three poems in our tongue of the 'same nature, and each a masterpiece in its kind; 'the Essay on Translated Verse, the Essay on 'the Art of Poetry, and the Essay on Criticism.'

Of Windsor Forest, positive is the judgment of the affirmative

MR. JOHN DENNIS.

'* That it is a wretched rhapsody, impudently 'writ in emulation of the Cooper's Hill of Sir 'John Denham: the author of it is obscure, is 'ambiguous, is affected, is temerarious, is barba-'rous.'

But the author of the Dispensary,

DR. GARTH,

in the Preface to his poem of Claremont†, differs from this opinion: 'Those who have seen these 'two excellent poems of Cooper's Hill and Wind-

* Letter to B. B. at the end of the Remarks on Pope's Homer, 1717.

† Printed 1728, p. 12.

'sor Forest, the one written by Sir John Denham, 'the other by Mr. Pope, will shew a great deal of 'candour if they approve of this.'

Of the Epistle of Eloisa, we are told by the obscure writer of a poem called Sawney, 'That 'because Prior's Henry and Emma charmed the 'finest tastes, our Author writ his Eloisa in oppo-'sition to it, but forgot innocence and virtue: if 'you take away her tender thoughts, and her fierce 'desires, all the rest is of no value.' In which, methinks, his judgment resembleth that of a French tailor on a villa and gardens by the Thames: 'All 'this is very fine; but take away the river, and it 'is good for nothing.'

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

MR. PRIOR

himself, saying in his Alma ‡,

'O Abelard! Ill fated youth,
'Thy tale will justify this truth:
'But well I weet the cruel wrong
'Adorns a nobler poet's song:
'Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
'With kind concern and skill has weav'd
'A silken web, and ne'er shall fade
'Its colors: gently has he laid
'The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
'And Venus shall the texture bless,' &c.

Come we now to his Translation of the Iliad, celebrated by numerous pens; yet shall it suffice to mention the indefatigable

‡ Alma, canto 2.

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, KT.

who (though otherwise a severe censurer of our Author) yet styleth this 'A laudable Translation*.' That ready writer,

MR. OLDMIXON,

in his fore-mentioned Essay, frequently commends the same. And the painful

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it †: 'The spirit of Homer breathes all 'through this Translation.—I am in doubt whe-'ther I should most admire the justness to the 'Original, or the force and beauty of the lan-'guage, or the sounding variety of the Numbers; 'but when I find all these meet, it puts me in 'mind of what the poet says of one of his heroes, 'that he alone raised and flung with ease a weighty 'stone that two common men could not lift from 'the ground; just so one single person has per-'formed, in this Translation, what I once despaired 'to have seen done by the force of several master-'ly hands.' Indeed the same gentleman appears to have changed his sentiment in his Essay on the Art of Sinking in Reputation, (printed in MIST'S JOURNAL, March 30, 1728,) where he says: thus: 'In order to sink in reputation, let him

* In his Essays, vol. I. printed for E. Curl.
† Censor, vol. II. No. 33.

'take it into his head to descend into Homer, '(let the world wonder, as it will, how the devil 'he got there) and pretend to do him into Eng-'lish, so his version denote his neglect of the 'manner how.' Strange variation!—We are told in

MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8.

'That this translation of the Iliad was not in all 'respects conformable to the fine taste of his 'friend Mr. Addison; insomuch that he employed a younger Muse in an undertaking of this kind, 'which he supervised himself.' Whether Mr. Addison did find it conformable to his taste or not, best appears from his own testimony the year following its publication, in these words:

MR. ADDISON'S FREEHOLDER, NO. 40.

'When I consider myself as a British Free-'holder, I am in a particular manner pleased 'with the labors of those who have improved 'our language with the translations of old Greek 'and Latin authors.—We have already most of 'their historians in our own tongue, and, what is 'more for the honor of our language, it hath been 'taught to express with elegance the greatest of 'their poets in each nation. The illiterate among 'our own countrymen may learn to judge from 'Dryden's Virgil of the most perfect epic perfor-

'mance; and those parts of Homer which have 'been published already by Mr. Pope, give us rea- 'son to think that the Iliad will appear in En- 'glish with as little disadvantage to that immortal 'poem.'

As to the rest, there is a slight mistake; for this younger muse was an elder: nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our Author) employed by Mr. Addison to translate it *after* him, since he saith himself that he did it *before* *. Contrariwise, that Mr. Addison engaged our Author in this work, appeareth by declaration thereof in the Preface to the Iliad, printed some time before his death, and by his own letters of October 26, and November 2, 1713, where he declares, it is his opinion, that no other person was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakespear on the stage: 'Let 'him' (quoth one, whom I take to be

MR. THEOBALD, MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728,)

'publish such an author as he has least studied, 'and forget to discharge even the dull duty of an 'editor. In this project let him lend the book- 'seller his name (for a competent sum of money) 'to promote the credit of an exorbitant subscrip- 'tion.' Gentle Reader, be pleased to cast thine eye on the proposal below quoted, and on what follows (some months after the former assertion)

* Vide Preface to Mr. Tickel's translation of the First Book of the Iliad, 4to.

in the same Journals of June 8. 'The bookseller 'proposed the book by subscription, and raised 'some thousands of pounds for the same: I be- 'lieve the gentleman did *not* share in the profits 'of this extravagant subscription.'

'After the Iliad, he undertook (saith

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728,)

'the sequel of that work, the Odyssey; and hav- 'ing secured the success by a numerous subscrip- 'tion, he employed some *underlings* to perform 'what, according to his Proposals, should come 'from his own hands.' To which heavy charge we can in truth oppose nothing but the words of

MR. POPE'S PROPOSAL for the ODYSSEY,

(printed by J. WATTS, Jan. 10. 1724.)

'I take this occasion to declare, that the subscrip- 'tion for Shakespear belongs wholly to Mr. Ton- 'son: and that the benefit of this Proposal is not 'solely for my own use, but for that of two of 'my friends, who have assisted me in this work.' But these very gentlemen are extolled above our Poet himself in another of MIST'S JOURNALS, March 30, 1728, saying, 'That he would not 'advise Mr. Pope to try the experiment again of 'getting a great part of a book done by assistants, 'lest those extraneous parts should unhappily as- 'cend to the sublime, and retard the declension of

'the whole.' Behold! these *underlings* are become good writers!

If any say, that before the said Proposals were printed, the subscription was begun, without declaration of such assistance; verily those who set it on foot, or (as the term is) secured it, to wit, the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Harcourt, were he living, would testify, and the Right Honourable the Lord Bathurst, now living, doth testify, the same is a falsehood.

Sorry I am that persons professing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, should either falsely tax, or be falsely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

'Mr. Addison raised this Author from obscu-
'rity, obtained him the acquaintance and friend-
'ship of the whole body of our nobility, and
'transferred his powerful interests with those great
'men to this rising bard, who frequently levied,
'by that means, unusual contributions on the Pub-
'lic.' Which surely cannot be, if, as the author of the Dunciad Dissected reporteth, 'Mr. Wycher-
'ly had before introduced him into a familiar ac-
'quaintance with the greatest peers and brightest
'wits then living.'

'No sooner (saith the same Journalist) was his

'body lifeless, but this Author, reviving his re-'sentment, libelled the memory of his departed 'friend; and, what was still more henious, made 'the scandal public.' Grievous the accusation! unknown the accuser! the person accused no witness in his own cause; the person, in whose regard accused, dead! But if there be living any one nobleman, whose friendship, yea, any one gentleman, whose subscription, Mr. Addison procured to our Author, let him stand forth, that truth may appear! *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas.* In verity, the whole story of the libel is a lie; witness those persons of integrity who, several years before Mr. Addison's decease, did see and approve of the said verses, in no wise a libel, but a friendly rebuke, sent privately, in our Author's own hand, to Mr. Addison himself, and never made publick, till after their own Journals, and Curl had printed the same. One name alone, which I am here authorised to declare, will sufficiently evince this truth, that of the Right Honorable the Earl of Burlington.

Next he is taxed with a crime (in the opinion of some authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in morality), to wit, Plagiarism, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

JAMES MOORE-SMITH, GENT.

'* Upon reading the third volume of Pope's

* Daily Journal, March 18, 1728.

'Miscellanies, I found five lines which I thought 'excellent; and happening to praise them, a gen-'tleman produced a modern comedy (the Rival 'Modes) published last year, where were the same 'verses to a tittle.

'These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first 'plagiaries, that pretend to make a reputation by 'stealing from a man's works in his own life-time, 'and out of a public print.' Let us join to this what is written by the author of the Rival Modes: the said Mr. James Moore-Smith, in a letter to our Author himself, who had informed him a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27, 1726-7, 'That 'these verses, 'which he had before given him leave 'to insert in it, would be known for his, some copies 'being got abroad. He desires, nevertheless, that 'since the lines had been read in his Comedy, to seve-'ral, Mr. P. would not deprive it of them,' &c. Surely if we add the testimonies of the Lord Bolingbroke, of the lady to whom the said verses were originally addressed, of Hugh Bethel, Esq. and others, who knew them as our Author's, long before the said gentleman composed his play; it is hoped the ingenuous, that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the suffrage of so honorable personages.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating no less than his enmity both to Church and State,

which could come from no other informer than the said

MR. JAMES MOORE-SMITH.

'* The Memoirs of a Parish Clerk, was a very 'dull and unjust abuse of a person who wrote in 'defence of our religion and constitution, and 'who has been dead many years.' This seemeth also most untrue, it being known to divers that these Memoirs were written at the seat of the Lord Harcourt, in Oxfordshire, before that excellent person's (Bishop Burnet) death, and many years before the appearance of that history of which they are pretended to be an abuse. Most true it is, that Mr. Moore had such a design, and was himself the man who pressed Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to assist him therein; and that he borrowed those Memoirs of our Author, when that history came forth, with intent to turn them to such abuse: but being able to obtain from our Author but one single hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, he contented himself to keep the said Memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble person there is, into whose company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the conversation of Mr. Moore to have turned upon the 'Contempt he had for the work of that reverend

* Daily Journal, April 3, 1728.

'prelate, and how full he was of a design he de-
'clared himself to have of exposing it.' This noble person is the Earl of Peterborough.

Here, in truth, should we crave pardon of all the aforesaid Right Honorable and worthy personages, for having mentioned them in the same page with such weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers, but that we had their ever honored-commands for the same; and that they are introduced not as witnesses in the controversy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted; i. e. to dispute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers, to our Author, the former are those who speak well, and the other those who speak evil of him. Of the first class, the most noble

JOHN DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

sums up his character in these lines:

'* And yet so wondrous, so sublime a thing,
'As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing,
'Unless I justly could at once commend
'A good companion, and as firm a friend.
'One moral, or a mere well natur'd deed,
'Can all desert in sciences exceed.'

So also is he decyphered by the Honorable

SIMON HARCOURT.

'† Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt thou chuse,
'What laurel'd arch for thy triumphant muse?

* Verses to Mr. P. on his Translation of Homer.
† From a Poem addressed to him in his life time—

'Though each great Ancient court thee to shrine,
'Though every laurel through the doom be thine—
'Go to the good and just, an awful train:
'Thy soul's delight.'—

Recorded in like manner, for his virtuous disposition, and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

MR. WALTER HART,

in this apostrophe:

'* O! ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise!
'Blest in thy life, and blest in all thy lays,
'Add, that the Sisters ev'ry thought refine,
'And ev'n thy life be faultless as thy line;
'Yet Envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
'Obscures the virtue, and defames the muse.
'A soul like thine, in pain, in grief, resign'd,
'Views with just scorn, the malice of mankind.'

The witty and moral satirist

DR. EDWARD YOUNG,

wishing some check to the corruption and evil manners of the times, calleth out upon our Poet, to undertake a task so worthy of his virtue:

'† Why slumbers Pope, who leads the Muses' train,
'Nor hears that Virtue, which he loves, complain?'

MR. MALLET,

in his Epistle on Verbal Criticism:

'Whose life, severely scan'd, transcends his lays;
'For wit supreme, is but his second praise.'

* In his Poems, printed for B. Lintot.
† Universal Passion, Sat. I.

MR. HAMMOND,

that delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his Love Elegies, Elegy xiv.

'Now fir'd by Pope and, Virtue, leave the age,
'In low pursuit of self undoing wrong,
'And trace the Author through his moral page,
'Whose blameless life still answers to his song.'

MR. THOMSON,

in his elegant and philosophical poem of the Seasons:

'Although not sweeter his own Homer sings,
'Yet is his life the more endearing song.'

To the same tune, also, singeth that learned clerk of Suffolk,

MR. WILLIAM BROOME.

'Thus nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,
'From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws.

And to close all, hear the Reverend Dean of St. Patrick's:

'A soul with ev'ry virtue fraught,
'By patriots, priests, and poets taught:
'Whose filial piety excels
'Whatever Grecian story tells.
'A genius for each bus'ness fit,
'Whose meanest talent is his wit,' &c.

Let us now recreate thee, by turning to the other side, and shewing his character, drawn by

* In his Poems, and at the end of the Odyssey.

those with whom he never conversed, and whose countenances he could not know, though turned against him: first again commencing with the high-voiced and never-enough-quoted

MR. JOHN DENNIS,

who, in his reflections on the Essay on Criticism, thus describeth him: 'A little affected hypocrite, 'who has nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, 'friendship, good-nature, humanity, and magnani-'mity. He is so great a lover of falsehood, that 'whenever he has a mind to calumniate his con-'temporaries, he brands them with some defect 'which is just contrary to some good quality for 'which all their friends and acquaintance commend 'them. He seems to have a particular pique to 'people of quality, and authors of that rank. He 'must derive his religion from St. Omer's.'—But in the character of Mr. P. and his writings, (printed by S. Popping, 1716,) he saith, 'Though he 'is a professor of the worst religion, yet he laughs 'at it;' but that, nevertheless, he is a virulent, Pa-'pist; and yet a pillar of the Church of England.' Of both which opinions

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

seems also to be; declaring, in MIST'S JOURNAL of June 22, 1718, 'That, if he is not shrewdly 'abused, he made it his practice to cackle to both 'parties in their own sentiments.' But as to his

ique against people of quality, the same Journaist doth not agree, but saith, (May 8, 1728,) He had, by some means or other, the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility.'

However contradictory this may appear, Mr. Dennis and Gildon, in the character last cited, make it all plain, by assuring us, 'That he is a creature that reconciles all contradictions: he is a beast, and a man; a Whig, and a Tory; a writer (at one and the same time) of Guardians and Examiners *: an asserter of liberty, and of the dispensing power of kings; a Jesuitical professor of truth; a base and a foul pretender to candour.' So that upon the whole account, we must conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honest man; a terrible imposer upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as to the judicious reader shall seem good. Sure it is, he is little favored of certain authors whose wrath is perilous: for one declares he ought to have a price set on his head, and to be hunted down as a wild beast †; another protests that he does not know what may happen; advises him to insure his person; says he has bitter enemies, and expressly declares it will be well if he escapes with his life ‡. One desires he would cut his own

* The names of two weekly papers.
† Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22d, 1728.
‡ Smedley, Pref. to Gulliveriana, p. 14, 16.

throat, or hang himself ‖. But Pasquin seemed rather inclined it should be done by the government, representing him engaged in grievous designs with a lord of Parliament then under prosecution §. Mr. Dennis himself hath written to a minister, that he is one of the most dangerous persons in this kingdom **; and assureth the Public that he is an open and mortal enemy to his country; a monster that will, one day, shew as daring a soul as a mad Indian, who runs a-muck to kill the first Christian he meets ††. Another gives information of treason discovered in his Poem ‡‡. Mr. Curl boldly supplies an imperfect verse with kings and princesses*; and one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publishes, at length, the two most sacred names in this nation as members of the Dunciad †!

This is prodigious; yet it is almost as strange that, in the midst of these invectives, his greatest enemies have (I know not how) borne testimony to some merit in him.

‖ Gulliveriana, p. 332. § Anno 1723. ** Anno 1729.

†† Preface to Remarks on the Rape of the Lock, p. 12. and in the last page of that treatise.

‡‡ Page 6, 7, of the preface, by Concanen, to a book entitled, A Collection of all the Letters, Essays Verses, and Advertisements, occasioned by Pope and Swift's Miscellanies. Printed for A. Moore, octavo, 1712.

* Key to the Dunciad, 3d edition, p. 18.

† A List of Persons, &c. at the end of the fore-mentioned Collection of all the Letters, Essays, &c.

MR. THEOBALD,

in censuring his Shakspeare, declares, 'He has so 'great an esteem for Mr. Pope, and so high an 'opinion of his genius and excellencies, that, not-'withstanding he professes a veneration almost 'rising to idolatry for the writings of this inimi-'table Poet, he would be very loath even to do 'him justice at the expence of that other gentle-'man's character *.'

MR. CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at last came to wish from his heart, 'That Mr. 'Pope would he prevailed upon to give us Ovid's 'Epistles by his hand; for it is certain we see the 'original of Sappho to Phaon with much more 'life and likeness in his version than in that of 'Sir Car Scrope. And this (he adds) is the more 'to be wished, because in the English tongue we 'have scarce any thing truly and naturally written 'upon love †.' He also, in taxing Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer, challenges him to answer what Mr. Pope hath said in his Preface to that poet.

MR. OLDMIXON

calls him a great master of our tongue; declares

* Introduction to his Shakspeare Restored, 4to. p. 3.
† Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham's Essay, 8vo. 1721 p. 97, 98.

'The purity and perfection of the English language to be found in his Homer; and, saying 'there are more good verses in Dryden's Virgil 'than in any other work, except this of our Author only *.'

The Author of a Letter to MR. CIBBER

says †, 'Pope was so good a versifier [*once*] that 'his predecessor Mr. Dryden, and his contemporary 'Mr. Prior excepted, the harmony of his numbers *is* equal to any body's; and that he *had* all 'the merit that a man can have that way.' And

MR. THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemishing our Author's Homer, crieth out,

'But in his other works what beauties shine,
'While sweetest music dwells in ev'ry line!
'These he admir'd, on these he stamp'd his praise,
'And bade them live to brighten future days ‡."

So also one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verses to Duncan Campbell, in that poem §, which is wholly a satire on Mr. Pope, confesseth,

* In his prose Essay on Criticism.
† Printed by J. Roberts, 1742, p. 11.
‡ Battle of the Poets, folio, p. 15.
§ Printed under the title The Progress of Dullness, duodecimo, 1728.

'Tis true, if finest notes alone could show
(Tun'd justly high, or regularly low;)
That we should fame to these mere vocals give
Pope more than we can offer should receive
For when some gliding river is his theme,
His lines run smoother than the smoothest stream.' &c.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

Although he says, 'The smooth numbers of the 'Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it 'any other merit;' yet that same paper hath these words: 'The Author is allowed to be a perfect 'master of an easy and elegant versification. In 'all his works we find the most happy turns, 'and natural similies, wonderfully short, and thick 'sown.'

The Essay on the Dunciad also owns, p. 25, it is very full of beautiful images. But the panegyric, which crowns all that can be said on this Poem is bestowed by our Laureat,

MR. COLLEY CIBBER,

who 'grants it to be a better Poem of its kind than 'ever was writ:' but adds, 'it was a victory over 'a parcel of poor wretches, whom it was almost 'cowardice to conquer. A man might as well 'triumph for having killed so many silly flies that 'offended him. Could he have let them alone, 'by this time, poor souls! they had all been bu-'ried in oblivion*.' Here we see our excellent

* Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9, 12.

Laureat allows the justice of the satire on every man in it but himself, as the great Mr. Dennis did before him.

The said

MR. DENNIS and MR. GILDON,

in the most furious of all their works, (the forecited character, p. 5.) do in concert * confess, 'That some men of good understanding value him 'for his rhymes.' And (p. 17.) 'That he has 'got, like Mr. Bayes in the rehearsal), that is like 'Mr. Dryden) a notable knack at rhyming, and 'writing smooth verse.'

Of his Essay on man numerous were the praises bestowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination that the same was not written by him, as it was printed anonymously.

* *In concert.*] Hear how Mr. Dennis hath proved our mistake in this place: 'As to my writing in *concert* with Mr. 'Gildon, I declare upon the honor and word of a gentleman, 'that I never wrote so much as one line in *concert* with any 'one man whatsoever. And these two letters from Gildon 'will plainly shew that we are not writers in *concert* with each 'other.

"Sir,

"———The heighth of my ambition is to please men of "the best judgment; and finding that I have entertained my "master agreeably, I have the extent of the reward of my la-"bour."

"Sir,

"I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent "pamphlet till this day. I am infinitely satisfied and pleased "with it, and hope you will meet with that encouragement your "admirable performance deserves," &c. *Ch. Gildon.*"

'Now is it not plain that any one who send such compli-'ments to another, has not been used to write in partnership 'with him to whom he sends them?' Dennis, Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 50. Mr. Dennis is therefore welcome to take this piece to himself.

Thus sang of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS.

'Auspicious Bard! while all admire thy strain,
'All but the selfish, ignorant, and vain;
'I, whom no bribe to servile flatt'ry drew,
'Must pay the tribute to thy merit due:
'Thy muse sublime, significant, and clear,
'Alike informs the soul, and charms the ear, &c.

And

MR. LEONARD WELSTED

thus wrote * the unknown author, on the first publication of the said essay; 'I must own, after the 'reception which the vilest and most immoral 'ribaldry hath lately met with, I was surprised to 'see what I had long despaired, a performance de-'serving the name of a poet. Such, Sir, is your 'work. It is, indeed, above all commendation, 'and ought to have been published in an age and coun-'try more worthy of it. If my testimony be of weight 'any where, you are sure to have it in the amplest 'manner,' &c. &c. &c.

Thus we see every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his most inveterate enemies: and to the success of them all they do unanimously give testimony. But it is sufficient, *ex star omnium*, to behold the great critic, Mr. Dennis, solely lamenting it, even from the Essay on Criticism to this day of the Dunciad! 'A most noto-'rious instance (quoth he) of the depravity of ge-'nius and taste, the approbation this Essay meets

* In a letter under his own hand, March 12, 1733.

'with *. I can safely affirm, that I never attacked 'any of these writings, unless they had success in-'finitely beyond their merit. This, though an 'empty, has been a popular scribbler. The epi-'demic madness of the times has given him repu-'tation †.—If, after the cruel treatment, so many 'extraordinary men (Spenser, Lord Bacon, Ben 'Jonson, Milton, Butler, Otway, and others) have 'received from this country for these last hundred 'years, I should shift the scene, and shew all that 'penury changed at once to riot and profuseness, 'and more squandered away upon one object than 'would have satisfied the greater part of those 'extraordinary men; the reader, to whom this 'one creature should be unknown, would fancy 'him a prodigy of Art and Nature; would be-'lieve that all the great qualities of these per-'sons were centered in him alone—But if I should 'venture to assure him that the people of England 'had made such a choice—the reader would either 'believe me a malicious enemy and slanderer, 'or that the reign of the last (Queen Anne's) 'ministry was designed by Fate to encourage 'fools ‡.'

But it happens that this our Poet never had any place, pension, or gratuity, in any shape from the said glorious Queen, or any of her ministers. All

* Dennis, Preface to his Reflections on the Essay on Criticism.

† Preface to his Remarks on Homer.

‡ Remarks on Homer, p. 8, 9.

he owed, in the whole course of his life, to any court, was a subscription for his Homer of 200*l.* from King George I. and 100*l.* from the Prince and Princess.

However, lest we imagine our Author's success was constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain works in a less degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they assure us he is the writer. Of this sort Mr. Dennis * ascribes to him two Farces, whose names he does not tell, but assures us that there is not one jest in them; and an imitation of Horace, whose title he does not mention, but assures us it is much more execrable than all his works †. The DAILY JOURNAL, May 11, 1728, assures us, 'He is be-'low Tom Durfey in the drama; because (as that 'writer thinks) the Marriage-Hater Matched, and 'the Boarding-School, are better than the What-'d'ye call it;' which is not Mr. P's but Mr. Gay's. Mr. Gildon assures us, in his New Rehearsal, p. 48. 'That he was writing a play of the Lady 'Jane Gray;' but it afterwards proved to be Mr. Rowe's. We are assured by another, 'He wrote 'a pamphlet called Dr. Andrew Tripe ‡;' which proved to be one of Dr. Wagstaff's. Mr. Theobald assures us, in MIST, of the 27th of April, 'That the treatise of the Profound is very dull,

* Ibid. p. 8.
† Character of Mr. Pope, p. 7.
‡ Character of Mr. Pope, p. 6.

'and that Mr. Pope is the author of it.' The writer of Gulliveriana is of another opinion, and says, 'The whole, or greatest part of the merit of this 'treatise must, and can only be ascribed to Gulli-'ver *.' [Here, gentle Reader! cannot I but smile at the strange blindness and positiveness of men, knowing the said treatise to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus Scriblerus.]

We are assured, in MIST, of June 8, 'That 'his own plays and farces would better have 'adorned the Dunciad than those of Mr. Theobald; 'for he had neither genius for tragedy nor come-'dy.'—Which, whether true, or not, it is not easy to judge, inasmuch as he had attempted neither; unless we will take it for granted, with Mr. Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend's play abused, was an infallible proof, the play was his own; the said Mr. Cibber thinking it impossible for a man to be much concerned for any but himself: 'Now let any man judge '(saith he) by this concern, 'who was the true mo-'ther of the child †?'

But from all that hath been said, the discerning reader will collect, that it little availed our Author to have any candor, since, when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited; as little to have any modesty, since, when he declined writing in any way himself, the presumption of

* Gulliver, p. 336.
† Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 19.

others was imputed to him. If he singly enterprised one great work, he was taxed of boldness and madness to a prodigy *; if he took assistants in another, it was complained of, and represented as a great injury to the Public †. The loftiest heroics, the lowest ballads, treatises against the state or church, satires on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, squabbles with booksellers, or even full and true accounts of monsters, poisons, and murders; of any hereof was there nothing so good, nothing so bad, which hath not, at one or other season, been to him ascribed. If it bore no author's name, then lay *he* concealed; if it did, he father'd it upon *that* author to be yet better concealed; if it resembled any of his styles, then was it evident: if it did not, then disguised he it on set purpose. Yea, even direct oppositions in religion, principles, and politics, have equally been supposed in him inherent. Surely a most rare and singular character! of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtless most commentators would hence take occasion to turn all to their author's advantage, and, from the testimony of his very enemies, would affirm, that his capacity was boundless as well as his imagination; that he was a perfect master of all styles, and all arguments; and that there was

* Burnet's Homerides, p. 1. of his translation of the Iliad.
† The London, and Mist's Journal, on his undertaking the Odyssey.

in those times no other writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence, save he himself. But as this is not our own sentiment, we shall determine on nothing: but leave thee, gentle Reader, to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to choose whether thou wilt incline to the testimonies of authors avowed, or of authors concealed; of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not. P.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

OF THE POEM.

THIS Poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night, and Dullness; so is it of the most grave and ancient kind. Homer (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the form, and (saith Horace) who adapted the measure, to heroic poesy. But even before this, may be rationally presumed, from what the Ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer, composed of like nature and matter with this of our Poet: for of epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant, witness what is reported of it by the learned Archbishop Eustachius, in Odyssey

And accordingly Aristotle, in his Poetics,

chap. iv. doth further set forth, that as the Iliad and Odyssey gave example to Tragedy, so did this poem to Comedy its first idea.

From these authors also it should seem that the Hero, or chief personage of it, was no less obscure, and his understanding and sentiments no less quaint and strange (if indeed not more so) than any of the actors of our Poem. Margites was the name of this personage, whom Antiquity recordeth to have been Dunce the first; and surely, from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading a tree, and so numerous a posterity. The poem, therefore, celebrating him, was properly and absolutely a Dunciad; which, though now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear that the first Dunciad was the first epic poem, written by Homer himself, and anterior even to the Iliad, or Odyssey.

Now, forasmuch as our Poet hath translated those two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in some sort his duty to imitate that also which was lost: and was therefore induced to bestow on it the same form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely, that of epic poem, with a title also framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of Dunciad.

Wonderful it is that so few of the Moderns have been stimulated to attempt some Dunciad! since in the opinion of the multitude, it might

cost less pain and toil than an imitation of the Greater Epic. But possible it is also, that, on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with just pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We shall next declare the occasion and the cause which moved our Poet to this particular work. He lived in those days when (after Providence had permitted the invention of Printing as a scourge for the sins of the learned) paper also became so cheap, and printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land; whereby not only the peace of the honest unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea of his money, by such as would neither earn the one nor deserve the other. At the same time the license of the press was such, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either; for they would forthwith publish slanders unpunished, the authors being anonymous, and skulking under the wings of publishers, a set of men who never scrupled to vend either calumny, or blasphemy, as long as the Town would call for it.

* Now our Author, living in those times, did conceive it an endeavor well worthy an honest satirist, to dissuade the dull, and punish the wicked, the only way that was left. In that public-spi-

* Vide Bossu, Du Poeme Epique. chap. viii.

rited view he laid the plan of this Poem, as the greatest service he was capable (without much hurt, or being slain) to render his dear country. First, taking things from their original, he considereth the causes creative of such authors, namely dullness and poverty; the one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through self-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an allegory * (as the construction of epic poesy requireth) and feigns that one of these goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspired all such writers and such works †. He proceedeth to shew the qualities they bestow on these authors, and the effects they produce ‡: then the materials, or stock, with which they furnish them §; and (above all) that self-opinion ‖ which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and sorry merchandise. The great power of these goddesses acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of industry, so is the other of plodding) was to be exemplified in some one, great, and remarkable action * *: and none could be more so than that which our Poet hath chosen, viz. the restoration of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the ministry of Dullness their daughter, in the removal

* Bossu, chap. vii. † Book I. ver. 32, &c.
‡ Ver. 45, to 54. § Ver. 57, to 77. ‖ Ver. 80.
* * Bossu, chap. vii. viii.

of her imperial seat from the City to the polite World; as the action of the Æneid is the restoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer singeth only the wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the Trojan war; in like manner our Author hath drawn into this single action the whole history of Dullness and her children.

A person must next be fixed upon to support this action. This phantom, in the poet's mind, must have a name*. He finds it to be——; and he becomes of course the Hero of the Poem.

The fable being thus, according to the best example, one and entire, as contained in the proposition; the machinery is a continued chain of allegories, setting forth the whole power, ministry, and empire of Dullness, extended through her subordinate instruments in all her various operations.

This is branched into episodes, each of which hath its moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The crowd assembled in the Second Book demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other episodes of the patrons, encouragers, or paymasters, of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth. And the Third Book, if well

* Bossu, chap. viii. Vide Aristot. Poetic. cap ix.

considered, seemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the Games relateth to some or other vile class of writers. The first concerneth the Plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of Moore the second the libellous Novelist, whom he styleth Eliza; the third, the flattering Dedicator; the fourth, the bawling Critic, or noisy Poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty Party-writer; and so of the rest; assigning to each some proper name or other, such as he could find.

As for the Characters, the Public hath already acknowledged how justly they are drawn. The manners are so depicted, and the sentiments so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other or wiser personages, would be exceeding difficult: and certain it is that every person concerned, being consulted apart, hath readily owned the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr. Cibber calls them 'a parcel of poor wretches, so many silly flies*;' but adds, 'our Author's wit is remarkably more 'bare and barren whenever it would fall foul on 'Cibber than upon any other person whatever.'

The Descriptions are singular, the Comparisons very quaint, the Narration various, yet of of one color; the purity and chastity of Diction is so preserved, that in the places most suspicious, not the Words, but only the Images have been

* Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 9, 32, 41.

censured; and yet are those Images no other than have been sanctified by ancient and classical authority, (though, as was the manner of those good times, not so curiously wrapped up,) yea, and commented upon by the most grave doctors and approved critics.

As it beareth the name of Epic, it is thereby subjected to such severe indispensible rules as are laid on all Neoterics, a strict imitation of the Ancients; insomuch that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound critic. How exact that imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the Commentator and Poet himself; yea, divers, by his exceeding diligence, are so altered and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole Poem proveth itself to be the work of our Author, when his faculties were in full vigor and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the judgment without diminishing the imagination; which, by good critics, is held to be punctually at *forty*: for at that season it was that Virgil finished his Georgics; and Sir Richard Blackmore, at the like age, composing his Arthurs declared the same to be the very *acme* and pitch of life for epic poesy; though,

since, he hath altered it to *sixty*, the year in which he published his Alfred *. True it is that the talents for criticism, namely, smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remarks, certainty of asseveration, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of youth than of riper age: but it is far otherwise in poetry; witness the works of Mr. Rymer and Mr. Dennis, who beginning with Criticism, became afterwards such poets as no age hath paralelled. With good reason therefore, did our Author choose to write his Essay on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of THE DUNCIAD. P.

RICHARDUS ARISTARCHUS

OF THE HERO OF THE POEM.

OF the nature of Dunciad in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our Poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable share of judgment, dissertated; but when he cometh to speak of the Person of the Hero fitted for such poem, in truth he miserably halts and hallucinates: for, misled by one Monsieur Bossu, a Gallic critic,

* See his Essays.

he prateth of I cannot tell what phantom of a hero, only raised up to support the fable. A putid conceit! as if Homer and Virgil, like modern undertakers, who first build their house, and then seek out for a tenant, had contrived the story of a War and a Wandering before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We shall, therefore, set our good brother and the world also right in this particular, by assuring them that, in the Greater Epic, the prime intention of the Muse is to exalt heroic virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the children of men; and, consequently, that the poet's first thought must needs be turned upon a real subject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one, whom he may find, truly illustrious. This is the *primum mobile* of this poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion: for, this subject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged, an hero, and put upon such action as befitteth the dignity of his character,

But the Muse ceaseth not here her eagle-flight: for sometimes, satiated with the contemplation of these suns of glory, she turneth downward on her wing, and darts with Jove's lightning on the goose and serpent kind. For we may apply to the Muse, in her various moods, what an ancient master of wisdom affirmeth of the gods in general: 'Si Dii 'non irascuntur impiis et injustis, nec plos utique 'justosque diligunt. In rebus enim diversis aut

'in utramque partem moveri necesse est, aut in neu-
'tram. Itaque qui bonos diligit, et malos odit;
'et qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit. Quia et
'diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit: et malos
'odisse ex bonorum caritate descendit.' Which, in our vernacular idiom, may be thus interpreted: 'If the gods be not provoked at evil men, neither 'are they delighted with the good and just: for 'contrary objects must either excite contrary affec-
'tions or no affections at all. So that he who 'loveth good men must at the same time hate the 'bad; and he who hateth not bad men cannot love 'the good; because to love good men proceedeth 'from an aversion to evil, and to hate evil men 'from a tenderness to the good.' From this delicacy of the Muse arose the Little Epic, (more lively and choleric than her elder sister, whose bulk and complexion incline her to the phlegmatic) and for this some notorious vehicle of vice and folly was sought out to make thereof an example; an early instance of which (nor could it escape the accurate Scriblerus) the father of epic poem himself, affordeth us. From him the practice descended to the Greek dramatic poets his offspring; who, in the composition of their tetralogy, or set of four pieces, were wont to make the last a satiric tragedy. Happily one of these ancient Dunciads (as we may well term it) is come down unto us, amongst the tragedies of the poet Euripides: and what doth the reader suppose may be the subject thereof? Why truth, and it is worthy of obser-

vation, the unequal contest of an old, dull, debauched buffoon Cyclops, with the heaven-directed favorite of Minerva: who, after having quietly borne all the monster's obscene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce, in punishing him with the mark of an indelible brand in his forehead.—May we not then be excused if, for the future, we consider the epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our Poem, as a complete tetralogy, in which the last worthily holdeth the place, or station, of the satiric piece?

Proceed we, therefore, in our subject. It hath been long, and, alas for pity! still remaineth a question, whether the Hero of the Greater Epic should be an honest man; or, as the French critics express it, *un honnete homme* *; but it never admitted of any doubt but that the Hero of the Little Epic should be just the contrary. Hence, to the Advantage of our Dunciad, we may observe how much juster the moral of that poem must needs be where so an important a question is previously decided.

But then it is not every knave, nor (let me add) every fool that is a fit subject for a Dunciad. There must still exist some analogy, if not resemblance, of qualities between the heroes of the two poems; and this, in order to admit what Neoteric critics call the Parody, one of the liveliest graces

* Si un heros poetique doit être un honnête homme. Bossu, Du Poéme Epique, liv. v. ch. 5.

of the Little Epic. Thus it being agreed that the constituent qualities of the Greater Epic Hero are *wisdom*, *bravery*, and *love*, from whence springeth heroic virtue; it followeth that those of the Lesser Epic Hero should be *vanity*, *assurance*, and *debauchery*: from which assemblage resulteth Heroic Dullness, the never-dying subject of this our Poem.

This being settled, come we now to particulars. —It is the character of true wisdom to seek its chief support and confidence within itself, and to place that support in the resources which proceed from a conscious rectitude of will. And are the advantages of vanity, when arising to the heroic standard, at all, short of this self-complacence? nay, are they not in the opinion of the enamored owner, far beyond it? 'Let the world (will such a one 'say) impute to me what folly, or weakness they 'please; but till wisdom can give me something 'that will make me more heartily happy, I am 'contented to be gazed at*.' This, we see, is vanity, according to the heroic gauge or measure: not that low and ignoble species which pretendeth to virtues we have not; but the laudable ambition of being gazed at for glorying in those vices which every body knows we have. 'The world may 'ask (says he) why I make my follies public? 'Why not? I have passed my time very pleasantly

* Ded. to the life of C. Cibber.

with them *.' In short, there is no sort of vanity such a Hero would scruple to exult in but that which might go near to degrade him from his high station in this our Dunciad, namely, 'Whether it 'would not be vanity in him to take shame to 'himself for not being a wise man †?'

Bravery, the second attribute of the true hero, is courage manifesting itself in every limb; while its correspondent virtue in the mock hero is that same courage all collected into the face. And as power, when drawn together, must needs have more force and spirit than when dispersed, we generally find this kind of courage in so high and heroic a degree, that it insults not only men, but gods. Mezentius is, without doubt, the bravest character in all the Æneis: but how? His bravery, we know, was an high courage of blasphemy. And can we say less of this brave man's? who having told us that he placed 'his *summum* '*bonum* in those follies which he was not content 'barely to possess, but would likewise glory in,' adds, 'If I am misguided, 'tis Nature's fault, and 'I follow her ‡.' Nor can we be mistaken in making this happy quality a species of courage, when we consider those illustrious marks of it which made his face 'more known (as he justly 'boasteth) than most in the kingdom;' and his

* Life of C. Cibber, p. 2. octavo.
† Ibid.
‡ Ibid. p. 23.

language to consist of what we must allow to be the most daring figure of speech; that which is taken from the name of God.

Gentle love, the next ingredient in the true hero's composition, is a mere bird of passage, or (as Shakespear calls it) *Summer-teeming lust*, and evaporates in the heat of youth; doubtless by that refinement it suffers in passing through those certain strainers, which our Poet somewhere speaketh of *; but when it is let alone to work upon the lees, it acquireth strength by old age, and becometh a lasting ornament to the Little Epic. It is true, indeed, there is one objection to its fitness for such an use; for not only the ignorant may think it common, but it is admitted to be so even by him who best knoweth its value. 'Don't you 'think (argueth he) to say only a man has a w——e †, 'ought to go for little, or nothing?. Because, '*defendit numeris*, take the first ten thousand men 'you meet, and, I believe, you would be no loser 'if you betted ten to one that every single sinner 'of them, one with another, had been guilty of the 'same frailty ‡.' But here he seemeth not to have done justice to himself, the man is sure enough a hero who hath his lady at fourscore. How doth

* Lust, through some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind.

† Alluding to these lines in the Epist. to Dr. Arbuthnot:
"And has not Colly still his lord and w——e,
"His butcher's Henley, his free-mason's Moor?"

‡ C. Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 46.

his modesty herein lessen the merit of a whole well-spent life? not taking to himself the commendation, (which Horace accounted the greatest in a theatrical character,) of continuing to the very dregs, the same he was from the beginning,

'—Servetur ad imum
'Qualis ab incepto processerat.'—

But here, in justice both to the Poet and the Hero, let us farther remark, that the calling her his w——e, implieth she was his own, and not his neighbour's. Truly a commendable continence! and such as Scipio himself must have applauded: for how much self-denial was necessary not to covet his neighbor's w—e! and what disorders must the coveting her have occasioned in that society, where (according to this political calculator) nine in ten of all ages have their concubines!

We have now, as briefly as we could devise, gone through the three constituent qualities of either Hero; but it is not in any, or in all of these, that heroism properly or essentially resideth. It is a lucky result rather, from the collision of these lively qualities against one another. Thus, as from wisdom, bravery, and love, ariseth magnanimity, the object of admiration, which is the aim of the Greater Epic; so from vanity, assurance, and debauchery, springeth buffoonery, the source of ridicule, that 'laughing ornament,' as the owner well termeth it * of the Little Epic.

* C. Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p.

He is not ashamed (God forbid he ever should be ashamed!) of his character, who deemeth that not reason, but risibility, distinguisheth the human species from the brutal. 'As Nature (saith this 'profound philosopher) distinguisheth our species 'from the mute creation by our risibility, her de- 'sign must have been, by that faculty, as evidently 'to raise our happiness, as by our *os sublime* (our 'erected faces) to lift the dignity of our form 'above them *.' All this considered, how complete a hero must he be, as well as how happy a man, whose risibility lieth not barely in his muscles, as in the common sort, but (as himself informeth us) in his very spirits! and whose *os sublime* is not simply an erect face, but a brazen head; as should seem by his preferring it to one of iron, said to belong to the late King of Sweden †.

But whatever personal qualities a hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas, shew us, that all those are of small avail without the constant assistance of the gods; for the subversion and erection of empires have never been adjudged the work of man. How greatly soever then we may esteem of his high talents, we can hardly conceive his personal prowess alone sufficient, to restore the decayed empire of Dullness. So weighty an achievement, must require the particular favor and protection of the great, who being the natural patrons

* C. Cibber's Life, p. 23, 24. † Letter, p. 8.

and supporters of letters, as the ancient gods were of Troy, must first be drawn off and engaged in another interest, before the total subversion of them can be accomplished. To surmount, therefore, this last and greatest difficulty, we have, in this excellent man, a professed favourite and intimado of the great. And look of what force ancient piety was, to draw the gods into the party of Æneas; that, and much stronger, is modern incense to engage the great in the party of Dullness.

Thus we have essayed to pourtray or shadow out this noble imp of Fame. But now the impatient reader will be apt to say, if so many and various graces go to the making up a Hero, what mortal shall suffice to bear his character? Ill hath he read who seeth not, in every trace of this picture, that individual, all-accomplished person, in whom these rare virtues and lucky circumstances have agreed to meet and concentre, with the strongest lustre and fullest harmony.

The good Scriblerus, indeed, nay the world itself, might be imposed on in the late spurious editions, by I cannot tell what Sham-Hero or Phantom; but it was not so easy to impose on him, whom this egregious error most of all concerned: for no sooner had the Fourth Book laid open the high and swelling scene, but he recognized his own heroic acts; and when he came to these words,

'Soft on her lap her Laureat son reclines,'

(though laureat imply no more than one crowned with laurel, as befitteth any associate or consort in empire) he loudly resented this indignity to violated majesty. Indeed not without cause, he being there represented as fast asleep; so misbeseeming the eye of Empire, which, like that of Providence, should never doze nor slumber. 'Hah! (saith he) fast asleep it seems! that's a little too 'strong. Pert and dull at least you might have 'allowed me, but as seldom a sleep as any fool*.' However, the injured Laureat may comfort himself with this reflection, that though it be asleep, yet it is not the sleep of death, but of immortality. Here he will† live at least, though not awake, and in no worse condition than many an enchanted hero before him. The famous Durandarte, for instance, was like him, cast into a long slumber by Merlin the British bard and necromancer; and his example for submitting to it with a good grace might be of service to our Hero: for that disastrous knight, being sorely pressed or driven to make his answer, by several persons of quality ‡, only replied with a sigh, 'Patience, and shuffle the cards §.'

But now, as nothing in this world, no not the most sacred and perfect things, either of religion

* C. Cibber's Letter, p. 53. † Ibid. p. 1.
‡ See Cibber's Letter to Mr. P.
§ Don Quixote, Part II. Book ii. ch. 22.

or government, can escape the sting of envy, methinks, I already hear these carpers objecting to the clearness of our Hero's title.

It would never (say they) have been esteemed sufficient to make an hero for the Iliad or Æneis, that Achilles was brave enough to overturn one empire, or Æneas pious enough to raise another, had they not been goddess born, and, princes bred. —What then did this author mean by erecting a player instead of one of his patrons, (a person 'Never a hero even on the stage*') to this dignity of colleague in the empire of Dullness, and achiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leyden, could entirely bring to pass?

To all this we have, as we conceive, a sufficient answer from the Roman historian, *Fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ*: 'That every man is the carver 'of his own fortune.' The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth still further, and affirmeth, that a man needeth but to believe himself a hero to be one of the worthiest that ever breathed. 'Let him (saith he) but fancy himself capable of 'high things, and he will of course be able to 'achieve the highest.' From this principle it followeth, that nothing can exceed our Hero's prowess; as nothing ever equalled the greatness of his conceptions. Hear how he constantly paragons himself; at one time to Alexander the Great and

* See C. Cibber's Life, p. 148.

Charles XII. of Sweden, for the excess and delicacy of his ambition *; to Henry IV. of France, for honest policy †; to the first Brutus, for love of liberty ‡; and to Sir Robert Walpole, for good government while in power §. At another time to the godlike Socrates, for his diversions and amusements ‖; to Horace, Montaigne, and Sir William Temple, for an elegant vanity, that maketh them for ever read and admired **; to two Lord-Chancellors for law, from whom, when confederate against him at the bar, he carried away the prize of Eloquence ††; and, to say all in a word to the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of London himself, in the art of writing Pastoral letters ‡‡.

Nor did his actions fall short of the sublimity of his conceit. In his early youth he met the Revolution §§, face to face, in Nottingham, at a time when other patriots contented themselves to follow her. It was here he got acquainted with Old Battle-array of whom he hath made so honorable mention in one of his immortal odes ‖‖. But he shone in courts as well as camps: he was called up when the nation fell in labor of this Revolution *, and was a gossip at her christening, with the bishop and the ladies †.

* Gibber's Life, p. 149. † Ib. p. 424. ‡ Ib. p. 366.
§ Ib. p. 457. ‖ Ib. p. 18. ** Ib. p. 425.
†† P. 36, 437. ‡‡ P. 52. §§ P. 47.
‖‖ "Old Battle-array in confusion is fled;
And olive-rob'd Peace is come in his stead," &c.
Cibber's *Birth; or, New Year's Day Ode.*
* Cibber's Life, p. 57. † P. 58, 59.

As to his birth, it is true, he pretendeth no relation either to Heathen god or goddess; but, what is as good, he was descended from a maker of both *. And that he did not pass himself on the world for a hero, as well by birth as education was his own fault; for his lineage he bringeth into his life as anecdote, and is sensible he had it in his power to be thought no body's son at all †: and what is that, I pray you, but coming into the world a hero?

But be it (the punctilious laws of epic poesy so requiring) that a hero, of more than mortal birth must needs be procured for this achievement; even for this we have a resourse. We can easily derive our Hero's pedigree from a goddess of no small power and authority amongst men, and ligitimate and instal him after the right classical and authentic fashion: for like as the ancient sages found a son of Mars in a mighty warrior, a son of Neptune in a skilful seaman, a son of Phœbus in a harmonious poet; so have we here, if need be, a son of Fortune in an artful Gamester. And who, I pray you, fitter than the offspring of Chance, to assist in restoring the empire of Night and Chaos?

There is, in truth, another objection of greater weight, namely, 'That this hero still existeth and 'hath not yet finished his earthly course. For if 'Solon said well,

* A Statuary. † Life, p. 6.

' —ultima semper
' Expectanda dies homini: dicique beatus
' Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet:

' That no man could be called happy till his ' death, surely much less can any one, till then, ' be pronounced a hero; this species of men being ' far more subject than others to the caprices of ' Fortune and Humor.' But to this also we have an answer, that will (we hope) be deemed decisive. It cometh from himself, who, to cut this matter short, hath solemnly protested that he will never change or amend.

With regard to his Vanity, he declareth that nothing shall ever part them. ' Nature (saith he) ' hath amply supplied me in vanity; a pleasure ' which neither the pertness of wit, nor the gravity ' of wisdom, will ever persuade me to part with *.' Our Poet had charitably endeavored to administer a cure to it; but he telleth us plainly, ' My supe- ' riors, perhaps, may be mended by him; but, for ' my part, I own myself incorrigible. I look upon ' my follies as the best part of my fortune †.' And with good reason; we see to what they have brought him!

Secondly, as to Buffoonery, ' Is it (saith he) ' a time of day for me to leave off these foole- ' ries, and set up a new character? I can no more ' put off my follies than my skin: I have often ' tried, but they stick too close to me; nor am I

* C. Cibber's Life, p. 424. † Ib. p. 19.

'sure my friends are displeased with them, for in 'this light I afford them frequent matter of mirth,' &c. &c. *. Having then so publicly declared himself incorrigible he is become dead in law, (I mean the law *Epopacian* and devolveth upon the Poet, is now his property; and may be taken and dealt with like an old Egyptian hero, that is to say, emboweled and embalmed for posterity.

Nothing therefore (we conceive) remaineth to hinder his own prophecy of himself from taking immediate effect. A rare felicity! and what few prophets have had the satisfaction to see alive! Nor can we conclude better than with that extraordinary one of his, which he conceived in these oraculous words, 'My *Dullness will find somebody* 'to do it *right* †.'

'Tandem Phœbus adest, morsusque inferre parentem
'Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, induat hiatus †.'

* Cibber's Life, p. 17. Ib. p. 243, octavo edit.
† Ovid, of the serpent biting at Orpheus's head.

BY AUTHORITY.

BY virtue of the Authority in Us vested, by the Act * for subjecting Poets to the power of a Licenser, *We have revised this Piece; where, finding the style and appellation of* KING *to have been given to a certain* Pretender, Psuedo-Poet, *or* Phantom *of the name of* TIBBALD; *and apprehending the same may be deemed in some sort a reflection on* Majesty, *or, at least, an insult on that Legal Authority, which has bestowed on another Person the* Crown of Poesy: *We have ordered the said* Pretender, Psuedo-Poet, *or* Phantom, *utterly to* vanish *and* evaporate *out of this Work; and do declare the said Throne of Poesy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant unless duly and lawfully supplyed by the* LAUREATE himself. *And it is hereby enacted, that no other person do presume to fill the same.*

* A stroke of Satire against the act for licensing plays.

THE DUNCIAD.

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK I.

The Argument.

The proposition, the invocation, and the inscription. Then the original of the great Empire of Dullness, and cause of the continuance thereof. The college of the Goddess in the city with her private academy for poets in particular; the governors of it, and the four cardinal virtues. Then the poem hastes in to the midst of things, presenting her, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her sons, and the glories past and to come. She fixes her eye on Bayes, to be the instrument of that great event which is the subject of the poem. He is described pensive among his books, giving up the cause, and apprehending the period of her empire. After debating whether to betake himself to the church, or to gaming, or to party writing, he raises an altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the Goddess, beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out, by casting upon it the poem of Thule. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her Temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries; then announcing the death of Eusden, the Poet-Laureate, anoints him, carries him into court, and proclaims him successor.

THE mighty Mother, and her Son, who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of kings,

REMARKS.

The Dunciad.] It is an inconvenience to which writers of reputation are subject, that the justice of their resentment is not always rightly understood: for the calumnies of dull authors being soon forgotten, and those whom they aimed to injure not caring to recall to memory the particulars of false and scanda-

I sing. Say you, her instruments, the great;
Call'd to this work by Dullness, Jove and Fate;

REMARKS.

lous abuse, their necessary correction is suspected of severity unprovoked. But in this case it would be but candid to estimate the chastisement on the general character of the offender, compared with that of the person injured. Let this serve with the candid reader in justification of the Poet, and, on occasion, of the Editor.

This Poem was written in the year 1726. In the next year an imperfect edition was published at Dublin, and re-printed at London in twelves; another at Dublin, and another at London in octavo; and three others in twelves the same year: but there was no perfect edition before that of London in quarto, which was attended with notes. We are willing to acquaint posterity, that this poem was presented to King George II. and his Queen, by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March, 1728-9. *Schol. Vet.*

It was expressly confessed in the preface to the first edition, that this Poem was not published by the Author himself. It was printed originally in a foreign country. And what foreign country? Why, one notorious for blunders; where finding blanks only instead of proper names, these blunderers filled them up at their pleasure.

The very Hero of the poem hath been mistaken to this hour; so that we are obliged to open our Notes with a discovery who he really was. We learn from the former editor, that this piece was presented by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King

VARIATIONS.

v. 1. *The mighty Mother*, &c.] In the first edition it was thus:

Books and the man I sing, the first who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of kings.
Say, great Patricians! since yourselves inspire
These wond'rous works (so Jove and Fate require)
Say, for what cause, in vain decry'd and curs'd,
Still———

IMITATIONS.

Say, great Patricians! since yourselves inspire
These wondrous works———
—Dii coepta (nam vos mutastis et illas.) Ovid. *Met.* I.

You by whose care, in vain decry'd and curst,
Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first;
Say, how the Goddess bade Britannia sleep,
And pour'd her spirit o'er the land and deep.
In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas issu'd from the Thund'rer's head,
Dullness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal night:
Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave;
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd, in native anarchy, the mind.

REMARKS,

'George II. Now the Author directly tells us, his Hero is the man ——who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of kings.
'And it is notorious who was the person on whom this Prince conferred the honor of the laurel.

It appears as plainly from the apostrophe to the Great in the third verse, that Tibbald could not be the person, who was never an author in fashion, or caressed by the great: whereas this single characteristic is sufficient to point out the true Hero; who, above all other poets of the time, was the peculiar delight and chosen companion of the nobility of England; and wrote, as he himself tells us, certain of his works at the earnest desire of persons of quality.

Lastly, The sixth verse affords full proof; this poet being the only one who was universally known to have had a son exactly like him, in his poetical, theatrical, political, and moral capacities, that it could justly be said of him

Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the First.

Bentley.

IMITATIONS.

v. 6.] Alluding to a verse of Mr. Dryden, not in Mac Flecknoe, (as is said ignorantly in the Key to the Dunciad, p. 1.) but in his verses to Mr. Congreve,

'And Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.'

Still her old empire to restore she tries,
For, born a goddess, Dulness never dies.
O Thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,
Or praise the Court, or magnify mankind,
Or thy grieved country's copper chains unbind;
From thy Boeotia though her pow'r retires,
Mourn not, my Swift! at ought our realm acquires.
Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings outspread
To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.

Close to those walls, where Folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,
Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand;

REMARKS.

v. 31...*by his fam'd father's hand.*] Mr. Caius Gabriel Cibber, father of the Poet-laureate. The two statues of the lunatics over the gates of Bedlam-hospital were done by him, and (as the son justly says of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an artist.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 22. in the MSS.
Or in the graver gown instruct mankind,
Or silent let thy morals tell thy mind.
But this was to be understood, as the Poet says, *ironice*, like the 23d verse.

v. 29. *Close to those walls*, &c.] In the former edit. thus:
Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-fair,
A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air;
Keen hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,
Emblem of music, caus'd by emptiness;
Here, in one bed, two shiv'ring sisters lie,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry.

One cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry:
Keen hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,
Emblem of music caus'd by emptiness:
Hence bards, like Proteus long in vain ty'd down,
Escape in monsters, and amaze the Town:
Hence Miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post:
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines;
Hence Journals, Medleys, Mercuries, Magazines:
Sepulchral Lies, our holy walls to grace,
And New-year Odes, and all the Grub-street race.
In clouded majesty here Dulness shone,
Four guardian virtues, round, support her throne:
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:

VARIATIONS.

v. 41. In the former edit.
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay,
Hence the soft sing song on Cecilia's day.
v. 42. Alludes to the annual songs composed to music on St. Cecilia's feast.

IMITATIONS.

v. 41, 42. *Hence hymning Tyburn's.... Hence*, &c.]
'....Genus unde Latinum,
'Albanique patres, atque altæ moenia Romae.'
Virg. Æn. I.

v. 45. *In clouded Majesty.*]
.....'The Moon,
'Rising in clouded majesty.'..... *Milton*, B. IV.
v. 48. ....*that knows no fears*
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears.]
'Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent.'
Hor.

Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger, and who thirst for scribbling sake:
Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jail;
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.
Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless Somethings in their causes sleep,
'Till genial Jacob, or a warm third day,
Call forth each mass, a poem, or a play:
How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie;
How new-born Nonsense first is taught to cry;
Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
And ductile Dulness new meanders takes;
There motley images her fancy strike,
Figures ill-pair'd, and similies unlike.
She sees a mob of Metaphors advance,
Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance;

IMITATIONS.

v. 55. *Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep, Where nameless Something.* &c.] That is to say, unformed things, which are either made into poems or plays, as the booksellers or the players bid most. These lines allude to the following in Garth's Dispensary, canto vi.

'Within the chambers of the globe they spy
'The beds where sleeping vegetables lie,
'Till the glad summons of a genial ray
'Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day.'

v. 64. *And ductile dulness*, &c.] A parody on a verse in Garth, canto i.

'How ductile matter new meanders takes.'

How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;
How Time himself stands still at her command,
Realms shift their place, and ocean turns to land.
Here gay Description Egypt glads with show'rs,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;
Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen,
There painted vallies of eternal green;
In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these, and more, the cloud-compelling Queen
Beholds through fogs that magnify the scene.
She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views;
Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fools-colors gilds them all.
'Twas on the day when***rich and grave,
Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave:
(Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces.)

VARIATIONS.

* v. 85.] In the former editions:
'Twas on the day when Thorold, rich and grave.
Sir Ge. Thorold, Lord Mayor of London, in the year 1720.

IMITATIONS.

* v. 79. .....*the loud compelling queen.*] From Homer's epithet of Jupiter, κελαινεφὲς Ζεύς.

Now Night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But liv'd in Settle's numbers one day more.
Now may'rs and shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day;
While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.
Much to the mindful Queen the feast recalls
What City swans once sung within the walls;
Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
And sure succession down from Heywood's days.
She saw, with joy, the line immortal run,
Each sire impress, and glaring in his son:
So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.
She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine,
And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line;
She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.

REMARKS.

v. 90. *But liv'd in Settle's numbers one day more.*] Settle was poet to the City of London. His office was to compose yearly panegyrics upon the Lord Mayors, and verses to be spoken in the Pageants; but that part of the shows being at length frugally abolished, the employment of City-poet ceased; so that upon Settle's demise there was no successor to that place.

v. 98. *John Heywood.*] Whose interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII.

v. 103. .....*old Pryn in restless Daniel.*] The first edition had it,

She saw in Norton all his father shine.

a great mistake! for Daniel de Foe had parts, but Norton de Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted poetry. Much more justly is Daniel himself made successor to W. Pryn, both of whom wrote verses as well as politics; as appears by the poem *De*

In each she marks her image full expreſt,
But chief in Bayes's monſter-breeding breaſt;
Bayes, form'd by Nature's Stage and Town to bleſs,
And act, and be, a coxcomb with ſucceſs.

REMARKS.

Jure Divino, &c. of De Foe, and by theſe lines in Cowley's Miſcellanies, on the other:

'....One lately did not fear
'(Without the Muſes' leave) to plant verſe here.
'But it produc'd ſuch baſe, rough, crabbed, hedge-
'Rymes, as e'en ſet the hearer's ears on edge;
'Written by William Pryn Eſquire, the
'Year of our Lord ſix hundred thirty-three.
'Brave Jerſy Muſe! and he's, for his high ſtyle,
'Call'd to this day the Homer of the iſle.'

And both theſe authors had a reſemblance in their fates as well as their writings, having been alike ſentenced to the pillory.

v. 104. *And Euſden eke out*, &c.] Laurence Euſden, Poet-laureate. Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of ſome few only of his works, which are very numerous. Mr. Cooke, in his Battle of Poets, ſaith of him,

'Euſden, a laurel'd bard, by Fortune rais'd,
'By very few was read, by fewer prais'd.'

v. 105. *Like Tate's poor page*.] Nahum Tate was Poet-laureate, a cold writer, of no invention; but ſometimes tranſlated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his ſecond part of Abſalom and Ahitophel are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which ſtrongly ſhine through the inſipidity of the reſt. Something parallel may be obſerved of another author here mentioned.

VARIATIONS.

v. 108. *But chief in* Bayes's, &c.] In the former edition thus:

But chief in Tibbald's monſter-breeding breaſt:
Sees gods with dæmons in ſtrange league engage,
And earth and heav'n, and hell her battles wage.
She ey'd the bard, where ſupperleſs he ſate,
And pin'd, unconſcious of his riſing fate;
Studious he ſate with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought; &c.....

Dulness with transport eyes the lively Dunce,
Remembring she herself was Pertness once.
Now (Shame to Fortune!) an ill run at play
Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin third day:
Swearing and supperless the hero sate,
Blasphem'd his gods, the dice, and damn'd his fate;
Then gnaw'd his pen, then dasht it on the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,
Yet wrote and flounder'd on in mere despair.
Round him much embryo, much abortion lay,
Much future ode, and abdicated play;

REMARKS.

v. 109. *Bayes, form'd by Nature,* &c.] It is hoped the Poet here hath done full justice to his Hero's character, which it were a great mistake to imagine was wholly sunk in stupidity: he is allowed to have supported it with a wonderful mixture of viva-

VARIATIONS.

v. 121. *Round him much embryo,* &c.] In the former editions thus:

He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay,
Where yet unpawn'd, much learned lumber lay;
Volumes, whose size the space exactly fill'd,
Or which fond authors were so good to gild,
Or where, by sculpture made for ever known,
The page admires new beauties not its own.
Here swells the shelf, &c.

IMITATIONS.

Var. He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay.]

'.....round he throws his eyes,
'That witness'd huge affliction and dismay.' *Milt.* Book I.

The progress of a bad poet in his thoughts, being (like the progress of the Devil in Milton) through a chaos, might probably suggest this imitation.

Nonsense precipitate, like running lead,
That slipt through cracks and zigzags of the head;
All that on Folly Frenzy could beget,
Fruits of dull heat, and sooterkins of wit.
Next, o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole;
How here he sip'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
And suck'd all o'er like an industrious bug.
Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here
The frippery of crucify'd Moliere;
There hapless Shakespeare, yet of Tibbald sore,
Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.
The rest on outside merit but presume,
Or serve (like other fools) to fill a room;
Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
Or their fond parents dress'd in red and gold;
Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is sav'd by beauties not his own.

REMARKS.

city. This character is heightened according to his own desire, in a letter he wrote to our Author: 'Pert and dull at least you 'might have allowed me. What! am I only to be dull, and dull 'still, and again, and for ever?' He then solemnly appealed to his own conscience, that 'he could not think himself so, or be-'lieve that our Poet did; but that he spoke worse of him than 'he could possibly think; and concluded it must be merely to 'shew his *wit*, or for some *profit* or *lucre* to himself.' Life of C.C. ch. vii. and Letter to Mr. P. p. 15, 40, 53. And to shew his claim to what the Poet was so unwilling to allow him, of being *pert* as well as *dull*, he declares he will have the *last word*; which occasioned the following epigram:

Quoth Cibber to Pope, though in verse you foreclose,
I'll have the last word; for, by G....., I'll write prose.
Poor Colly! thy reas'ning is none of the strongest,
For know, the last word is the sword that lasts longest.

Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the Great;
There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete:
Here all his suff'ring brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
A Gothic library! of Greece and Rome
Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.

REMARKS.

v. 141. *Ogilby the Great.*] 'John Ogilby was one who, from a 'late initiation into literature, made such a progress as might 'well style him the prodigy of his time: sending into the world 'so many large volumes! his translations of Homer and Virgil 'done to the life, and with such excellent sculptures: and (what 'added great grace to his works) he printed them all on special 'good paper, and in a very good letter,' *Winstanley*, Lives of poets.

v. 142. *There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete.*] 'The Dutchess of Newcastle was one who busied her-'self in the ravishing delights of poetry; leaving to posterity in 'print three ample volumes of her studious endeavors.' *Winstanley, ibid.* Langbaine reckons up eight folios of her Grace's, which were usually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them.

v. 146.....*worthy Settle, Banks and Broome.*] The Poet has mentioned these three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our hero in his three capacities: 1. Settle was his brother Laureate, only indeed upon half-pay, for the City instead of the Court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occasions, such as shows, birth-days, &c. 2 Banks was his rival in tragedy, (though more successful,) in one of his tragedies, the Earl of Essex, which is yet alive: Anna Boleyn, the Queen of Scots, and Cyrus the Great, are dead and gone. These he dressed in a sort of beggar's velvet, or a happy mixture of the thick fustian and thin prosaic; exactly imitated in Parolla and Isidora, Cæsar in Egypt, and the heroic Daughter. 3. Broome

IMITATIONS.

v. 140. In the former edit.

The page admires new beauties not its own.]

'Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.'

Virg. Georg. II.

But, high above, more solid learning shone,
The Classics of an age that heard of none;
There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side,
One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide;
There, sav'd by spice, like mummies, many a year,
Dry bodies of divinity appear;
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.

REMARKS.

was a serving-man of Ben Jonson, who once picked up a comedy from his betters, or from some cast scenes of his masters, not entirely contemptible.

v. 149. *Caxton.*] A printer in the time of Edward IV. Richard III. and Henry VII. Wynkyn de Word, his successor, in that of Henry VII. and VIII.

v. 153.] Nich. de Lyra; or Harpsfield, a very voluminous commentator, whose works, in five vast folios, were printed in 1472.

v. 154.] Philemon Holland, doctor in physic. 'He translated 'so many books, that a man would think he had done nothing 'else; insomuch that he might be called Translator-General of 'his age. The books alone of his turning into English, are sufficient to make a country gentleman a compleat library.' *Winstanley.*

VARIATIONS.

p. 146.] In the first edit. it was

Well purg'd, and worthy, W——y, W——s and Bl——d

in the following altered to Wythers, Quarles, and Bloome, on which was the following note:

It was printed in the surreptitious editions, W—y, W—s, who were persons eminent for good life; the one writ the Life of Christ in verse, the other some valuable pieces in the lyric kind, on pious subjects. The line is here restored according to its original.

'George Wythers was a great pretender to poetical zeal against 'the vices of the times, and abused the greatest personages in 'power, which brought upon him frequent correction. The 'Marshalsea and Newgate were no strangers to him.' *Winstanley.* Quarles was a dull writer, but an honester man. Bloome's books are remarkable for their cuts.

Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size,
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
Inspir'd he seizes: these an altar raise;
An hecatomb of pure, unsully'd lays
That altar crowns; a folio common-place
Mounds the whole pile, of all his works the base:
Quartos, Octavos, shape the less'ning pyre,
A twisted birth-day ode completes the spire.
Then he, great tamer of all human art!
First in my care, and ever at my heart;
Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend,
With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end,
E're since Sir Fopling's periwig was praise,
To the last honors of the Butt and Bays:
O thou! of bus'ness the directing soul!
To this our head like bias to the bowl,
Which, as more pond'rous, made its aim more true,
Obliquely waddling to the mark in view:
O! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
Still spread a healing mist before the mind;

VARIATIONS.

P. 162. *A twisted*, &c.] In the former edit.
And last, a little Ajax tips the spire.
Var...*a little Ajax.*] In duodecimo, translated from Syphoces Tibbald.

IMITATIONS,

P. 166. *With whom my muse began, with whom shall end.*]
'A te principium, tibi desinet...' *Virg.* Ecl. viii.
'Εκ Διὸς ἀρχώμεσθα. καὶ εἰς Δία λήγετε Μοῦσαι Theoc.
Prima dicte mihi, summa dicenda Camœna.' *Mor.*

And, lest we err by Wit's wild dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night.
Or, if to wit a coxcomb make pretence,
Guard the sure barrier between that and sense;
Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
And hang some curious cobweb in its stead!
As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly through the sky;
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urg'd by the load below;
Me Emptiness and Dulness could inspire,
And were my elasticity and fire.
Some dæmon stole my pen (forgive th' offence)
And once betray'd me into common sense:
Else all my prose and verse were much the same;
This prose on stilts, that, poetry fall'n lame.

VARIATIONS.

v. 177. *Or, if to wit*, &c.] In the former edit.

Ah! still o'er Britain stretch that peaceful wand,
Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land;
Where rebel to thy throne, if Science rise,
She does but show her coward face, and dies:
There thy good Scholiasts, with unweary'd pains,
Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's strains:
Here studious I unlucky Moderns save,
Nor sleeps one error in it's father's grave,
Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,
And crucify poor Shakespeare once a week.
For the supplying, in the worst of days,
Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays,
Not that my quill to critics was confin'd,
My verse gave ampler lessons to mankind;
So gravest precepts may successless prove,
But sad examples never fail to move,
As, forc'd from wind-guns, &c.

Did on the stage my fops appear confin'd?
My life gave ampler lessons to mankind.
Did the dead letter unsuccessful prove?
The brisk example never fail'd to move.
Yet sure, had Heav'n decreed to save the state,
Heav'n had decreed these works a longer date.
Could Troy be sav'd by any single hand,
This gray-goose weapon must have made her stand.
What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside,
Take up the Bible, once my better guide?
Or tread the path by vent'rous heroes trod,
This box my thunder, this right hand my God?
Or chair'd at White's amidst the doctors sit,
Teach oaths to gamesters, and to nobles wit?
Or bidst thou rather party to embrace?
(A friend to Party thou, and all her race;

VARIATIONS.

v. 195. *Yet sure, had Heaven,* &c.] In the former edit.
Had Heav'n decreed such works a longer date,
Heav'n had decreed to spare the Grub-street state.
But see great Settle to the dust descend,
And all thy cause and empire at an end!
Could Troy be sav'd,.... &c.

IMITATIONS.

v. 195.....*had Heav'n decreed,* &c.]
'Me si coelicolæ voluissent ducere vitam,
'Has mihi servassent sedes,'..... *Virg.* Æn. II.
v. 197, 198. *Could Troy be sav'd.. This gray-goose weapon,*]
'.....Si Pergama dextra
'Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.' *Virg. Ibid.*
v. 202. *This box my thunder, this right hand my God?*]
'Dextra mihi *Deus*, et telum *quod missile libro*,'
Virgil, of the Gods of Mezentius.

'Tis the same rope at diff'rent ends they twist;
To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist).
Shall I, like Curtius, desperate in my zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the commonweal? 210
Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
And cackling save the monarchy of Tories?
Hold—to the minister I more incline;
To serve his cause, O Queen! is serving thine.
And see! thy very Gazetteers give o'er, 215
Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
What then remains? Ourself. Still, still remain
Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.
This brazen brightness, to the 'squire so dear;
This polish'd hardness, that reflects the peer: 220
This arch absurd, that wit and fool delights,
This mess, toss'd up of Hockley-hole and White's;
Where dukes and butchers join to wreathe my crown,
At once the Bear and Fiddle of the Town.
O born in sin, and forth in folly brought! 225
Works damn'd, or to be damn'd; (your father's fault.)
Go, purify'd by flames, ascend the sky,
My better and more Christian progeny!

VARIATIONS.

v. 213. *Hold——to the minister*] In the former edition
Yes, to my country I my pen consign,
Yes, from this moment, mighty Mist! am thine.
v. 225. *O born in sin*, &c.] In the former edition:
Adieu, my Children! better thus expire
Unstall'd, unsold; thus glorious mount in fire,
Fair without spot, than greas'd by grocers' hands,
Or shipp'd with Ward to Ape-and-monkey lands;

Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets,
While all your smutty sisters walk the streets.
Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
Sent with a pass and vagrant through the land;
Nor sail with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,
Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes.
Not sulphur-tipt, emblaze an ale-house fire!
Not wrap up oranges, to pelt your sire!
O! pass more innocent, in infant state,
To the mild limbo of our father Tate:

REMARKS.

v. 231...*gratis-given Bland.*, *Sent with a pass.*] It was a practice so to give the Daily Gazetteer, and ministerial pamphlets, (in which this B. was a writer), and to send them post-free to all the towns in the kingdom.

v. 233...*with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes.*] 'Edward 'Ward, a very voluminous poet in Hudibrastic verse, but best 'known by the London Spy, in prose. He has of late years kept 'a public house in the City, (but in a genteel way) and with his 'wit, humour, and good liquor, (ale) afforded his guests a plea-

VARIATIONS.

Or wafting ginger, round the streets to run,
And visit alehouse, where ye first begun.
With that he lifted thrice the sparkling brand,
And thrice he dropp'd it, &c.

IMITATIONS.

Var. *And visit alehouse.*] Waller on the Navy:
Those tow'rs of oak o'er fertile plains may go,
And visit mountains where they once did grow.

v. 229. *Unstain'd, untouch'd*, &c.]
'.....Felix Priameia virgo!
'Jussa mori: quæ sortitus, non pertulit ullos,
'Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!
'Nos, patria insensa, diversa per æquora vectæ,' &c.
Virg. Æn. III.

Or peaceably forgot, at once be blest
In Shadwell's bosom with eternal rest!
Soon to that mass of nonsense to return,
Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn.
With that, a tear (portentous sign of grace!)
Stole from the master of the sev'nfold face;
And thrice he lifted high the birth-day brand,
And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand;
Then lights the structure with averted eyes;
The rolling smoke involves the sacrifice.
Th' op'ning clouds disclose each work by turns,
Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns;

REMARKS.

'surable entertainment, especially those of the High-church 'party.' *Jacob*, Lives of Poets, vol. II. p. 225. Great number of his works were yearly sold into the Plantations. Ward, in a book called Apollo's Maggot, declared this account to be a great falsity, protesting that his public-house was not in the City, but in Moorfields.

v. 238, 240..... *Tale*.... *Shadwell*.] Two of his predecessors in the Laurel.

VARIATIONS.

v. 250. *Now flames the Cid*, &c.] In the former edit.
Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
In one quick flash see Proserpine expire,
And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire,

IMITATIONS.

v. 245. *And thrice he lifted high the birth-day brand.*] Ovid, of Althæa, on a like occasion, burning her offspring:
'Tum conata quater flammis imponere torrem,
'Coepta quater tenuit.'

v. 250. *Now flames the Cid*, &c.]
'.....Jam Deiphobi dedit ampla ruinam,
'Vulcano superante domos; jam proximus ardet
'Ucalegon.'

Great Cæsar roars, and hisses in the fires;
King John, in silence, modestly expires:
No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
Moliere's old stubble in a moment flames.
Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes,
When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.

Rouz'd by the light, Old Dulness heav'd the head,
Then snatcht a sheet of Thulè from her bed;
Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre;
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.

Her ample presence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:
Great in her charms! as when on shrieves and mayrs
She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.
She bids him wait her to her sacred dome:
Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home.
So spirits, ending their terrestial race,
Ascend, and recognize their native place.

VARIATIONS.

Then gusht the tears, as from the Trojan's eyes
When the last blaze, &c.

After *v.* 268. In the former editions followed these two lines,
Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat,
And in sweet numbers celebrates the seat.

IMITATIONS.

v. 263. *Great in her charms! as when on shrieves and mayrs*
She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.]
'Alma parens confessa deam; qualisque videri
'Coelicolis, et quanta solet.'..... *Virg.* Æn. II.
'Et laetos oculis afflavit honores.' Id. Æn. I.

This the Great Mother dearer held than all
The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall:
Here stood her opium, here she nurs'd her owls,
And here she plann'd th' imperial seat of fools.

Here to her chosen all her works she shows,
Prose swell'd to verse, verse lost'ring into prose:
How random thoughts, now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of sense behind:
How prologues into prefaces decay,
And these to notes are fritter'd quite away:
How index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail:
How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks of France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespeare, and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell.

REMARKS.

v. 286... *Tibbald.*] Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced), or Theobald, (as written), was bred an attorney, and son to an attorney (says Mr. Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent. He was author of some forgotten plays, translations and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called The Censor, and a translation of Ovid. "There

IMITATIONS.

v. 269. *This the Great Mother*, &c.]
'Urbs antiqua fuit.....
'Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam
'Posi habita coluisse Samo: hic illius arma.
'Hic currus fuit: hic regnum Dea gentibus esse
'[Si qua fata sinant] jam tum tendique fovetque.'
Virg. Æn. I.

The goddess then o'er his anointed head,
With mystic words, the sacred opium shed.
And, lo! her bird (a monster of a fowl,
Something betwixt a heideggre and owl)
Perch'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail again,
My son! the Promis'd Land expects thy reign.

REMARKS.

'is a notorious idiot, one hight Whachum, who, from an under 'spur-leather to the law, is become an under-strapper to the 'play-house, who hath lately burlesqued the Metamorphoses of 'Ovid by a vile translation, &c. This fellow is concerned in an 'impertinent paper called The Censor.' *Dennis*, Rem. on Pope's Homer, p. 9, 10.

v. 286...*Ozell.*] 'Mr. John Ozell (if we credit Mr. Jacob) 'did 'go to school in Leicestershire, where somebody left him some-'thing to live on, when he shall retire from business. He was 'designed to be sent to Cambridge, in order for priesthood; but 'he chose rather to be placed in an office of accounts in the City, 'being qualified for the same by his skill in arithmetic, and 'writing the necessary hands. He has obliged the world with 'many translations of French plays.' *Jacob*, Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 198.

Mr. Jacob's character of Mr. Ozell seems vastly short of his merits, and he ought to have further justice done him, having since fully confuted all sarcasms on his learning and genius, by an advertisement of Sept. 20, 1720, in a paper called the Weekly Medley, &c. 'As to my learning, this envious wretch knew, 'and every body knows, that the whole Bench of Bishops, not 'long ago, were pleased to give me a purse of guineas for disco-'vering the erroneous translations of the Common-prayer in 'Portuguese, Spanish, French, Italian, &c. As for my genius, 'let Mr. Cleland shew better verses in all Pope's works than 'Ozell's version of Boileau's Lutrin, which the late Lord Halifax 'was so pleased with, that he complimented him with leave to 'dedicate it to him, &c. Let him shew better and truer poetry 'in the Rape of the Lock, than in Ozell's Rape of the Bucket '(*La Secchia rapita*). And Mr. Toland and Mr. Gildon pub-'licly declared Ozell's translation of Homer to be, as it was, prior, 'so likewise superior to Pope's...Surely, surely, every man is 'free to deserve well of his Country.' *John Ozell.*

We cannot but subscribe to such reverend testimonies as those of the Bench of Bishops, Mr. Toland, and Mr. Gildon.

Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
He sleeps among the dull of ancient days;
Safe, where no critics damn, no duns molest,
Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest,
And high-born Howard, more majestic sire,
With fool of quality complete the quire.
Thou, Cibber! thou, his laurel shalt support;
Folly, my son, has still a friend at Court.
Lift up your gates, ye Princes, see him come!
Sound, sound ye Viols, be the cat-call dumb!

REMARKS.

v. 296... *Gildon.*] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels, of the last age, bred at St. Omer's, with the Jesuits; but renouncing Popery, he published Blount's books against the divinity of Christ, the oracles of reason, &c. He signalized himself as a critic, having written some very bad plays; abused Mr. P. very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the life of Mr. Wycherley, printed by Curl; in another called The New Rehearsal, printed in 1714; in a third, entitled The Complete Art of English Poetry, in two Volumes; and others.

v. 297... *Howard.*] Hon. Edward Howard, author of the British Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorset and Rochester; Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c.

VARIATIONS.

v. 293... *Know Eusden*, &c.] In the former editions:
Know Settle cloy'd with custard and with praise,
Is gather'd to the dull of ancient days;
Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest,
Where Gildon, Banks, and High-born Howard rest.
I see a king! who leads my chosen sons,
To lands that flow with clenches and with puns:
Till each fam'd theatre my empire own;
Till Albion, as Hibernia, bless my throne!
I see! I see!... Then rapt she spoke no more,
God save King Tibbald! Grub-street alleys roar.
So when Jove's block, &c.

Bring, bring the madding bay, the drunken vine,
The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.
And thou! his aid-de-camp, lead on my sons,
Light-arm'd with points, antitheses, and puns.
Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
Support his front, and Oaths bring up the rear:
And under his, and under Archer's wing,
Gaming and Grub-street skulk behind the King.

"O! when shall rise a monarch all our own,
And I, a nursing-mother, rock the throne;
'Twixt prince and people, close the curtain draw,
Shade him from light, and cover him from law;
Fatten the courtier, starve the learned band,
And suckle armies, and dry-nurse the land:
'Till senates nod to lullabies divine,
And all be sleep, as at an ode of thine."

She ceas'd. Then swells the Chapel-royal throat;
God save King Cibber! mounts in ev'ry note.
Familiar White's, God save King Colley! cries;
God save King Colley! Drury-lane replies:
To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
But pious Needham dropt the name of God;

IMITATIONS.

v. 303. *The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.*]
"Quorum imagines lambunt
"Hederae sequaces." *Per.*

v. 311. *O! when shall rise a monarch*, &c.] Boileau, Lutrin, chant ii.
'Helas! qu'est devenu ce tems, cet hureux tems,
'Ou les rois s'honoroient du nom de Faineans.' &c.

Back to the Devil the last echoes roll,
And Coll! each butcher roars at Hockley-hole.
So when Jove's block descended from on high,
(As sings thy great forefather, Ogilby)
Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save King Log!

REMARKS.

v. 324. *But pious Needham.*] A matron of great fame, and very religious in her way; whose constant prayer it was, that she might 'get enough by her profession to leave it off in time, and make her peace with God.' But her fate was not so happy, for being convicted, and set in the pillory, she was (to the lasting shame of all her great friends and votaries) so ill-used by the populace, that it put an end to her days.

THE DUNCIAD.

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK II.

The Argument.

The King being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public games and sports of various kinds; not instituted by the Hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honor by the Goddess in person (in like manner as the games Pithia, Isthmia, &c. were anciently said to be ordained by the gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, Odyssey XXIV. proposed the prizes in honor of her son Achilles). Hither flock the Poets and Critics, attended, as is but just, with their Patrons and Booksellers. The Goddess is first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the Booksellers, and setteth up the phantom of a poet, which they contend to overtake. The races described, with their divers accidents. Next the game for a Poetess. Then follow the exercises for the Poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving: the first holds forth the arts and practices of Dedicators, the second of Disputants and fustian Poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty party-writers. Lastly, for the Critics the Goddess proposes (with great propriety) an exercise, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous authors, the one in verse, and the other in prose, deliberately read, without sleeping; the various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth; till the whole number, not of Critics only, but of Spectators, Actors, and all present, fall fast asleep; which naturally and necessarily ends the Games.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat, that far out-shone
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Irish throne,

v. 2. ...*or Fleckno's Irish throne.*] Richard Fleckno was an Irish priest, but had laid aside (as himself expressed it) the mechanic part of priesthood. He printed some plays, poems, let-

Or that where on her Curls the Public pours,
All-bounteous, fragrant grains and golden show'rs,
Great Cibber sate: the proud Parnassian sneer,
The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look: all ~~eyes direct~~ their rays
On him, and crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze.
His peers shine round him with reflected grace,
New edge their dulness, and new bronze their face.
So from the sun's broad beam, in shallow urns,
Heaven's twinkling sparks draw light, and point their horns.

Not with more glee, by hands pontific crown'd,
With scarlet hats wide waving circled round,
Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit,
Thron'd on seven hills, the antichrist of wit.

ters, and travels. I doubt not our Author took occasion to mention him in respect to the poem of Mr. Dryden, to whom this bears some resemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the Æneid from the Iliad, or the Lutrin of Boileau from the *Defait de Bouts rimees* of Sarazin.

REMARKS.

v 15. *Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit.*] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who, hearing the great encouragement which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a poem called Alexias. He was introduced as a buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the Laurel; a jest which the Court of Rome and the

IMITATIONS.

v. 1. *High on a gorgeous seat.*] Parody of Milton, Book II.
'High on a throne of royal state, that far
'Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
'Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
'Show'rs on her kings Barbaric pearl and gold,
'Satan exalted sate.'....

And now the Queen, to glad her sons, proclaims
By herald hawkers, high heroic games.
They summon all her race: an endless band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land.
A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,
From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots;
All who true Dunces in her cause appear'd,
And all who knew those Dunces to reward.

Amid that area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall May-pole once o'erlook'd the Strand,
But now (so Anne and Piety ordain)
A church collects the saints of Drury-lane.

With authors, stationers obey'd the call,
(The field of glory is a field for all).
Glory and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke,
And gentle dulness ever loves a joke.
A poet's form she plac'd before their eyes,
And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize;

REMARKS.

Pope himself entered into so far, as to cause him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a solemn festival on his coronation; at which, it is recorded, the poet himself was so transported, as to weep for joy *. He was ever after a constant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses without number. *Paulus Jovius, Elog. Vir. doct. cap.* xxxii. Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada in his Prolusions.

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v. 35. *A poet's form she plac'd before their eyes.*] This is what Juno does to deceive Turnus, Æn. X.

* See life of C. C. chap. vi. p. 149.

No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin;
But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
Twelve starv'ling bards of these degen'rate days.
All as a partridge plump, full-fed, and fair,
She form'd this image of well-body'd air;
With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head,
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;
And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,
But senseless, lifeless! idol-void and vain!
Never was dash'd out, at one luckly hit,
A fool, so just a copy of a wit;
So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
A wit it was, and call'd the phantom More.
All gaze with ardor: some a poet's name,
Other's a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame:
But lofty Lintot in the circle rose,
'This prize is mine, who tempt it are my foes;

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'Tum Dea nube cava, tenuem *sine viribus umbram*
'In faciem Aeneae (visu mirabile monstrum!)
'Dardanias ornat telis, clypeumque jubasque
'Divini assimilat capitis.....
'....Dat *inania verba*,
'Dat *sine mente sonum*....'

The reader will observe how exactly some of these verses suit with their allegorical application here to a plagiary. There seems to me a great propriety in this episode, where such a one is imagined by a phantom that deludes the grasp of the expecting bookseller.

v. 39. But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise.]
'Vix illud lecti bis sex.....
'Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.'
Virg. Æn. XII.

' With me began this genius, and shall end ' 55
He spoke, and who with Lintot shall contend?
Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless Curl; ' Behold that rival here!

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v. 53. *But lofty Lintot.*] We enter here upon the Episode of the Booksellers; persons, whose names being more known and famous in the learned world than those of the Authors in this Poem, do therefore need less explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot here, imitates that of Dares in Virgil, rising just in this manner to lay hold on a bull. This eminent Bookseller printed the Rival Modes before mentioned.

v. 58. *Stood dauntless Curl.*] We come now to a character of much respect, that of Mr. Edmund Curl. As a plain repetition of great actions is the best praise of them, we shall only say of this eminent man, that he carried the trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He possessed himself of a command over all authors whatever; he caused them to write what he pleased; they could not call their very names their own. He was not only famous among these, he was taken notice of by the state, the church, and the law, and received particular marks of distinction from each.

It will be owned, that he is here introduced with all possible dignity: he speaks like the intrepid Diomede; he runs like the swift-footed Achilles; if he falls, 'tis like the beloved Nisus; and (what Homer makes to be the chief of all praises) he is favoured of the Gods: he says but three words, and his prayer is heard; a goddess conveys it to the seat of Jupiter.—Though he loses the prize, he gains the victory; the Great Mother herself comforts him, she inspires him with expedients, she honors him with an immortal present (such as Achilles receives from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus) at once instructive and prophetical. After this he is unrivalled and triumphant.

The tribute our Author here pays him is a grateful return for several unmerited obligations: many weighty animadversions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private persons, has he given to his name. If ever he owed two verses to any other, he owed Mr. Curl some thousands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his writings; witness innumerable instances; but it shall suffice only to mention the Court Poems, which he meant to publish as the work of the true writer, a lady of quality; but being first threatened,

'The race by vigor, not by vaunts, is won;
'So take the hindmost, Hell!' he said, and run.
Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge Lintot, and outstript the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles through the copse
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops
So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,
Wide as a windmill all his figure spread,
With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,
And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.

REMARKS.

and afterwards punished for it by Mr. Pope, he generously transferred it from her to him, and ever since printed it in his name. The single time that ever he spoke to C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owed all the favours since received from him: so true is the saying of Dr. Sydenham, 'That 'any one shall be, at some time or other, the better or the worse 'for having but seen or spoken to a good or bad man.'

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v. 60. *So take the hindmost, Hell.*]
"Occupet extremum scabies; mihi turpe relinquiest."
Hor. de Arte.

v. 61, *&c.*] Something like this is in Homer, Iliad X. ver. 220, of Diomed. Two different manners of the same author in his similies are also imitated in the two following; the first, of the Bailiff, is short, unadorned (and as the critics well know) from familiar life; the second, of the Water-fowl, more extended, picturesque, and from rural life. The 59th verse is likewise a literal translation of one in Homer.

v. 64, 65. *On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops; So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head.*]
'.....So eagerly the Fiend
'O'er bog, o'er steep, thro' straight, rough, dense, or rare,
'With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
'And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.'
Milton, Book II.

v. 67, 68. *With arms expanded, Bernar'd rows his state, And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.*

Full in the middle way there stood a lake,
Which Curl's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make:
(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her ev'ning cates before his neighbour's shop);
Here fortun'd Curl to slide; loud shout the band,
And Bernard! Bernard! rings through all the Strand.
Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd,
Fall'n in the plash his wickedness had laid:
Then first (if poets aught of truth declare)
The caitiff Vaticide conceiv'd a pray'r.

Hear, Jove! whose name my bards and I adore,
As much at least as any god's, or more;

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v. 70...*Curl's Corinna.*] This name, it seems, was taken by one Mrs. T....., who procured some private letters of Mr. Pope, while almost a boy, to Mr. Cromwell, and sold them without the consent of either of those gentlemen, to Curl, who printed them in 12mo, 1727. He discovered her to be the publisher, in his Key, p. 11. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which those letters got abroad, which the author was ashamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excuseable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.

IMITATIONS.

Milton, of the motion of the swan,
'.....rows
'His state with oary feet.'
And Dryden, of another's.. *With two left legs..*
v. 73. *Here fortun'd Curl to slide.*]
'Labitur infelix, caesis ut forte juvencis
'Fusus humum, viridesque super madefeceret herbas,
'Concidit, immundoque fimo, sacroque cruore.'
Virg Æn. V. of Nisus.
v. 74. *And Bernard Bernard!*]
'.....Ut litus, Hyla! Hyla! omne sonaret.' *Virg. Ecl.* vi.

And him and his, if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.
A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,
Where, from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
There in his seat, two spacious vents appear.
On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
Some beg an eastern, some a western wind:
All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
With reams abundant this abode supply;
Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills,
Sign'd with that ichor which from gods distils.
In office here fair Cloacina stands,
And ministers to Jove with purest hands.
Forth from the heap she pick'd her vot'ry's pray'r,
And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare!
Oft had the Goddess heard her servants call,
From her black grottoes near the Temple-wall;
List'ning delighted to the jest unclean
Of link-boys vile, and watermen obscene;
Where as he fish'd her nether realms for wit,
She oft had favor'd him, and favors yet.
Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices for the course,
Vig'rous he rises; from th' effluvia strong
Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along;

IMITATIONS.

v. 83. *A place there is betwixt air, earth, and seas.*]
'Orbe locus medio est, inter terrasque, fretumque,
'Coelestesque plagas.'..... *Ovid.* Met. xii.

Repasses Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.
And, now the victor stretch'd his eager hand
Where the tall Nothing stood, or seem'd to stand;
A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,
Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.
To seize his papers, Curl, was next thy care;
His papers light, fly diverse, toss'd in air;
Songs, sonnets, epigrams, the winds uplift,
And whisk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
Th' embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey,
That suit an unpaid tailor snatch'd away.
No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ.
Heav'n rings with laughter: of the laughter vain,
Dulness, good Queen, repeats the jest again.
Three wicked imps, of her own Grub-street choir,
She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;

IMITATIONS.

v. 108. *Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.*]
'.....Faciem ostentabat, et udo
'Turpia membra fimo.'.. *Virg.* Æn. V.

v. 111. *A shapeless shade,* &c.]
'.....Effugit imago
'Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.'
Virg. Æn. VI.

v. 114. *His papers light, fly diverse, toss'd in air.*] Virgil, Æn. VI. of the Sibyls' leaves:
'Carmina.....
'Turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis.'

REMARKS.

v. 116. *Evans, Young, and Swift.*] Some of these persons whose writings, epigrams, or jests, he had owned.

v. 124...*like Congreve, Addison, and Prior.*] These authors

Mears, Warner, Wilkins, run: delusive thought;
Breval, Bond, Besaleel, the varlets caught.
Curl stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
He grasps an empty Joseph for a John:
So Porteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
Became, when seiz'd, a puppy, or an ape.

To him the Goddess: Son! thy grief lay down,
And turn this whole illusion on the Town.
As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
By names of toasts retails each batter'd jade;
(Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Maries;)
Be thine, my Stationer! this magic gift;
Cook shall be Prior, and Concanen Swift:

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being such whose names will reach posterity, we shall not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necessary.—Besaleel Morris was author of some satires on the translators of Homer, with many other things printed in newspapers —'Bond writ a satire against Mr. P—, Capt. Breval was author 'of The Confederates, an ingenious dramatic performance, to 'expose Mr. P. Mr. Gay, Dr. Arbuthnot, and some ladies of qua-'lity,' says Curl, Key. p. 11.

v. 125. *Mears, Warner, Wilkins.*] Booksellers, and printers of much anonymous stuff.

v. 128. *Joseph Gay.*] A fictitious name, put by Curl before several pamphlets, which made them pass with many for Mr. Gay's—The ambiguity of the word *Joseph*, which likewise signifies a loose upper coat, gives much pleasantry to the idea.

v. 138. *Cook shall be Prior.*] The man here specified writ a thing called the Battle of Poets, in which Philips and Welsted were the heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He also published some malevolent things in the British, London, and Daily Journals: and, at the same time, wrote letters to Mr. Pope, protesting his innocence. His chief work was a translation of Hesiod, to which Theobald wrote notes, and half notes, which he carefully owned.

So shall each hostile name become our own,
And we, too, boast our Garth and Addison.
With that she gave him (piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)
A shaggy tapestry, worthy to be spread
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;
Instructive work! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
Display'd the fate her confessors endure.
Earless on high stood unbash'd De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below:
There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view,
The very worsted still look'd black and blue.

REMARKS.

Ibid...*and Concanen Swift.*] In the first edition of this Poem there were only asterisks in this place; but the names were since inserted merely to fill up the verse, and give ease to the ear of the reader.

IMITATIONS.

v. 141, 142...*(piteous of his case,*
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)]
'.. ...Risit pater optimus illi.....
'Me liceat casum misereri insontis amici....
'Sic fatus, tergum Gaetuli immane leonis,' &c.
Virg. Æn. V.

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v. 144...*Dunton's modern bed.*] John Dunton was a broken bookseller, and abusive scribbler; he writ Neck or Nothing, a violent satire on some ministers of state; a libel on the Duke of Devonshire, and the Bishop of Peterborough, &c.

v. 148. *And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge.*] John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly Paper, called the Observator: he was sentenced to be whipped through several towns in the west of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne.

v. 149. *There Ridpath, Roper.*] Authors of the Flying-post,

Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,
As from the blanket, high in air he flies,
And oh! (he cry'd) what street, what lane but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows?
In ev'ry loom our labors shall be seen,
And the fresh vomit run for ever green!
See in the circle next Eliza plac'd,
Two babes of love close clinging to her waist;

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and Post-boy, two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled, and were so.

v. 151. *Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies.*] The history of Curl's being tossed in a blanket, and whipped by the scholars of Westminster, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting, see a full and true account of a horrid revenge on the body of Edmund Curl, &c. in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies.

v. 157. *See on the circle next Eliza plac'd.*] Eliza Haywood: this woman was authoress of those most scandalous books call'd The Court of Carimania, and The New Utopia. For the two Babes of Love, see Curl, Key, p. 22. But whatever reflection he is pleased to throw upon this Lady, surely it was what from him she little deserved, who had celebrated Curl's undertakings for reformation of manners, and declared herself 'to be so perfectly acquainted with the sweetness of his disposition, and that tenderness with which he considered the errors of his fellow-creatures, that, though she should find the little inadver-

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v. 151. *Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies.*] 'Se quoque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis.'
'Constitit, et lacrymans: Quis jam locus, inquit, Achate!
'Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?' *Virg. Æn.* I.

v. 156. *And the fresh vomit run for ever green.*] A parody of these lines of a late noble author:

'His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms,
'And run for ever purple in the looms.'

v. 158. *Two babes of love close clinging to her waist.*]
'Cressa genus, Pholoe, geminique sub ubere nati.'
Virg. Æ. V.

air as before her works she stands confess'd, 159
a flow'rs, and pearls, by bounteous Kirkall dress'd.
The Goddess then: 'Who best can send on high
The salient spout, far-streaming to the sky,
His be yon Juno of majestic size,
With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
This China jordan let the chief o'ercome 165
Replenish, not ingloriously at home.'
Osborne and Curl accept the glorious strife,
Tho' this his son dissuades, and that his wife.)

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tencies of her own life recorded in his papers, she was certain it would be done in such a manner as she could not but approve.' Mrs. Haywood, Hist. of Car. printed in the Female Dunciad, p. 18.

v. 160. *Kirkall.*] The name of an engraver. Some of this Lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo, with her picture thus dressed up before them.

v. 167. *Osborne, Thomas.*] A bookseller in Gray's-Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part; therefore placed here instead of a less-deserving predecessor. This man published advertisements for a year together, pretending to sell Mr. Pope's subscription-books of Homer's Iliad at half the price: of which books he had none, but cut to the size of them (which was quarto) the common books in folio, without copperplates, on a worse paper, and never above half the value.

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v. 163.....*yon Juno*
With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.]

In allusion to Homer's Βοωπις πότνια Ἥρη.

v. 165. *This China jordan.*

'Tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito.' *Virg.* Æn. VI. In the games of Homer, Iliad XXIII. there are set together as prizes, a lady and a kettle, as in this place Mrs. Haywood and a jordan. But there the preference in value is given to the kettle, at which Madame Dacier is justly displeased. Mrs. H. is here treated with distinction, and acknowledged to be the more valuable of the two.

One on his manly confidence relies,
One on his vigor and superior size.
First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post;
It rose, and labor'd to a curve at most.
So Jove's bright bow displays its wat'ry round
(Sure sign, that no spectator shall be drown'd.)
A second effort brought but new disgrace,
The wild meander wash'd the artist's face;
Thus the small jett, which hasty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock.
Not so from shameless Curl; impetuous spread
The stream, and smoking flourish'd o'er his head.
So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)
Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;

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Upon this advertisement the Gazetteer harangued thus, July 6, 1759: 'How melancholy must it be to a writer to be so unhappy as to see his works hawked for sale in a manner so fatal to his fame! How, with honor to yourself, and justice to your

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v. 169, 170. *One on his manly confidence relies,*
One on his vigour.]
'Ille..melior motu, fretusque juventa;
'Hic membris et mole valens.' *Virg. Æn.* V.

v. 173, 174. *So Jove's bright bow...*
Sure sign.]
The words of Homer, of the rain-bow, in Iliad XI.

——ὅς τε Κρονίων
Ἐν νέφεϊ σημ' ἔτεραι μεγάων ἀνθρώποιν'

Que le fils de Saturne a fondez dans les nues, pour être des tous les âges une signe á tous les mortels. *Dacier*

v. 181, 182. *So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)*
Eridanus.]
Virgil mentions these two qualifications of Eridanus, Georg. IV

Through half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn;
His rapid waters in their passage burn.
Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes;
Still happy Impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'st, victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, soft-smiling, lead'st away.
Osborne, through perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the jordan, walks contented home.
But now for authors nobler palms remain;
Room for my Lord! three jockies in his train;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair:
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
His honor's meaning, Dulness thus exprest,
'He wins this patron who can tickle best.'
He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state:
With ready quills the Dedicators wait;

REMARKS.

ubscribers, can this be done? What an ingratitude to be charged n the only honest poet that lived in 1738! and than whom irtue has not had a shriller trumpeter for many ages! That ou were once generally admired and esteemed can be denied y none, but that you and your works are now despised is ve-ified by this fact:' which being utterly false, did not indeed ach humble the Author, but drew this just chastisement on e bookseller.

IMITATIONS.

'Et gemina auratus taurina *cornua* vultu,
'Eridanus, quo non alius per pinguia culta
'In mare purpureum *violentior* influit amnis.'

ne poets fabled of this river Eridanus, that it flowed thro' the ies. Denham, Cooper's Hill:

'Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
'Whose fame in thine, like lesser currents lost,
'Thy nobler stream shall visit Jove's abodes,
'To shine among the stars, and bathe the gods.'

Now at his head the dext'rous task commence,
And, instant, Fancy feels th' imputed sense;
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace:
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys;
Then his nice taste directs our operas:
Bentley his mouth with classic flatt'ry opes,
And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.
But Welsted most the poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his soft-giving palm.

REMARKS.

v. 203.] Paolo Antonio Rolli, an Italian poet, and writer of many operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to some fine gentlemen, who affected to direct the operas.

v. 205. *Bentley his mouth*, &c.] Not spoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Tho. Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a *little Horace*. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Halifax, but (on a change of the ministry) was given to the earl of Oxford; for which reason the little one was dedicated to his son the Lord Harley.

v. 207... *Welsted.*] Leonard Welsted, author of The Triumvirate; or, A Letter in verse from Palaemon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a satire on Mr. P. and some of his friends, about the year 1718. He writ other things which we cannot remember. Smedley, in his Metamorphosis of Scriblerus, mentions one, the Hymn of a Gentleman to his Creator: and there was another in praise either of a cellar, or a garret. L.W. characterised in the treatise Περὶ Βάθους or, The Art of Sinking, a didapper, and after as an eel, is said to be this person. Dennis, Daily Journal of May 11, 1728.

He was also characterised under another animal, a mole, by the author of the ensuing simile, which was handed about at the same time:

VARIATIONS.

v. 207.] In the first edition:
But Oldmixon the poet's healing balm, &c.

Unlucky Welsted! thy unfeeling master,
The more thou tickless, gripes his fist the faster.
While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
And quick sensations skip from vein to vein.
A youth unknown to Phœbus, in despair,
Puts his last refuge all in heav'n and pray'r.
What force have pious vows! The Queen of Love
Her sister sends, her vot'ress from above.
As taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part;
Secure, through her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his Grace's secretary.
Now turn to diff'rent sports (the Goddess cries)
And learn, my Sons, the wondrous pow'r of Noise,
To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart,
With Shakespeare's nature, or with Johnson's art,
Let other's aim; 'tis yours to shake the soul
With thunder, rumbling from the mustard bowl;

REMARKS.

'Dear Welsted, mark, in dirty hole,
'That painful animal, a mole:
'Above ground never born to grow,
'What mighty stir it keeps below!
'To make a mole-hill all this strife!
'It digs, pokes, undermines for life.

IMITATIONS.

v. 223, 225. *To move, to raise, &c.*
Let others aim; 'tis yours to shake, &c.]
'Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera,
Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus, &c.
Tu regere imperio populos Romane, memento,
'Hæ tibi erunt artes.'....

With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell!
Such happy arts attention can command
When Fancy flags, and sense is at a stand.
Improve we these. Three cat-calls be the bribe
Of him whose chatt'ring shames the monkey tribe!
And his this drum, whose hoarse heroic base
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying ass.

Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din:
The monkey-mimics rush discordant in;
'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
And Noise and Norton, Brangling and Breval,
Dennis and dissonance, and captious Art,
And snip-snap short, and interruption smart,
And demonstration thin, and theses thick,
And major, minor, and conclusion quick.
Hold, (cry'd the Queen) a cat-call each shall win;
Equal your merits! equal is your din!
But that this well-disputed game may end,
Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend.

REMARKS.

'How proud a little dirt to spread,
'Conscious of nothing o'er its head!
'Till lab'ring on for want of eyes,
'It blunders into light, and dies.'

You have him again in Book III. ver. 169.

v. 238... *Norton.*] See ver. 415...J. Durant Breval, author of a very extraordinary book of travels, and some poems.

IMITATIONS.

v. 243...*A cat-call each shall win*, &c.]
'Non nostrum intervos tantas componere lites,
'Et vitula tu dignus, et hic.' *Virg.* Ecl. III.

As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, absent, foals they make
A moan so loud, that all the guild awake;
Sore sighs Sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay:
So swells each wind-pipe; ass intones to ass,
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;
Such as from lab'ring lungs th' enthusiast blows,
High sound, attemper'd to the vocal nose;
Or such as bellow from the deep divine;
There, Webster! peal'd thy voice, and, Whitfield! thine.
Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again.

REMARKS.

v. 258... *Webster*...*and*, *Whitfield*.] The one the writer of a newspaper called The Weekly Miscellany, the other a field-preacher.

IMITATIONS.

v. 247. *As when he*, &c.] A simile, with a long tail, in the manner of Homer.

v. 260...*bray back to him again*.] A figure of speech taken from Virgil:

'Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.'
Georg. III.

'He hears his numerous herds low o'er the plain,
'While neighb'ring hills *low* back to them again.'
Cowley.

The poet here celebrated, Sir R. B. delighted much in the word *bray*, which he endeavored to ennoble by applying it to the sound of *armour*, *war*, &c. In imitation of him, and strengthened by his authority, our Author has here admitted it into heroic poetry.

In Tot'nam-fields the Brethren with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!
Long Chanc'ry-lane retentive rolls the sound,
And courts to courts return it round and round;
Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.
This labor past, by Bridewell all descend,
(As morning pray'r and flagellation end)
To where Fleet-ditch, with disemboguing streams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
The king of dykes! than whom, no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.
'Here strip, my Children! here at once leap in,
'Here prove who best can dash thro' thick and thin,
'And who the most in love of dirt excel,
'Or dark dexterity of groping well:
'Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
'The stream, be his the Weekly Journals bound;

IMITATIONS.

v. 262. *Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!*]
"Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca."
Virg. Ecl. viii.

The progress of the sound from place to place, and the scenery here of the bordering regions, Tottenham-fields, Chancery-lane, the Thames, Westminster-hall, and Hungerford-stairs, are imitated from Virgil, Æn. VII. on the sounding the horn of Alecto:
'Audiit et Triviae longe lacus, audiit amnis
'Sulphurea Nar albus aqua fontesque Velini,' &c.

v. 273. *The king of dykes!* &c.]
'Fluviorum rex Eridanus,
'..Quo non alius, per pinguia culta,
'In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.' *Virg.*

'A pig of lead to him who dives the best;
'A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest.'
In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,
And, Milo-like, surveys his arms and hands;
Then sighing thus, 'And am I now threescore?
'Ah, why, ye Gods! should two and two make four?'
He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyss, and plung'd downright;
The senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who but to sink the deeper rose the higher.
Next Smedley div'd; slow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that clos'd and op'd no more.
All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost;
Smedley in vain resounds through all the coast.

REMARKS.

v. 283. *In naked Majesty Oldmixon stands.*] Mr. John Oldmixon, next to Mr. Dennis, the most ancient critic of our nation; an unjust censurer of Mr. Addison in his prose Essay on Criticism, whom also in his imitation of Bouhours (called the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric) he misrepresents in plain matter of fact; for in p. 45, he cites the Spectator as abusing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the least hint of it; and in p. 304, is so injurious as to suggest that Mr. Addison himself writ that Tatler, No. 43, which says of his own similie that 'It is as great as ever entered into the mind of man.' 'In poetry he was not so happy 'as laborious, and is therefore characterized by the Tatler, 'No. 62, by the name of Omicron, the unborn poet.'..Curl,

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v. 285. *Then sighing, thus, And am I now threescore?* &c.]
'..Fletque Milon senior, cum spectat inanes
'Herculeis similes, fluidos pendere lacertos.' *Ovid.*
v. 293. *And call on Smedley lost,* &c.]
'Alcides wept in vain for Hylas lost,
'Hylas, in vain, resounds through all the coast.'
Lord Roscom. Translat. of Ecl. vi. of Virgil.

Then **essay'd; scarce vanish'd out of sight,
He buoys up instant, and returns to light;
He bears no tokens of the sable streams,
And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.

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Key, p. 13. 'He writ dramatic works, and a 'volume of po-'etry, consisting of Heroic epistles, &c. some whereof are ve-'well done,' said that great judge, Mr. Jacob, in his Lives of Poets, vol. II. p. 303.

In his Essay on Criticism, and the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our Author. But the top of his character was a perverter of history, in that scandalous one of the Stuarts, in folio, and his Critical History of England, two volumes, octavo. Being employed by Bishop Kennet, in publishing the historians in his collection, he falsified Daniel's Chronicle in numberless places. Yet this very man, in the preface to the first of these books, advanced a particular fact to charge three eminent persons of falsifying the Lord Clarendon's History; which fact has been disproved by Dr. Atterbury, late Bishop of Rochester, then the only survivor of them; and the particular part he pretended to be falsified produced since, after almost ninety years, in that noble author's original manuscript. He was all his life a virulent party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a small place, which he enjoyed to his death.

v. 291. *Next Smedley div'd.*] In the surreptitious editions, this whole episode was applied to an initial letter E—, by whom if they meant the Laureate, nothing was more absurd, no part agreeing with his character. The allegory evidently demands a person dipped in scandal, and deeply immersed in dirty work —whereas, Mr. Eusden's writings rarely offended, but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are taxed of nothing else in Book I. v. 102. But the person here mentioned, an Irishman, was author and publisher of many scurrilous pieces, a Weekly Whitehall Journal, in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker; and particularly whole volumes of Billingsgate against Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called Gulliveriana and Alexandriana, printed in octavo, 1728.

v. 295. *Then**essay'd.*] A gentleman of genius and spirit,

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After ver. 298. in the first edit. followed these:

Far worse unhappy D—r succeeds,
He search'd for coral, but he gather'd weeds.

True to the bottom, see Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded, native of the deep;
If perseverance gain the diver's prize,
Not everlasting Blackmore this denies:
No noise, no stir, no motion canst thou make,
Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.
Next plung'd a feeble, but a despèrate pack,
With each a sickly brother at his back:
Sons of a day! just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those.

REMARKS.

who was secretly dipt in some papers of this kind, on whom our Poet bestows a panegyric instead of a satire, as deserving to be better employed than in party quarrels, and personal invectives.

v. 299. *Concanen.*] Matthew Concanen, an Irishman, bred to the law. Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift) in his Metamorphosis of Scriblerus, p. 7. accuses him of 'having boasted of what he had not written, but others had revised and done for him.' He was author of several dull and dead scurrilities in the British and London Journals, and in a paper called the Speculatist. In a pamphlet, called a Supplement to the Profound, he dealt very unfairly with our Poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome's verses (for which he might indeed seem, in some degree, accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did), but those of the Duke of Buckingham and others: to this rare piece, somebody humourously caused him to take for his motto, *De profundis clamavi.* He was since a hired scribbler in the Daily Courant, where he poured forth much Billingsgate against the Lord Bolingbroke and others; after which this man was surprizingly promoted to administer justice and law in Jamaica.

IMITATIONS.

v. 302. *Not everlasting Blackmore.*]
'Nec bonus Eurytian præfato invidit honori,' &c. *Virg. Æn.*

Fast by, like Niobe (her children gone)
Sits Mother Osborne, stupify'd to stone!
And monumental brass this record bears,
'These *are*, ah no! these *were* the Gazetteers!'
Not so bold Arnall; with a weight of scull
Furious he drives, precipitately dull.
Whirlpools and storms in circling arm invest,
With all the might of gravitation blest.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance,
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the Journal and the Lead.
The plunging Prelate, and his pond'rous Grace,
With holy envy gave one layman place.

REMARKS.

v. 312. *Osborne.*] A name assumed by the eldest and gravest of these writers, who at last being ashamed of his pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained silent.

v. 315. *Arnall.*] William Arnall, bred an attorney, was a perfect genius in this sort of work. He began, under twenty, with furious party-papers; then succeeded Concanen in the British Journal. At the first publication of the Dunciad, he prevailed on the author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter professing his detestation of such practices as his predecessors. But since, by the most unexampled insolence, and personal abuse of several great men, the Poet's particular friends, he most amply deserved a niche in the temple of infamy: witness a paper called The Free Briton; a Dedication intitled, To the Genuine Blunderer, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himself upon it; not indeed without cause, it appearing that he received 'For Free Britons, and other writings, in the 'space of four years, no less than ten thousand, nine hundred, 'and ninety-seven pounds, six shillings and eight pence out of 'the Treasury.' But, frequently, through his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his commission, and obliged his honorable patron to disavow his scurrilities.

v. 323. *The plunging Prelate,* &c.] It having been invidi-

When lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood,
Slow rose a form in majesty of Mud;
Shaking the horrors of his sable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares;
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares.

First he relates how, sinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien, the mud-nymphs suck'd him in;
How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
Nigrina black, and Merdamente brown,
Vy'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below,
As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.
Then sung, how shown him by the Nut-brown maids
A branch of Styx here rises from the shades,
That tinctured as it runs with Lethe's streams,
And wafting vapors from the land of dreams,
(As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
Bears Pisa's offering to his Arethuse),

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ously insinuated, that by this title was meant a truly great prelate, as respectable for his defence of the present balance of power in the Civil constitution, as for his opposition to the scheme of no power at all, in the Religious, I owe so much to the memory of my deceased friend as to declare, that when, a little before his death, I informed him of this insinuation, he called it vile and malicious; as any candid man, he said, might understand, by his having paid a willing compliment to this very prelate in another part of the Poem.

IMITATIONS.

v. 329. *Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares.*] *Virg. Aen.* VI. of the Sibyl.

"....majorque videri,
"Nec mortale sonans'....

Pours into Thames; and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
Here brisker vapours o'er the Temple creep;
There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.

Thence to the banks where rev'rend bards repose,
They led him soft; each rev'rend head arose;
And Milbourn chief, deputed by the rest,
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest.
'Receive (he said) these robes, which once were
'Dulness is sacred in a sound divine.' [mine,
He ceas'd, and spread the robe; the crow'd confess
The rev'rend flamen in his lengthen'd dress.
Around him wide a sable army stand,
A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,
Prompt or to guard, or stab, to saint, or damn,
Heav'n's Swiss, who fight for any god, or man. [fleet,

Through Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-known
Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street,

REMARKS.

v. 349. *And Milbourn.*] Luke Milbourn, a clergyman, the fairest of critics; who, when he wrote against Mr. Dryden's Virgil, did him justice in printing at the same time his own translations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great resemblance with that of the gentlemen of the Dunciad against our Author, as will be seen in the parallel of Mr. Dryden and him.

IMITATIONS.

v. 347. *Thence to the banks,* &c.]
'Tum canit errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum,
'Utque viro Phoebi chorus assurrexerit omnis;
'Ut Linus haec, illi divino carmine pastor,
'Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro,
'Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, Musae,
'Ascraeo quos ante seni', &c.

Till show'rs of sermons, characters, essays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:
So clouds replenish'd from some bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.
Here stopt the Goddess; and in pomp proclaims
A gentler exercise to close the games.
'Ye Critics! in whose heads, as equal scales,
'I weigh what author's heaviness prevails;
'Which most conduce to sooth the soul in slumbers,
'My H—ley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers;
'Attend the trial we propose to make:
'If there be man who o'er such works can wake,
'Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,
'And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye;
'To him we grant our amplest pow'rs to sit
'Judge of all present, past, and future wit;
'To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
'Full and eternal privilege of tongue.'
Three college sophs, and three pert Templars came,
The same their talents, and their tastes the same;
Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
And smit with love of poesy and prate.
The pond'rous books two gentle readers bring;
The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.

IMITATIONS.

v. 380, 381. *The same their talents..Each prompt*, &c.]
'Ambo florentes ætatibus, Arcades ambo.
'Et certare pares, et respondere parati.' *Virg.* Ecl. vi.
v. 382. *And smit with love of poesy and prate.*]
'Smit with the love of sacred song'.. *Milton.*
v. 384. *The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.*]
'Consedere duces, et vulgi stante corona.'
Ovid. Met. XIII.

The clam'rous crowd is hush'd with mugs of mum,
Till all, tun'd equal, send a gen'ral hum.
Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone
Through the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;
Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose,
At ev'ry line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow;
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.
And now to this side, now to that they nod,
As verse, or prose, infuse the drowsy god.
Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak, but thrice suppress
By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.
Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
Yet silent bow'd to *Christ's no kingdom here.*

REMARKS.

v. 397. *Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak.*] Famous for his speeches on many occasions about the South-sea scheme, &c. 'He is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written some excellent Epilogues to plays, and one small piece on Love, which is very pretty.' Jacob, Lives of Poets, vol. II. p. 289. But this gentleman since made himself much more eminent, and personally well known to the greatest statesmen of all parties, as well as to all the courts of law in this nation.

v. 399. *Toland and Tindal.*] Two persons, not so happy as to be obscure, who writ against the religion of their country. Toland, the author of the Atheist's Liturgy, called *Pantheisticon*, was a spy in pay to Lord Oxford. Tindal was author of the Rights of the Christian Church, and Christianity as old as the Creation. He also wrote an abusive pamphlet against Earl S—,

VARIATIONS.

v. 399. In the first edition it was,
Collins and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,

Who sat the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
Slept first; the distant nodded to the hum; [lies
Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er 'em
Each gentle clerk, and mutt'ring seals his eyes.
As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
One circle first, and then a second makes;
What dulness dropt among her imprest sons,
Like motion from one circle to the rest:
So from the midmost the nutation spreads,
Round and more round, o'er all the *sea of heads*.
At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale.
Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er,
Morgan and Mandeville could prate no more;

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which was suppressed while yet in MS. by an eminent person, then out of the ministry, to whom he shewed it, expecting his approbation. This Doctor afterwards published the same piece, *mutatis mutandis*, against that very person.

v. 411. *Centlivre.*] Mrs. Susanna Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Majesty. She writ many plays, and a song (says Mr. Jacob, vol. 1 p. 32.) before she was seven years old. She also writ a ballad against Mr. Pope's Homer, before he began it.

v. 413. *Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er.*] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of annals, political collections,

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v. 410. *O'er all the* sea of heads.]
'A waving sea of heads was round me spread,
'And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed'
Blackm. Job.

VARIATIONS.

v. 413. In the first edition it was,
T—s and T— the church and state gave o'er,
Nor** talk'd, nor S— whisper'd more.

Norton from Daniel and Ostroea sprung,
Bless'd with his father's front and mother's tongue,
Hung silent down his never-blushing head,
And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.

Thus the soft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,
And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, poets lay.
Why should I sing what bards the nightly Muse
Did slumb'ring visit, and convey to stews;
Who prouder march'd, with magistrates in state,
To some fam'd round house, ever-open gate!
How Henley lay inspir'd beside a sink,
And to mere mortals seem'd a priest in drink:
While others, timely, to the neighb'ring Fleet
(Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat?

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&c. William Law, A M. wrote with great zeal against the stage; Mr. Dennis answered with as great. Their books were printed in 1726.

v. 414. *Morgan.*] A writer against religion, distinguished no otherwise from the rabble of his tribe than by the pompousness of his title; for having stolen his morality from Tindal, and his philosophy from Spinoza, he calls himself by the courtesy of England, a Moral Philosopher.

Ibid. *Mandeville.*] This writer, who prided himself as much in the reputation of a immoral philosopher, was author of a famous book called The Fable of the Bees: written to prove, That moral virtue is the invention of knaves, and Christian virtue the imposition of fools; and that vice is necessary, and alone sufficient to render society flourishing and happy.

v. 415. *Norton.*] Norton de Foe, offspring of the famous Daniel; *Fortes creantur fortibus:* one of the Authors of the Flying Post, in which well-bred work Mr. P. had sometime the honor to be abused with his betters, and of many hired scurrilities, and daily papers, to which he never set his name.

IMITATIONS.

v. 418. *And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.*] Alludes to Dryden's verse in the Indian Emperor:

'All thing's are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead,'

THE DUNCIAD.

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK III.

The Argument.

After the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the Goddess transports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap; a position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratoes, castle-builders, chemists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad poetical sibyl to the Elysian shade; where, on the banks of the Lethe, the souls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to a Mount of Vision, from whence he shews him the past triumphs of the Empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future: how small a part of the world was ever conquered by Science, how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the Island of Great Britain, shews by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees, it shall be brought to her empire. Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprizing and unknown to the King himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern that his own times were but the types of these. He prophesies how first the nation shall be over-run with Farces, Operas, and Shows; how the throne of Dulness shall be advanced over the Theatres, and set up even at Court; then how her sons shall preside in the seats of Arts and Sciences; giving a glimpse or Pisgah sight, of the future fulness of her glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the Fourth and last Book.

But in her Temple's last recess inclos'd,
On Dulness' lap th' Anointed head repos'd.
Him close she curtains round with vapours blue,
And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew:
Then raptures high the seat of sense o'erflow,
Which only heads refin'd from reason know.
Hence from the straw where Bedlam's prophet nods,
He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods:
Hence the fool's paradise, the statesman's scheme,
The air-built castle, and the golden dream,
The maid's romantic wish, the chemist's flame,
And poet's vision of eternal fame.

And now, on Fancy's easy wing conveyed,
The king descending, views th' Elysian shade.
A slip-shod Sibyl led his steps along,
In lofty madness meditating song;
Her tresses staring from poetic dreams,
And never wash'd but in Castalia's streams.
Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,
(Once swan of Thames, tho' now he sings no more.)

REMARKS.

v. 19. *Taylor.*] John Taylor the Water-poet, an honest man, who owns he learned not so much as the Accidence: a rare example of modesty in a poet!

IMITATIONS.

v. 7, 8. *Hence from the straw where Bedlam's prophet nods, He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods.*]
'Et varias audit voces, fruiturque deorum
'Colloquio.'..... *Virg.* Æn. VIII.

v. 15. *A slip shod Sibyl,* &c.]
Conclamat vates.....
'.....Furens antro se immisit aperto.' *Virg.*

Benlowes, propitious still to blockheads, bows;
And Shadwell nods, the poppy on his brows.
Here, in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,
Old Bavius sits to dip poetic souls,
And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull
Of solid proof, impenetrably dull:

REMARKS.

'I must confess I do want eloquence,
'And never scarce did learn my Accidence;
'For having got from *posnum* to *posset*,
'I there was gravell'd, could no farther get.'

He wrote fourscore books in the reign of James I. and Charles I. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an alehouse in Long-Acre. He died in 1654.

v. 21. *Benlowes.*] A country gentleman, famous for his own bad poetry, and for patronizing bad poets, as may be seen from many Dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of these anegram'd his name *Benlowes* into *Benevolus;* to verify which he spent his whole estate upon them.

v. 22. *And Shadwell nods, the poppy,* &c.] Shadwell took opium for many years, and died of too large a doze, in the year 1692.

v. 24. *Old Bavius sits.*] Bavius was an ancient poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cause as Bayes by our Author, though not in so Christian-like a manner: for heathenishly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be hated and detested for his evil-works: *Qui Bavium non odit?* whereas we have often had occasion to observe our Poet's great good nature and mercifulness through the whole course of this Poem. *Scribl.*

IMITATIONS.

v. 23. *Here in a dusky vale,* &c.]
'.....Vidit Aenas in vale reducta
'Seclusum nemus.....
'Lethaeumque domos placidas qui praenatat amnem &c.
'Hunc circum innumerae gentes,' &c. *Virg.* Æn. VI.

v. 24. *Old Bavius sits to dip poetic souls.*] Alluding to the story of Thetis dipping Achilles to render him impenetrable:
'At pater Anchises penitus convalle virenti
'Inclusas animas, superumque ad lumen ituras,
'Lustrabat.'.....*Virg.* Æn. VI.

Instant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of light,
Demand new bodies, and, in calf's array,
Rush to the world, impatient for the day.
Millions and millions on these banks he views,
Thick as the stars of night, or morning dews,
As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory.
Wond'ring he gaz'd: when, lo! a sage appears,
By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,
Known by the band and suit which Settle wore
(His only suit) for twice three years before:
All as the vest appear'd the wearer's frame,
Old in new state, another yet the same.
Bland and familiar, as in life, begun
Thus the great Father to the greater Son:
Oh! born to see what none can see awake!
Behold the wonders of th' oblivious lake!

REMARKS.

v. 28... *Browne and Mears.*] Booksellers, printers for any body... The allegory of the souls of the dull coming forth in the form of books dressed in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vast numbers by booksellers, is sufficiently intelligible.

v. 34... *Ward in pillory.*] John Ward, of Hackney, Esq. member of parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenced to the pillory, on the 17th of February, 1727.

IMITATIONS.

v. 28.... *unbar thy gates of light.*] An hemistich of Milton.

v. 31, 32. *Millions and Millions.. Thick as the stars,* &c.]
'Quam multa in silvis autumni frigore primo
'Lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto
'Quam multæ glomerantur aves,' &c. *Virg. Æn.* VI.

Thou, yet unborn, has touch'd this sacred shore;
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
But blind to former as to future fate,
What mortal knows his pre-existent state?
Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll?
How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid?
How many stages through old monks she rid?
And all who since, in wild benighted days,
Mix'd the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.
As man's meanders to the vital spring
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:
All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate.
For thus our Queen unfolds to vision true
Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:
Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind,
Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind:
Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign,
And let the past and future fire thy brain.

IMITATIONS.

v. 54. *Mix'd the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.*]
" ....Sine tempore circum
" Inter victrices heradem tibi serpere lauros." *Virg.* Ecl. viii.
v. 61, 62. *For this our Queen unfolds to vision true*
Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view.]
This has a resemblance to that passage in Milton, Book XI. where the angel
' To noble sight from Adam's eye removed
' The film; then purg'd with euphrasie and rue
' The visual nerve..*For he had much to see.*'

Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
Her boundless empire over seas and lands.
See, round the poles where keener spangles shine,
Where spices smoke beneath the burning line,
(Earth's wide extremes) her sable flag display'd,
And all the nations cover'd in her shade!

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun
And orient Science their bright course begun:
One godlike monarch all that pride confounds,
He, whose long wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds;
Heav'ns! what a pile! whole ages perish there,
And one bright blaze turns learning into air.

Thence to the South extend thy gladden'd eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory rise;
From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their physic of the soul.

How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at best, the beams of Science fall:
Soon as they dawn, from hyperborean skies
Embody'd dark, what clouds of Vandals rise!

VARIATIONS.

v. 73. In the former edit.

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun
And orient Science *at a birth* begun.

But as this was thought to contradict that line of the introduction,

In eldest times, e'er mortals writ or read,

which supposes the sun and science did not set out together, it was altered to *their bright course begun*. But this slip, as usual, escaped the gentlemen of the Dunciad.

IMITATIONS.

There is a general allusion in what follows to that whole episode

Lo! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows,
The North by myriads pours her mighty sons,
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns!
See Alaric's stern port! the martial frame
Of Genseric! and Attila's dread name!
See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall;
See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul!
See where the morning gilds the palmy shore,
(The soil that arts and infant letters bore,)
His conqu'ring tribes the Arabian prophet draws,
And, saving Ignorance, enthrones by laws.
See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep,
And all the Western world believe and sleep.

Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thund'ring against Heathen lore;
Her gray-hair'd synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn,
And ev'n th' Antipodes, Vigilius mourn.
See the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd temple nods,
Streets pav'd with heroes, Tyber choak'd with gods;
Till Peter's keys some christened Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moses lends his Pagan horn;
See graceful Venus to a virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.

Behold yon' isle, by palmers, pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linsey-woolseybrothers,
Grave mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless others,

That once was Britain—Happy! had she seen
No fiercer sons, had Easter never been.
In peace great goddess ever be ador'd;
How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword!
Thus visit not thy own! on this bless'd age
Oh spread thy influence, but restrain thy rage.
And see, my Son! the hour is on its way
That lifts our goddess to imperial sway.
This fav'rite isle, long sever'd from her reign,
Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.
Now look through Fate! behold the scene she draws!
What aids, what armies, to assert her cause!
See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
Behold, and count them, as they rise to light.
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie
In homage to the mother of the sky,
Surveys around her, in the bless'd abode,
An hundred sons, and every son a god:

IMITATIONS.

v. 117, 118. *Happy!..had Easter never been.*]
'Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent.'
Virg. Ecl. vi.

v. 127, 129. *Now look through Fate! See all her progeny,* &c.]
'Nunc age, Dardaniam prolem quæ deinde sequatur
'Gloria, qui maneant, Italia de gente nepotes,
'Illustres animas, nostrumque in nomen laturas,
'Expediam.' *Virg.* Æn. VI.

v. 131. *As Berecynthia,* &c.]
'Felix prole virum, qualis Berecynthia mater
'Invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes,
'Lætа deum partu, Centum complexa nepotes,
'Omnes cœlicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes.'
Virg. Æn. VI.

Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd,
Shall take through Grub-street, her triumphant round;
And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
Behold an hundred sons, and each a Dunce.
Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,
And thrusts his person full into your face.
With all thy father's virtues bless'd, be born!
And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.
A second see, by meeker manners known,
And modest as the maid that sips alone;
From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another Durfey, Ward! shall sing in thee.
Thee shall each alehouse, thee each gillhouse mourn,
And answ'ring gin-shops sourer sighs return.

IMITATIONS.

v. 139. *Mark first that youth*, &c.
'Ille vides, pura juvenis qui nititur hasta.
'Proxima sorte tenet lucis loca.'.. *Virg.* Æn. VI.

v. 141. *With all thy father's virtues bless'd, be born.*]
A manner of expression used by Virgil, Ecl. viii.
'Nascere! praeque diem veniens age, Lucifer.'..
As also that of *patriis virtutibus*, Ecl. iv.
It was very natural to shew to the Hero, before all others, his own son, who had already begun to emulate him in his theatrical, poetical, and every political capacities. By the attitude in which he here presents himself, the reader may be cautioned against ascribing wholly to the father the merit of the epithet *Cibberian*, which is equally to be understood with an eye to the son.

v. 145. *From the strong fate of drams if thou get free.*]
"....si quis tam aspera rumpas,
"Tu Marcellus eris!" *Virg.* Æn. VI.

v. 147. *Thee shall each alehouse, &c.*]
"Te nemus Angitiae, vitrea te Fucinus unda,
"Te liquidi flevere lacus." *Virg.* Æn. VII.
Virgil again, Ecl. x.
"....etiam lauri, etiam flevere myricae," &c.

Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe;
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of Law,
Lo P—p—le's brow, tremendous to the Town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal frown.

REMARKS.

v. 149. *Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe.*] 'This gentleman is a son of a considerable maltster of Romsey 'in Southamptonshire, and bred to the law under a very eminent 'attorney: who, between his more laborious studies, has di- 'verted himself with poetry. He is a great admirer of poets and 'their works, which has occasioned him to try his genius that 'way. He has writ in prose the Lives of the Poets, Essays, and, 'a great many Law books, Accomplished Conveyancer, Modern 'Justice,' &c. Giles Jacob of himself, Lives of Poets, vol. i. He very grossly, and unprovoked, abused in that Book the Author's friend Mr. Gay.

v. 152. *Horneck..Roome.*] These two were virulent party-writers, worthily coupled together, and, one would think, prophetically; since, after the publishing of this piece the former dying, the latter succeeded him in honor and employment. The first was Philip Horneck, author of a Billingsgate paper called The High German Doctor. Edward Roome was son of an undertaker for funerals in Fleet-street, and writ some of the papers called Pasquin, where, by malicious innuendoes, he endeavoured to represent our Author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under prosecution of parliament. Of this man was made the following epigram:

'You ask why Roome diverts you with his jokes,
'Yet if he writes as dull as other folks,
'You wonder at it—This, Sir, is the case,
'The jest is lost, unless he prints his face.'

VARIATIONS.

v. 149. In the first edition it was
Woolston, the scourge of Scripture, mark with awe,
And mighty Jacob, blunderbuss of law!

v. 151. *Lo P..p..le's brow*, &c.] In the former edition,
Haywood, Centlivre, glories of their race,
Lo Horneck's fierce, and Roome's funereal face.

IMITATIONS.

v. 150..... "duo fulmina belli
"Scipiadas, cladem Libyae!" *Virg.* Æn. VI.

Lo sneering Goode, half malice, and half whim,
A fiend in glee, ridiculously grim.
Each cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass:
Each songster, riddler, ev'ry nameless name,
All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.
Some strain in rhyme; the Muses, on their racks,
Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks;
Some free from rhyme, or reason, rule, or check,
Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck;
Down, down the larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars, and the Miltons of a Curl.
Silence, ye Wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes night hideous—Answer him, ye Owls!

REMARKS.

P—p—le was the author of some vile plays and pamphlets. He published abuses on our Author in a paper called The Prompter.

v. 159...*Goode.*] An ill-natured critic, who writ a satire on our Author, called The Mock Æsop, and many anonymous libels in newspapers, for hire.

v. 165...*Ralph.*] James Ralph, a name inserted after the first editions, not known to our author till he writ a swearing-piece

VARIATIONS.

v. 157. *Each songster, riddler,* &c.] In the former edit.
Lo Bond and Foxton, ev'ry nameless name.

After *ver.* 158. in the first edition followed:
How proud, how pale, how earnest all appear!
How rhymes eternal jingle in their ear!

IMITATIONS.

v. 166. *And makes night hideous .....*]
'Visit thus the glimpses of the moon,
'Making night hideous.' *Shakesp.*

Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead,
Let all give way—and Morris may be read.
Flow, Welsted, flow! like thine inspirer, beer,
Tho' stale, not ripe; tho' thin, yet never clear;
So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;
Heady, not strong; o'erflowing, though not full.
Ah, Dennis! Gildon, ah! what ill-starr'd rage
Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?
Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.
Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile poets with true critics' gore.

REMARKS.

called Sawney, very abusive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himself. These lines alluded to a thing of his entitled Night, a poem. This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the Journals, and once in particular praised himself highly above Mr. Addison, in wretched remarks upon that author's account of English Poets printed in a London Journal, Sept. 17, 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even French. Being advised to read the Rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he smiled, and replied, 'Shakespeare writ without rules.' He ended at last, in the common sink of all such writers, a political newspaper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnall, and received a small pittance for pay.

IMITATIONS.

v. 169. *Flow, Welsted, flow!* &c.] Parody on Denham, Cooper's Hill:

'O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
'My great example, as it is my theme:
'Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
'Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full.'

v. 177. *Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!*] *Virg. Æn.* VI.

'.....Ne tanta animis assuescite bella,
'Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires:
'Tuque prior, tu parce—sanguis meus!'..

Behold yon' pair, in strict embraces join'd;
How like in manners, and how like in mind!
Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write;
Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
That shines a Consul, this Commissioner.

'But who is he, in closet closely-pent,
'Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?'
Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,
On parchment scrapes y-fed, and Wormius hight.
To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past!

There, dim in clouds, the poring scholiasts mark
Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark,
A lumberhouse of books in ev'ry head,
For ever reading, never to be read!

But, where each science lifts its modern type,
Hist'ry her pot, Divinity her pipe,
While proud Philosophy repines to show,
Dishonest sight! his breeches rent below;

IMITATIONS.

v. 179. *Behold yon' pair, in strict embraces join'd.*] *Virg.* Æn. VI.
'Illae autem, paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,
'Concordes animæ'.....
And in Æn. V.
'Euryalus, forma insignis viridique juventa,
'Nisus amore pio pueri.'

v. 185. *But who is he,* &c.] *Virg.* Æn. VI. questions and answers in this manner, of Numa:
'Quis procul ille autem cumis insignis olivæ,
'Sacra ferens?—nosco crines, incanaque menta,' &c.

VARIATIONS.

v. 197.] In the first edition it was,

Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.
How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung!
Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson, preach in vain.
Oh great restorer of the good old stage;
Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!
Oh worthy thou of Egypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!
But Fate with butchers plac'd thy priestly stall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and maul;
And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days.

Yet, oh, my sons! a father's words attend:
(So may the Fates preserve the ears you lend)

REMARKS.

v. 199...*lo! Henley stands*, &c.] J. Henley the orator; he preached on the Sundays upon Theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other Sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our Author that honor.

v. 204. ..*Sherlock, Hare*, ..*Gibson*.] Bishops of Salisbury, Chichester, and London; whose Sermons and Pastoral Letters did honor to their country as well as stations.

v. 212. Of Toland and Tindal, see Book II. ver. 539. Thomas Woolston was an impious madman, who wrote, in a most insolent style, against the miracles of the Gospel, in the years 1725, &c.

VARIATIONS.

And proud Philosophy with breeches torn,
And English music with a dismal score.
Fast by in darkness palpable inshrin'd
W—s, B—r, M—n, all the poring kind.

'Tis yours a Bacon, or a Locke to blame,
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
But, oh! with one, immortal one, dispense,
The source of Newton's light, of Bacon's sense.
Content, each emanation of his fires
That beams on earth, each virtue he inspires,
Each heart he prompts, each charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives are giv'n for you to hate.
Persist, by all divine in man unaw'd,
But, 'Learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God.'
Thus he, for then a ray of reason stole
Half through the solid darkness of his soul;
But soon the cloud return'd—and thus the sire:
See now, what Dulness, and her Sons admire!
See, what the charms that smite the simple heart,
Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by Art.
His never-blushing head he turn'd aside,
(Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesy'd),
And look'd, and saw a sable sorc'rer rise,
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war.
Hell rises, heav'n descends, and dance on earth;
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
'Till one wide conflagration swallows all.
Thence a new world to Nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own:

IMITATIONS.

v. 224 'Learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God.'
'Discite justitiam moniti et non temnere divos.' *Virg.*

Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns.
The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;
And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vast egg produces human race.

Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought;
What pow'r, he cries, what pow'r these wonders wrought?
Son, what thou seek'st is in thee! look and find
Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
Yet would'st thou more? in yonder cloud behold,
Whose sarsenet skirts are edg'd with flamy gold,
A matchless youth! his nod these worlds controls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.
Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground:
Yon' stars, yon' suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.

IMITATIONS.

v. 244. *And other planets.*]
'.....Solemque *suum*, *sua* sidera norunt.'....
Virg. Æn. VI.

v. 248. *Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies.*]
'Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.' *Hor.*

v. 251. *Son, what thou seekest is in thee!*]
'Quod petis in te est....
'.....Ne te quæsiveris extra.' *Pers.*

v. 256. *Wings the red lightning*, &c.] Like Salmoneus in *Æn.* VI.
"Dum flammas Jovis, et sonitus imitatur Olympi.
".....Nimbos, et non imitabile fulmen,
"Aere et cornipedum cursu simularet equorum."

v. 258...*o'er all unclassic ground.*] Alludes to Mr. Addison's verse in the praises of Italy:
'Poetic fields encompass me around,
'And still I seem to tread on classic ground.'

Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease,
Midst snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease!
And proud his mistress' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
But lo! to dark encounter in mid air
New wizards rise; I see my Cibber there!
Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd,
On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.
Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn;
Contending theatres our empire raise,
Alike their labors, and alike their praise.
And are these wonders, Son, to thee unknown?
Unknown to thee! these wonders are thy own.
These Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine,
Foreseen by me, but, ah! with-held from mine.
In Lud's old walls, though long I rul'd, renown'd
Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound;

REMARKS.

v. 261. *Immortal Rich!*] Mr. John Rich, master of the theatre-royal in Covent-garden, was the first that excelled this way.

v. 266, 267.] Booth and Cibber were joint managers of the theatre in Drury-lane.

IMITATIONS.

As ver. 264, is a parody on a noble one of the same author in the Campaign: and ver. 239, 260, on two sublime verses of Dr. Y.

VARIATIONS.

After *v.* 274. in the former edit. followed,

For works like these let deathless Journals tell,
None but thyself can be thy parallel.

Though my own aldermen conferr'd the bays,
To me committing their eternal praise,
Their full-fed heroes, their pacific may'rs,
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:
Though long my party built on me their hopes,
For writing pamphlets, and for roasting Popes;
Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
Reduc'd at last to hiss in my own dragon.
Avert in Heav'n! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
Shouldst wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
The needy poet sticks to all he meets;
Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
And carry'd off in some dog's tail at last.
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,
Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
Safe in its heaviness, shall never stray,
But lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.
Thee shall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taste,
And ev'ry year be duller than the last;
Till rais'd from booths, to theatre, to court,
Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport.

VARIATIONS.

After v. 283. in the former edit. followed,

Indifferent our parties, but with equal grace
The Goddess smiles on Whig and Tory race.

v. 295. *Safe in its heaviness*, &c.] In the former edit.

Too safe in inborn heaviness to stray,
And lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.
Thy dragons, magistrates, and peers shall taste,
And from each shew rise duller than the last,
Till rais'd from booths, &c.

lready Opera prepares the way,
he sure forerunner of her gentle sway:
et her thy heart, next drabs and dice, engage,
he third mad passion of thy doting age.
each thou the warling Polypheme to roar,
nd scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before!
o aid our cause, if Heav'n thou canst not bend,
ell thou shalt move; for Faustus is our friend;
luto with Cato, thou for this shalt join,
nd link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine.
rub-street! thy fall should men and gods conspire,
hy stage shall stand, insure it but from fire.
nother Æschylus appears! prepare
or new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
n flames like Semele's, be brought to bed,
While op'ning hell spouts wild fire at your head.
Now, Bavius, take the poppy from thy brow,
nd place it here! here, all ye heroes, bow!
This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes:
h' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times.
gns following signs lead on the mighty year!
e! the dull stars roll round, and re-appear.

IMITATIONS.

. 319, 320. *This, this is he foretold by ancient rhymes, The Augustus,* &c.]
' Hic vir, hic est tibi quem promitti saepius audis,
' Augustus Cæsar, divum genus aurea condet
' Secula qui rursus Latio, regnata per arva
' Saturnio quondam'.. *Virg* Æn. VI.
aturnian here relates to the age of Lead, mentioned, B. I. . 76.

See, see, our own true Phœbus wears the bays!
Our Midas sits Lord Chancellor of plays!
On poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ!
Lo! Ambrose Philips is preferr'd for wit!

REMARKS.

v. 325. *On poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ!*] W—m Benson (Surveyor of the buildings to his Majesty King George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their house and the Painted-chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling; whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. The Lords upon this, were going upon an address to the King against Benson for such misrepresentation; but the Earl of Sunderland, then Secretary, gave them an assurance that his Majesty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favor of this man, the famous Sir Christopher Wren, who had been architect to the crown for above fifty years, who built most of the churches in London, laid the first stone of St. Paul's, and lived to finish it, had been displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

v. 326....*Ambrose Philips.*] 'He was (saith Mr. Jacob) 'one of the wits at Button's, and a Justice of the Peace.' But he has since met with higher preferment in Ireland: and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's Complete Art of Poetry, vol. I. p. 157. 'Indeed, he confesses, he dares not set 'him quite on the same foot with Virgil, lest it should seem that 'tery, but he is much mistaken if posterity does not afford him 'a greater esteem than he at present enjoys.' He endeavoured to create some misunderstanding between our Author and Mr. Addison, whom also soon after he abused as much. His com-

VRRIATIONS.

v. 323. *See, see her own, &c.*] In the former edit.
Beneath his reign shall Eusden wear the bays,
Cibber preside Lord Chancellor of plays,
Benson, sole judge of architecture sit,
And Namby Pamby be preferr'd for wit!
I see th' unfinish'd Dormitory wall,
I see the Savoy totter to her fall;
Hiberuian politicks, O Swift! thy doom,
And Pope's translating three whole years with Broome.
Proceed, great days, &c.

See under Ripley rise a new Whitehall,
While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:
While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,
Gay dies unpension'd, with a hundred friends; 330

REMARKS.

tant cry was, that Mr. P. was an enemy to the government; and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very industriously spread, that he had a hand in a party-paper called The Examiner: A falsehood well known to those, yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.

v. 330. *Gay dies unpension'd*, &c.] See Mr. Gay's fable of the Hare and many Friends. This gentleman was early in the friendship of our Author, which continued to his death. He wrote several works of humor with great success; The Shepherd's Week, Trivia, the What-d'ye-call it, Fables; and, lastly, the celebrated Beggar's Opera; a piece of satire which hit all tastes and degrees of men; from those of the highest quality to the very rabble. That verse of Horace,

"Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim,"

could never be so justly applied as to this. The vast success of it was unprecedented, and almost incredible: what is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient music or tragedy hardly came up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were less followed and famous. It was acted in London sixty-three days uninterrupted; and renewed the next season with equal applause. It spread into all the great towns of England, was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, and at Bath and Bristol fifty, &c. It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days together: it was last acted in Minores. The fame of it was not confined to the author only; the ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans; and houses were furnished with it in screens. The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favorite of the Town; her pictures were engraved, and sold in great numbers; her life written, books of letters and verses to her published, and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests.

Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that season, the Italian opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the nobility and people, which the great critic Mr. Dennis, by the labors and osteries of a whole life, could not overthrow, was demolished by a single stroke of this gentleman's pen. This happened in the year 1728. Yet so great was his modesty, that he constantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto. *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*

Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy fate;
And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.

Proceed, great days! 'till Learning fly the shore,
Till Birch shall blush with noble blood no more;
Till Thames see Eton's sons for ever play,
Till Westminster's whole year be holiday;
Till Isis' elders reel, their pupils' sport,
And Alma Mater lie dissolv'd in Port!

REMARKS.

v. 333. *Proceed, great days! &c... Till Birch shall blush,* &c.] Another great prophet of Dulness, on this side Styx, premiseth those days to be near at hand. 'The devil (saith he) licensed bishops to license masters of schools to instruct youth in the knowledge of the Heathen gods, their religion, &c. The schools and universities will soon be tired and ashamed of classics, and such trumpery.' Hutchinson's Use of Reason recovered. *Scribl.*

VARIATIONS.

v. 331. In the former edit. thus:

O Swift! thy doom,
And Pope's translating ten whole years with Broome.

On which was the following note: 'He concludes his irony with a stroke upon himself: for whoever imagines this a sarcasm on the other ingenious person is surely mistaken. The opinion our Author had of him was sufficiently shewn by his joining him in the undertaking of the Odyssey; in which Mr. Broome, having engaged without any previous agreement, discharged his part so much to Mr. Pope's satisfaction, that he gratified him with the full sum of five hundred pounds, and a present of all those books for which his own interest could procure him subscribers, to the value of one hundred more. The Author only seems to lament that he was employed in translation at all.'

After v. 338, in the first edit. were the following lines:

Then when these signs declare the mighty year,
When the dull stars roll round, and re-appear;
Let there be darkness! (the dread Pow'r shall say)
All shall be darkness, as it ne'er were day:
To their first chaos Wit's vain works shall fall,
And universal darkness cover all.

Enough! enough! the raptur'd Monarch cries!
nd through the iv'ry gate the vision flies. 340

IMITATIONS.

. 340. *And through the iv'ry gate, &c.*]
'Sunt geminae somni portae; quarum altera fertur
'Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris;
'Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,
'Sed falsa ad coelum mittunt insomnia manes.'
Virg. Æn. VI.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the first edition of the Fourth Book of the Dunciad, when printed separately in the year 1742.

WE apprehend, it can be deemed no injury to the Author of the three first Books of the Dunciad, that we publish this Fourth: it was found merely by accident, in taking a survey of the library of a late eminent nobleman; but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detached pieces, as plainly shewed it to be not only incorrect, but unfinished. That the Author of the three first Books had a design to extend and complete his Poem in this manner, appears from the dissertation prefixed to it, where it is said, that 'The design is more extensive, and that we may expect other episodes to complete it:' and, from the declaration in the argument to the third Book, that 'The accomplishment of the prophecies therein, would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad.' Be whether or no he be the author of this, we declare ourselves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it, than Tucca and Varius for that of the last six Books of the Æneid, though, perhaps, inferior to the former.

If any person be possessed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the public, we shall make the next edition more compleat.

in which we also promise to insert any Criticisms that shall be published (if at all to the purpose) with the names of the authors; or any letters sent us (though not to the purpose) shall yet be printed, under the title of, *Epistolæ obscurorum virorum*; which, together with some others of the same kind, formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleasant addition to the future Impressions of this Poem.

THE DUNCIAD.

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK IV.

The Argument.

The Poet being, in this Book to declare the completion of the Prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new Invocation; as the greater poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shews the Goddess coming in her Majesty, to destroy Order and Science, and to substitute the kingdom of the Dull upon earth. How she leads captive the sciences, and silences the Muses; and what they be who succeed in their stead. All her children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her; and hear along with them divers others, who promote her empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of arts; such as half-wits, tasteless admirers, vain pretenders, the flatterers of dunces, or the patrons of them. All these crowd arouud her; one of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the Geniuses of the Schools, who assure her of their care to advance her cause by confining youth to Words, and keeping them out of the way of real Knowledge. Their address, and her gracious answer; with her charge to them and the Universities. The Universities appear by their proper deputies, and assure her, that the same method is observed in the progress of education. The speech of Aristarchus on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from Travel with the Tutors; one of whom delivers to the Goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole conduct and fruits of their Travels, presenting to her at the same time a young nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and endues him with the happy quality of want of Shame. She sees loitering about her a number of indolent Persons abandoning all business, and duty, and dying with idleness; to these approaches the antiquary Annius, intreating her to make them Virtuosos, and assign them over to him, but Nummius, another antiquary, complaining of his frauds

ent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents: amongst them, one stands forth and demands justice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greatest curiosities in Nature; but he justifies himself so well, that the Goddess gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the Indolents before mentioned, in the study of Butterflies, Shells, Birds-nests, Moss, &c. but with particular caution not to proceed beyond Trifles, to any useful or extensive views of Nature, or of the Author of Nature. Against the last of these apprehensions she is secured by a hearty address from the Minute Philosophers and Free-thinkers, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The youth thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of Silenus: and then admitted to taste the cup of the Magus her high priest, which causes a total oblivion of all obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To these her adepts she sends Priests, Attendants, and Comforters, of various kinds; confers on them Orders, and Degrees; and then dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his Privileges, and telling what she expects from each, concludes with a Yawn of extraordinary virtue; the progress and effect whereof on all orders of men, and the consummation of all, in the restoration of Night and Chaos, conclude the Poem.

YET, yet a moment, one dim ray of light
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
Of darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to shew, half veil the deep intent.
Ye Pow'rs! whose mysteries restor'd I sing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suspend a while your force inertly strong,
Then take at once the Poet and the Song.
Now flam'd the Dog-star's unpropitious ray,
Smote ev'ry brain, and wither'd ev'ry bay;

REMARKS.

v. 2. ...*dread Chaos and eternal Night!*] Invoked, as the restoration of their empire is the action of the Poem.

Sick was the sun, the owl forsook his bow'r,
The moon-struck prophet felt the madding hour:
Then rose the seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out order, and extinguish light,
Of dull and venal a new world to mould,
And bring Saturnian days of lead and gold.
She mounts the throne: her head a cloud con-
In broad effulgence all below reveal'd, [ceal'd,
('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines)
Soft on her lap her Laureate Son reclines.
Beneath her footstool Science groans in chains,
And Wit dreads exile, penalties and pains.
There foam'd rebellious Logic, gagg'd and bound;
There, stript, fair Rhet'ric languish'd on the ground;
His blunted arms by Sophistry are borne,
And shameless Billingsgate her robes adorn.
Morality, by her false guardians drawn,
Chicane in furs, and Casuistry in lawn.
Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,
And dies when Dulness gives her page the word.

REMARKS.

v. 14. *To bolt out order, and extinguish light.*] The two great ends of her mission; the one in quality of daughter of Chaos, the other as daughter of Night. Order here is to be understood extensively, both as civil and moral; the distinctions between high and low in society, and true and false in individuals: light as intellectual only, wit, science, arts.

v. 15. *Of dull and venal.*] The allegory continued; *dull* referring to the extinction of light or science; *venal* to the destruction of order and the truth of things.

Ibid. ...*a new world.*] In allusion to the Epicurean opinion that from the dissolution of the natural world into eight a chaos, a new one should arise; this the Poet alluding to, in the production of a new world, makes it partake of its original principles.

Iad Mathesis alone was unconfin'd,
oo mad for mere material chains to bind:
Now to pure space lifts her ecstatic stare,
Now running round the circle, finds it square.
But held in tenfold bonds the Muses lie,
Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye:
There to her heart sad Tragedy addrest
The dagger, wont to pierce the tyrant's breast;
But sober History restrain'd her rage,
And promis'd vengeance on a barb'rous age.
There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
Had not her sister Satire held her head:
Nor could'st thou, Chesterfield! a tear refuse,
Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle Muse.
When, lo! a harlot form soft sliding by,
With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye;
Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aside;
By singing peers upheld on either hand,
She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand;
Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look,
Then thus in quaint recitativo spoke:
O Cara! Cara! silence all that train;
Joy to great Chaos! let Division reign:
Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense;

IMITATIONS.

v. 54. *Joy to great Chaos!*] 'Joy to great Cæsar!' The beginning of a famous old song.

One thrill shall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage;
To the same notes thy son shall hum, or snore,
And all the yawning daughters cry, *Encore.*
Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus reigns,
Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
But soon, ah soon, rebellion will commence,
If music meanly borrows aid from sense:
Strong in new arms, lo! giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
Arrest him, Empress, or you sleep no more—
She heard, and drove him to the Hibernian shore.
And now had Fame's posterior trumpet blown,
And all the nations summon'd to the throne:
The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
One instinct seizes, and transports away.
None need a guide by sure attraction led,
And strong impulsive gravity of head:
None want a place, for all their centre found,
Hung to the Goddess, and coher'd around.
Not closer, orb in orb, conglob'd are seen
The buzzing bees about their dusky queen.

The gath'ring number as it moves along,
Involves a vast involuntary throng,
Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
Roll in her vortex, and her pow'r confess.
Not those alone who passive own her laws,
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause.

Whate'er of dunce in college or in town
Sneers at another, in toupee or gown;
Whate'er of mongril no one class admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.
Nor absent they, no members of her state,
Who pay her homage in her sons, the great;
Who false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal,
Or impious, preach his word without a call.
Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead,
With-hold the pension, and set up the head;
Or vest dull Flatt'ry in the sacred gown,
Or give from fool to fool the laurel crown;
And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,
Without the soul, the Muse's hypocrite.
There march'd the bard and blockhead side by side,
Who rhym'd for hire, and patronis'd for pride.
Narcissus, prais'd with all a parson's pow'r,
Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a show'r.
There mov'd Montalto with superior air:
His stretch'd-out arm display'd a volume fair;
Courtiers and patriots in two ranks divide,
Through both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side;
Not as in graceful act, with awful eye,
Composs'd he stood, bold Benson thrust him by:
On two unequal crutches propt he came,
Filton's on this, on that one Johnson's name.
The decent Knight retir'd with sober rage,
Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page:

But (happy for him as the times went then)
Appear'd Apollo's may'r and aldermen,
On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await,
To lug the pond'rous volume off in state.

When Dulness, smiling—"Thus revive the wits!
But murder first, and mince them all to bits;
As erst Medea (cruel, so to save!)
A new edition of old Æson gave;
Let standard authors thus, like trophies borne,
Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn.
And you my Critics! in the chequer'd shade,
Admire new light thro' holes yourselves have made.

Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
A page, a grave, that they can call their own;
But spread, my Sons, your glory thin or thick,
On passive paper, or on solid brick.
So by each bard an alderman shall sit,
A heavy lord shall hang at ev'ry wit.

REMARKS.

v. 115. &c.] These four lines were printed in a separate leaf by Mr. Pope, in the last edition which he himself gave of the Dunciad, with directions to the printer to put this leaf into a place, as soon as Sir T. H's Shakespeare should be published.

VARIATIONS.

v. 114.] What! no respect, he cry'd, for Shakespeare's page

IMITATIONS.

v. 126. *Admire new light*, &c.]
The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
'Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.'

And while on Fame's triumphal car they ride,
Some slave of mine be pinion'd to their side."
Now crowds on crowds around the Goddess press,
Each eager to present the first address.
Dunce scorning dunce beholds the next advance,
But fop shows fop superior complaisance.
When lo! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand;
His beaver'd brow a birchin garland wears,
Dropping with infants' blood and mothers' tears,
O'er ev'ry vein a shudd'ring horror runs,
Eaton and Winton shake through all their sons.
All flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race
Shrink, and confess the genius of the place:
The pale-boy senator yet tingling stands,
And holds his breeches close with both his hands.
Then thus: Since man from beast by words is known,
Words are man's province, words we teach alone.
When reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to guide,
We never suffer it to stand too wide.
To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
As Fancy opens the quick springs of sense,

IMITATIONS.

v. 142. *Dropping with infant's blood*, &c.]
'First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
'Of human sacrifice and parents' tears.' *Milt.*

We ply the memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain,
Confine the thought, to exercise the breath,
And keep them in the pale of words till death.
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
A poet the first day he dips his quill;
And what the last? a very poet still.
Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
Lost, lost too soon in yonder House or Hall.
There truant Wyndham ev'ry muse gave o'er,
There Talbot sunk, and was a wit no more!
How sweet an Ovid, Murray was our boast!
How many Martials were in Pult'ney lost!
Else sure some bard, to our eternal praise,
In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
Had reach'd the work, the All that mortal can,
And South beheld that masterpiece of man.
Oh (cry'd the Goddess) for some pedant reign!
Some gentle James, to bless the land again:
To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,
Give law to words, or war with words alone,
Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the counsel to a grammar-school!
For sure if Dulness sees a grateful day,
'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.
O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one; sufficient for a king;
That which my priests, and mine alone, maintain,
Which, as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign:

May you, my Cam, and Isis, preach it long!
'The right divine, of kings, to govern wrong.'
Prompt at the call, around the Goddess roll
Broad hats, and woods, and caps, a sable shoal: 190
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.
Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,
[Through Christ-church long kept prudishly away.]
Each staunch Polemic, stubborn as a rock, 195
Each fierce Logician, still expelling Locke, [thick
Came whip and spur, and dash'd through thin and
On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.
As many quit the streams that murm'ring fall
To lull the sons of Marg'ret and Clare-hall, 200
Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
In troubled waters, but now sleeps in Port.
Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;
Plow'd was his front with many a deep remark:
His hat, which never veil'd to human pride, 205
Walker with rev'rence took, and laid aside.
Low bow'd the rest: he, kingly, did but nod;
So upright Quakers please both man and God.

REMARKS.

v. 196. *...still expelling Locke.*] In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the University of Oxford to censure Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, and to forbid the reading it. See his Letters in the last edit.

IMITATIONS.

v. 207. *He, kingly, did but nod.*]
'... He, kingly, from his state
Declin'd not.' *Milton.*

Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne:
Avaunt—is Aristarchus yet unknown?
The mighty scholiast, whose unweary'd pains
Mrde Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,
Critics like me shall make it prose again.
Roman and Greek grammarians! know you better;
Author of something yet more great than letter;
While tow'ring o'er your alphabet, like Saul,
Stands our Digamma, and o'ertops them all.
'Tis true, on words is still our whole debate,
Dispute of *me* or *te*, of *aut* or *at*.
To sound or sink in *cano*, O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C. or K.
Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,
And Alsop, never but like Horace joke:
For me, what Virgil, Pliny would deny,
Manilius or Solinus shall supply:
For Attic phrase in Plato let them seek,
I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.

REMARKS.

v. 223, 224. *Freind...Alsop.* Dr. Robert Freind, master of Westminster-school, and canon of Christ-church..Dr. Anthony Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style.

v. 228. &c. *Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus.*] The first a dictionary-

IMITATIONS.

v. 210. *Is Aristarchus yet unknown?*

'Sic notus Ulysses?' *Virg.*
'Dost thou not feel me, Rome?' *Ben Jonson.*

v. 215. *Roman and Greek grammarians*, &c.] Imitated from Propertius, speaking of the Æneid,

'Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite Graii:
'*Nescio quid majus* nascitur Iliade.'

In ancient sense if any needs will deal,
Be sure I give them fragments, not a meal;
What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
Or chew'd by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er,
The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit.
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see
When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea.

Ah, think not, Mistress! more true Dulness lies
In Folly's cap, then Wisdom's grave disguise.
Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
On Learning's surface we but lie and nod.
Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
And much divinity without a Nos
Nor could a Barrow work on ev'ry block,
Nor has one Atterbury spoil'd the flock.
See! still thy own, the heavy canon roll,
And metaphysic-smokes involve the pole.
For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read:

REMARKS.

writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words: the second a minute critic; the third an author who gave his common-place book to the Public, where we happen to find much mince-meat of old books.

v. 245, 246. *Barrow...Atterbury*] Isaac Barrow, Master of Trinity, Francis Atterbury Dean of Christ-church, both great geniusses and eloquent preachers; one more conversant in the sublime geometry, the other in classical learning; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite arts in their several societies.

For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, Goddess, and about it:
So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
And labors till it clouds itself all o'er.
What though we let some better sort of fool
Thrid ev'ry science, run through ev'ry school?
Never by tumbler through the hoops was shown
Such skill in passing all, and touching none.
He may indeed (if sober all this time)
Plague with dispute, or persecute with rhyme.
We only furnish what we cannot use,
Or wed to what he must divorce, a Muse:
Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a genius to a dunce:
Or set on metaphysic ground to prance,
Show all his paces, not a step advance.
With the same cement, ever sure to bind,
We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind:
Then take him to develope, if you can,
And hew the block off, and get out the man.
But wherefore waste I words? I see advance
Whore, pupil, and lac'd governor from France.
Walker! our hat—nor more he deign'd to say,
But, stern as Ajax, spectre strode away.
In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
And titt'ring push'd the pedants off the place:
Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn, or by the op'ning hound.
The first came forwards with as easy mien,
As if he saw St. James's and the Queen.

When thus the attendant Orator begun;
Receive, great Empress! thy accomplish'd son:
Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God.
The sire saw, one by one, his virtues wake;
The mother begg'd the blessing of a rake.
Thou gav'st that ripeness which so soon began,
And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was boy nor man;
Through school and college, thy kind cloud o'ercast,
Safe and unseen the young Æneas past:
Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy larum half the town.
Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew;
Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.
There all thy gifts and graces we display,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way!
To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons;
Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian arts, Italian souls:
To happy convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines:
To isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,
Diffusing langour in the panting gales:
To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves,
Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute-resounding waves.

IMITATIONS.

v. 284. *A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God.*]
'....sine Dis animosus Infans.' *Hor.*

But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the Lion of the deeps;
Where, eas'd of fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the smooth eunuch and enamour'd swain.
Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd ev'ry vice on Christian ground;
Saw ev'ry court, heard ev'ry king declare
His royal sense, of op'ras or the fair;
The stews and palace equally explor'd,
Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit whor'd;
Try'd all *hors d'œuvres*, all *liqeurs* defin'd,
Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd;
Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store,
Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more;
All classic learning lost on classic ground;
And last turn'd Air, the echo of a sound!
See now, half-cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
With nothing but a solo in his head;
As much estate, and principle, and wit,
As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber shall think fit;

REMARKS.

v. 307. *But chief.*] &c. These two lines, in their force o imagery and colouring, emulate and equal the pencil of Rubens.

v. 308. *And Cupids ride the Lion of the deeps.*] The winged Lion, the arms of Venice. This republic was heretofore the most considerable in Europe for her naval force, and the extent of her commerce; now illustrious for her Carnivals.

v 326... *Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber.*] Three very eminent persons, all managers of plays; who, though not governors by profession, had, each in his way, concerned themselves in the education of youth, and regulated their wits, their morals, or their finances, at that period of their age which is the most important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the last of these, and his talents for this end, see Book I. ver. 199, &c.

Stol'n from a duel, follow'd by a nun,
And, as if a borough choose him, not undone;
See, to my country happy I restore
This glorious youth, and add one Venus more.
Her too receive, (for her my soul adores,)
So may the sons of sons of sons of whores,
Prop thine, O Empress! like each neighbour throne,
And make a long posterity thy own.
Pleas'd, she accepts the hero, and the dame,
Wraps in her veil, and frees from sense of shame.
Then look'd, and saw a lazy lolling sort,
Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,
Of ever-listless loit'rers, that attend
No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend.
Thee too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness.
She pity'd! but her pity only shed
Benigner influence on the nodding head.
But Annius, crafty seer, with ebon wand,
And well-dissembled em'rald on his hand,

IMITATIONS.

v. 332. *So may the sons of sons*, &c.]
'Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis.' *Virg.*

v. 342. *Stretch'd on the rack*..
And heard, &c.]
'Sedet, *æternumque sedebit!*
'Infelix Theseus, Phlegyasque *miserrimus* omnes
'Admonet.' *Virg.*

Then thick as locusts black'ning all the ground,
A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
Each with some wondrous gift approach'd the Pow'r,
A nest, a toad, a fungus, or a flow'r.
But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,
And aspect ardent, to the throne appeal.

The first thus open'd: Hear thy suppliant's call,
Great Queen, and common mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flow'r,
Suckl'd, and cheer'd, with air, and sun, and show'r,
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
Bright with the gilded button tipt its head.
Then thron'd in glass, and nam'd it Caroline:
Each maid cry'd, Charming! and each youth Divine!
Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays,
Such vary'd light in one promiscuous blaze?
Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries charming! and no youth divine!
And lo the wretch! whose vile, whose insect lust
Laid this gay daughter of the Spring in dust,

IMITATIONS.

v. 405, &c. *Fair from its humble bed, &c....nam'd it Caroline!*
Each maid cry'd, Charming! and each youth Divine!
Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries charming! and no youth divine!]
These verses are translated from Catullus, Epith.
'Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,
'Quem mulcet aurae, firmat Sol, educat imber
'Multi illum pueri, multae optavere puellae:
'Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
'Nulli illum pueri, nullae optavere puellae,' &c.

Oh punish him, or to th' Elysian shades
Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades.
He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien
Th' accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the Queen:
Of all th' enamel'd race, whose silv'ry wing
Waves to the tepid zephyrs of the spring,
Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
Once brightest shin'd this child of heat and air.
I saw, and started from its vernal bow'r
The rising game, and chas'd from flow'r to flow'r.
It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
It stopt, I stopt; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seiz'd:
Rose, or carnation, was below my care;
I meddle, Goddess! only in my sphere.
I tell the naked fact without disguise,
And, to excuse it, need but shew the prize;
Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye,
Fair ev'n in death! this peerless butterfly.
My sons! (she answer'd) both have done your parts:
Your ive happy both, and long promote our arts.

IMITATIONS.

v. 421. *Of all th' enamel'd race.*] The Poet seems to have eye to Spencer, Muiopotmos.

'Of all the race of silver-winged flies
'Which do possess the empire of the air.'

v. 427, 428. *It fled, I followed,* &c.]

'.....I started back;
'It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd.
'Pleas'd it return'd as soon.' Milt.

But hear a mother when she recommends
To your fraternal care our sleeping friends;
The common soul, of Heav'n's more frugal make,
Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake:
A drowzy watchman, that just gives a knock,
And breaks our rest, to tell us what's a-clock.
Yet by some object ev'ry brain is stirr'd,
The dull may waken to a humming-bird;
The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
Congenial matter in the cockle-kind;
The mind, in metaphysics at a loss,
May wander in a wilderness of moss;
The head that turns at superlunar things,
Poiz'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.
O! would the sons of men once think their eyes
And reason giv'n them but to study flies!
See nature in some partial narrow shape,
And let the author of the whole escape:
Learn but to trifle; or, who most observe,
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve.

REMARKS.

v. 452... *Wilkins' wings.*] One of the first projectors of the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and useful notions entertained the extravagant hope of a possibility to fly to the moon; which has put some volatile geniuses upon making wings for that purpose.

VARIATIONS.

v. 441. *The common soul*, &c.] In the first edit. thus:

Of souls the greater part, Heaven's common make,
Serve but to keep fool's pert, and knaves awake;
And most but find that sentinel of God,
A drowzy watchman in the land of Nod.

Be that my task (replies a gloomy clerk,
worn foe to myst'ry, yet divinely dark;
Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
When moral evidence shall quite decay,
And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize:)
Let others creep by timid steps, and slow,
On plain experience lay foundations low,
By common sense to common knowledge bred,
And last, to Nature's cause through Nature led.
All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
Mother of arrogance, and source of pride!
We nobly take the high Priory road,
And reason downward, till we doubt of God:
Make Nature still encroach upon his plan,
And shove him off as far as e'er we can:
Thrust some mechanic cause into his place,
Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space:
Or, at one bound o'er-leaping all his laws,
Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cause;
Find Virtue local, all Relation scorn,
See all in Self, and but for self be born:
Of nought so certain as our Reason still,
Of nought so doubtful as of Soul and Will.
Oh hide the God still more! and make us see
Such as Lucretius drew, a god like thee:
Wrapt up in self, a god without a thought,
Regardless of our merit, or default.
Or that bright image to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw,

While through poetic scenes the Genius roves,
Or wanders wild in academic groves;
That Nature our society adores,
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores.

Rous'd at his name, up-rose the bowzy sire,
And shook from out his pipe the seeds of fire;
Then snapt his box, and stroak'd his belly down;
Rosy, and rev'rend, though without a gown.
Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
Led up the youth, and call'd the Goddess Dame.
Then thus: From priestcraft happily set free,
Lo! ev'ry finish'd son returns to thee:
First slave to words, then vassal to a name,
Then dupe to party; child and man the same;
Bounded by Nature, narrow'd still by art,
A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen,
Smiling on all, and smil'd on by a queen?
Mark'd out for honors, honor'd for their birth,
To thee the most rebellious things on earth:
Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
All melted down in pension, or in punk!
So K*, so B** sneak'd into the grave,
A monarch's half, and half a harlot's slave.
Poor W** nipt in folly's broadest bloom,
Who praises now? his chaplain on his tomb.

REMARKS.

v. 492. Silenus.] Silenus was an Epicurean philosopher, as appears from Virgil, Ecl. vi. where he sings the principles of his philosophy in his drink.

Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast!
Thy Magus, Goddess! shall perform the rest.
With that a wizard old, his cup extends,
Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends,
Sire, ancestors, himself. One casts his eyes,
Up to a star, and like Endymion dies:
A feather, shooting, from another's head,
Extracts his brain, and principle is fled;
Lost in his God, his country, ev'ry thing,
And nothing left but homage to a king!
The vulgar herd turn off to roll with hogs,
To run with horses, or to hunt with dogs;
But, sad example! never to escape
Their infamy, still keep the human shape.
But she, good Goddess, sent to every child
Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild;
And strait succeeded, leaving Shame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.
Kind self-conceit to some her glass applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes;

REMARKS.

v. 517...*his cup*..*Which whoso tastes*, &c.] The cup of Self-love, which causes a total oblivion of the obligations of friendship or honor; and of the service of God or our country: all sacrificed to vain-glory, court-worship, or the yet meaner considerations of lucre and brutal pleasures. From ver. 520, to 528,

IMITATIONS.

v. 518. *Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends*, ,,*Sire*, &c.] Homer of the Nepenthe, Odyss. IV.

But as the flatt'rer, or dependant, paint,
Beholds himself a patriot, chief, or saint.
On others' int'rest, her gay liv'ry flings,
Int'rest, that waves on party-color'd wings:
Turn'd to the sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
And, as she turns, the colors fall, or rise.
Others the Syren Sisters warble round,
And empty heads console with empty sound.
No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulness trickling in their ear.
Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*,
Why all your toils? your sons have learn'd to sing.
How quick Ambition hates to ridicule!
The sire is made a peer, the son a fool.
On some, a priest succinct in amice white
Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight!
Beeves at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge boar is shrunk into an urn:
The board, with spacious miracles, he loads,
Turns hares to larks, and pigeons into toads.
Another (for in all, what *one* can shine?)
Explains the *seve* and *verdeur* of the vine.
What cannot copious sacrifice atone?
Thy truffles, Perigord! thy hams, Bayonne!
With French libation, and Italian strain,
Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain.

REMARKS.

v. 560... *Bladen*.. *Hays*.] Names of gamesters. Bl[illegible] black man. Robert Knight, Cashier of the South sea C[illegible] who fled from England in 1720 (afterwards pardoned is[illegible]

Knight lifts the head; for what are crowds undone,
To three essential partridges in one?
Gone ev'ry blush, and silent all reproach,
Contending princes mount them in their coach.
Next bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The Queen confers her titles and degrees.
Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
Who study Shakespeare at the Inns of Court,
Impale a glow-worm, or vertu profess,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.
Some, deep Free-masons, join the silent race,
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
Some botanists, or florists at the least,
Or issue members of an annual feast.
Nor past the meanest unregarded, one
Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.
The last, not least in honor or applause,
Isis and Cam made Doctors of her Laws.
Then, blessing all, Go, children of my care!
To *practice* now from *theory* repair.
All my commands are easy, short, and full:
My Sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.
Guard my prerogative, assert my throne:
This nod confirms each privilege your own.
The cap and switch be sacred to his Grace;
With staff and pumps the Marquis leads the race;
From stage to stage the licens'd Earl may run,
Pair'd with his fellow-charioteer, the Sun;

REMARKS.

, These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open tables frequented by persons of the first quality of England, and even by princes of the blood of France.

The learned Baron butterflies design,
Or draw to silk Arachne's subtile line;
The Judge to dance his brother serjeant call!
The Senator at cricket urge the ball;
The Bishop stow (pontific luxury!)
An hundred souls of turkeys in a pye;
The sturdy Squire to Gallic masters stoop,
And drown his lands and manors in a soup.
Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach kings to fiddle, and make senates dance.
Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
Proud to my list to add one monarch more;
And, nobly conscious, princes are but things
Born for first ministers, as slaves for kings,
Tyrant supreme! shall three estates command,
And make one mighty Dunciad of the land! [nods:
More she had spoke, but yawn'd—All Nature
What mortal can resist the yawn of gods?
Churches and Chapels instantly it reach'd;
(St. James's first, for leaden G— preach'd;)
Then catch'd the Schools; the Hall scarce kept awake;
The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak:
Lost was the Nation's sense, nor could be found,
While the long solemn unison went round:
Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm;
Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the helm:
The vapour mild o'er each Committee crept;
Unfinish'd treaties in each office slept;
And chiefless Armies doz'd out the campaign;
And Navies yawn'd for orders on the main.

O Muse! relate, (for you can tell alone,
Wits have short memories, and dunces none,)
Relate who first, who last, resign'd to rest;
Whose heads she partly, whose completely blest;
What charms could faction, what ambition lull,
The venal quiet, and intrance the dull;
Till drown'd was Sense, and Shame, and Right, and Wrong—
O sing, and hush the nations with thy song!

* * * * * * * * * * *

In vain, in vain—the all-composing hour
Resistless falls: the Muse obeys the pow'r.
She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
Of Night primeval, and of Chaos old!
Before her Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
The sick'ning stars fade off the ethereal plain;
As Argus's eyes, by Hermes' wand oppress,
Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after Art goes out, and all is night.
See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er her head!

IMITATIONS.

621. *Relate who first, who last, resign'd to rest:*
Whose heads she partly, whose completely blest.]
Quem telo primum, quem postremum *aspera Virgo*
Dejicis? aut quot humi, *morientia corpora* fundis!' *Virg.*

Philosophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense!
See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.
Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine;
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse Divine!
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restor'd;
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
And universal Darkness buries All.

IMITATIONS.

v. 637. *As Argus' eyes*, &c.]

'Et quamvis sopor est oculorum parte receptus,
'Parte tamen vigilat..
'..Vidit Cyllenius omnes
'Succubuisse oculos,' &c. *Ovid.* Met. II.

VARIATIONS.

v. 643.] In the former edit. it stood thus:

Philosophy, that reach'd the heav'ns *before*,
Shrinks to her hidden cause, *and is no more.*

And this was intended as a censure of the Newtonian philosophy. For the Poet had been misled by the prejudices of foreigners, as if that philosophy had recurred to the occult qualities of Aristotle. This was the idea he received of it from a man educated abroad, who had read every thing, but every thing superficially. Had his excellent Friend, Dr. A. been consulted in this matter, it is certain that so unjust a reflection had never discredited so noble a Satire. When I hinted to him how he had been imposed upon, he changed the lines with great pleasure, into a compliment (as they now stand) on that divine genius, and a satire on the folly by which he, the Poet himself, had been misled.

END OF THE DUNCIAD.

BY THE AUTHOR, A DECLARATION.

WHEREAS certain Haberdashers of Points and Particles, *being instigated by the spirit of* Pride, *and assuming to themselves the name of* Critics *and* Restorers, *have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current sense of our* Glorious Ancestors, Poets of this Realm, *by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own base alloy, or otherwise falsifying the same; which they publish, utter, and vend as genuine; the said Haberdashers having no right thereto, as neither heirs, executors, administrators, assigns, or* in any sort related *to such Poets, to all or any of them:* Now We, *having carefully revised this our* Dunciad, * *beginning with the words,* The mighty Mother, *and ending with the words* buries All, *containing the entire sum of* One thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses, *declare every word, figure, point, and comma, of this impression to be authentic: and do therefore strictly enjoin and forbid any person or persons whatsoever to erase, reverse, put between* hooks, *or by any other means, directly or indirectly, change or mangle any of them.* And *we do hereby earnestly exhort all our brethren to follow* this our example, *which we heartily wish our great Predecessors had heretofore*

* Read thus confidently, instead of "beginning with the words "*books* and ending with the word *flies*," as formerly it stood: read also, "containing the entire sum of *one thousand seven hundred and fifty-four* verses," instead of *one thousand and twelve lines*;" such being the initial and final words, and such the true and entire contents of this Poem.

ent, as a remedy and prevention of all such abuses. Provided always, *that nothing in this Declaration shall be construed to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every subject of this Realm to judge, censure, or condemn, in the whole, or in part, any Poem or Poet whatsoever.*

Given under our hand at London, this third day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me.
JOHN BARBER, Mayor.

Thou art to know, Reader! that the first edition thereof, viz. that of Milton, was never seen by the Author, (though living; yet not blind:) the editor himself confessed as much in his preface, and no two poems were ever published in so arbitrary a manner. The editor of this had as boldly suppressed whole passages, yea the entire last book, as the editor of Paradise Lost added and augmented. Milton himself gave but *ten* books, his editor twelve; this Author gave *four* books, his editor only *three*. But we have happily done justice to both; and presume we shall live, in this our last labor, as long as in any of our others. *Bookseller.*

APPENDIX.

PREFACE,

Prefixed to the five first imperfect editions of the Dunciad, in three books, printed at Dublin and London, in octavo and duodecimo, 1727.

THE PUBLISHER * TO THE READER.

It will be found a true observation, though somewhat surprising, that when any scandal is vented

*The publisher**.] Who he was is uncertain; but Edward Ward tells us, in his Preface to Durgen, 'That most judges are of opinion this Preface is not of English extraction, but Hibernian,' &c. He means it was written by Dr. Swift, who, whether the publisher or not, may be said, in a sort, to be author of the Poem. For when he, together with Mr. Pope (for reasons specified in the Preface to their Miscellanies) determined to own the most trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remained in their power, the first sketch of this Poem was snatched from the fire by Dr. Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inscribed. But the occasion of printing it was as follows:

There was published in those Miscellanies a Treatise of the Bathos, or, art of Sinking in Poetry; in which was a chapter, where the species of bad writers were ranged in classes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the most part, at random. But such was the number of poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself. All fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year, or more, the common newspapers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise; a liberty no ways to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that, for many

against a man of the highest distinction and character, either in the state or literature, the public in general afford it a most quiet reception, and the larger part accept it as favorably as if it were some kindness done to themselves; whereas, if a known scoundrel or blockhead but chance to be touched upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all scribblers, booksellers, and printers whatsoever.

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I will only observe as a fact, that every week, for these two months past, the Town has been persecuted with pamphlets, advertisements, letters, and weekly essays, not only against the wit and writings, but against the character and person, of Mr. Pope; and that of all those men who have received pleasure from his Works, (which, by modest compu-

years, during the uncontrolled licence of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and unsecure. This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common enemies of mankind; since, to invalidate his universal slander, it sufficed to shew what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes that, by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them, either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad; and he thought it an happiness that, by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names as was necessary to his design.

Pamphlets, advertisements, &c.] See the list of those anonymous papers, with their dates and authors annexed, inserted before the Poem [now transferred to the Appendix.]

tation, may be about a hundred thousand in these kingdoms of England and Ireland, not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the New World, and foreigners who have translated him into their languages,) of all this number, not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is the author of the following Poem, who doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, joined with a greater personal love for him than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most private authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this Poem *

About an hundred thousand.] It is surprising with what stupidity this Preface, which is almost a continued irony, was taken by those authors. All such passages as these were understood by Curl, Cook, Cibber, and others, to be serious. Here the Laureate (Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9.) "Though I grant the Dunciad a better poem of its kind than ever was writ, yet, when I read it with those *vain-glorious* incumberances of notes and remarks upon it, &c...it is amazing that you, who have writ with such masterly spirit upon the ruling passion, should be so blind a slave to your own, as not to see how far a *low avarice of praise*," &c. (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others were the Author's own.)

The Author of the following Poem, &c.] A very plain irony, speaking of Mr Pope himself.

* The Publisher, in these words, went a little too far; but it is certain whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him, are of such; and the exception is only of two or three, whose dulness, impudent scurrilities, or self conceit, all mankind agreed to have justly entitled them to a place in the Dunciad.

attacked no man living, who had not before printed or published some scandal against this gentleman.

How I came possessed of it, is no concern to the reader; but it would have been a wrong to him had I detained the publication; since those names, which are its chief ornaments, die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is, I cannot say, and (which is a great pity) there is certainly nothing in his style and manner of writing which can distinguish or discover him; for if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr. Pope, it is not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a labored (not to say affected) shortness in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his friend.

I have been well informed, that this work was the labor of full six years of his life, and that he

There is certainly nothing in his style, &c.] This irony had small effect in concealing the author. The Dunciad, imperfect as it was, had not been published two days, but the whole town gave it to Mr. Pope.

The labour of full six years, &c.] This also was honestly and seriously believed by divers gentlemen of the Dunciad. 'Ralph, preface to Sawney: 'We are told it was the labour of six 'years, with the utmost assiduity and application: it is no great 'compliment to the Author's sense to have employed so large a 'part of his life;' &c. So also Ward, preface to Durgen: 'The 'Dunciad, as the publisher very wisely confesses, cost the Au-

wholly retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures of the world to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as would seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript: ——

"Oh mihi bissenos multum vigilata per annos,
"Duncia *!"

Hence also, we learn the true title of the Poem; which, with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the Iliad,—of Virgil the Æneid,—of Camoens the Lusiad,—we may pronounce could have been, and can be, no other than

THE DUNCIAD.

It is styled Heroic, as being doubly so; not only with respect to its nature, which, according to the best rules of the Ancients, and strictest ideas of the Moderns, is critically such; but also, with regard to the heroical disposition and high courage of the writer, who dared to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may arise some obscurity in chronology from the names in the Poem, by the inevitable re-

thor six years' retirement from all the pleasures of life; though it is somewhat difficult to conceive, from either its bulk or beauty, that it could be so long in hatching,' &c. But the length f time and closeness of application were mentioned to prepossess the reader with a good opinion of it.

They just as well understood what Scriblerus said of the Poem.

* The prefacer to Curl's Key, p. 3. took this word to be really Statius: 'By a quibble on the word '*Duncia*, the *Duncad*, is formed.' Mr. Ward also follows him in the same opinion.

moval of some authors, and insertion of others in their niches: for, whoever will consider the unity of the whole design, will be sensible that the Poem was not made for these authors, but these authors for the Poem. I should judge, that they were clapped in, as they rose, fresh and fresh, and changed from day to day; in like manner, as when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled, or anxious, if he cannot decypher them; since, when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the persons than before.

Yet we judged it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictious names; by which the satire would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one. Had the Hero, for instance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr.T. Mr.E. Sir R.B.! &c. but now all that unjust scandal is saved, by calling him by a name which, by good luck, happens to be that of a real person.

A LIST OF

BOOKS, PAPERS, AND VERSES,

In which our Author was abused before the publication of the Dunciad, with the true names of the authors.

REFLECTIONS, Critical and Satirical, on a late Rhapsody, called an Essay on Criticism. By Mr. *Dennis*. Printed by B. Lintot, price 6d.

A New Rehearsal; or, Bayes the Younger; containing an Examen of Mr. Rowe's plays, and a word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock.—Anon. By *Charles Gildon*. Printed for J. Roberts, 1714, price 1s.

Homerides; or, A Letter to Mr. Pope, occasioned by his intended translation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Dogrel, *Tho. Burnet* and *G. Ducket*, Esquires. Printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9d.

Æsop at the Bear-garden; a vision, in imitation of the Temple of Fame, by Mr. *Preston*. Sold by John Morphew, 1715, price 6d.

The Catholic Poet; or, Protestant Barnaby's sorrowful lamentation; a Ballad about Homer's Iliad. By Mrs. *Centlivre* and others, 1715, price 1d.

An Epilogue to a Puppet-show at Bath, concerning the said Iliad. By *George Ducket*, Esq. Printed by E. Curl.

A complete Key to the What-d'ye-call-it. Anon. By *Griffin*, a player; supervised by Mr. *Th*——. Printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true character of Mr. P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend. Anon. *Dennis*. Printed for S. Popping, 1716, price 3d.

The Confederates, a farce. By Joseph Gay.—*J. D. Breval.*—Printed for R. Burleigh, 1717, price 1s.

Remarks upon Mr. Pope's Translation of Homer; with two Letters concerning the Windsor Forest, and the Temple of Fame. By Mr. *Dennis*. Printed for E. Curl, 1717, price 1s. 6d.

Satires on the Translators of Homer, Mr. P. and Mr. T. Anon. *Bez. Morris*. 1717, price 6d.

The Triumvirate; or, A Letter from Palæmon to Celia, at Bath. Anon. *Leonard Welsted*, 1711, folio, price 1s.

The Battle of Poets, an heroic poem. By *Tho. Cooke*. Printed for J. Roberts, folio, 1715.

Memoirs of Lilliput. Anon. *Eliza Haywood*, octavo. Printed in 1727.

An Essay on Criticism, in prose. By the author of the Critical History of England. *J. Oldmixon*, octavo. Printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana; with an ample preface and critique on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. By *Jonathan Smedley*. Printed by J. Roberts, octavo, 1728.

Characters of the Times: or, An Account of

he Writings, Characters, &c. of several gentlemen libelled by S— and P—, in a late Miscellany, octavo, 1728.

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in Letters to a Friend. By Mr. *Dennis*; written in 1724, though not printed till 1728, octavo.

Verses, Letters, Essays, or Advertisements, in the public prints.

British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A letter on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. Written by *Mr. Concanen.*

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A Letter by Philomauri. *James-Moore Smith.*

Idem, March 29. A letter about Thersites, accusing the Author of disaffection to the government. By *James-Moore Smith.*

Mist's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Essay on the Arts of a Poet's sinking in Reputation: or, A Supplement to the Art of sinking in Poetry. Supposed by Mr. *Theobald.*

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of Philo-ditto. By *James-Moore Smith.*

Flying-Post, April 4. A Letter against Gulliver and Mr. P. By Mr. *Oldmixon.*

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods at Twickenham. By *James-Moore Smith.*

The Flying-Post, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatise upon Swift and Pope. By Mr. *Oldmixon.*

The Senator, April 9. On the same. By *Edward Roome.*

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertisement by *James-Moore Smith.*

Flying-Post, April 13. Verses against Dr. Swift, and against Mr. P—'s Homer. By *J. Oldmixon.*

Daily Journal, April 23. Letter about the Translation of the Character of Thersites in Homer. By *Thomas Cooke*, &c.

Mist's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of *Lewis Theobald.*

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter against Mr. P. at large. Anon. *John Dennis.*

All these were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet, entitled, A Collection of all the Verses, Essays, Letters, and Advertisements, occasioned by Mr. Pope and Swift's Miscellanies, prefaced by Concanen. Anon. octavo, and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1s. Others, of an elder date, having lain as waste paper many years, were, upon the publication of the Dunciad, brought out, and their authors betrayed by the mercenary booksellers, (in hopes of some possibility of vending a few) by advertising them in this manner;—"The "Confederates, a farce. By Capt. *Breval* (for "which he was put into the Dunciad.) An Epi- "logue to Powel's Puppet-show. By Col. *Durfey* "(for which he was put into the Dunciad). Essays, *&c.* By Sir *Richard Blackmore.* (*N. B.*

It was for a passage of this book that Sir Richard was put into the Dunciad.") And so of others.

After the Dunciad, 1728.

An Essay on the Dunciad, octavo, printed for T. Roberts. [In this book, p. 9. it was formally declared, "That the complaint of the aforesaid 'libels and advertisements was forged and untrue; 'that all mouths had been silent except in Mr. 'Pope's praise; and nothing against him published 'but by Mr. Theobald."]

Sawney, in blank verse, occasioned by the Dunciad; with a critique on that Poem. By *J. Ralph* [a person never mentioned in it at first, but inserted after.] Printed by J. Roberts, octavo.

A complete Key to the Dunciad. By *E. Curl*, 12mo. price 6d.

A second and third edition of the same, with additions, 12mo.

The Popiad. By *E. Curl*, extracted from J. Dennis, Sir Richard Blackmore, &c. 12mo. price 6d.

The Curliad. By the same *E. Curl*.

The Female Dunciad. Collected by the same Mr. *Curl*, 12mo. price 6d. With the Metamorphosis of P. into a stinging nettle. By Mr. *Foxton*, 12mo.

The Metamorphosis of Scriblerus into Snarle-

rus. By *J. Smedley*, printed for A. Moore, folio, price 6d.

The Dunciad Dissected. By *Curl* and *Mrs. Thomas*, 12mo.

An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the present times. Said to be writ by a gentleman of C.C.C. Oxon. Printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from Bouhours, with new reflections, &c. By *John Oldmixon*, octavo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr. *Dennis*, dedicated to Theobald, octavo.

A Supplement to the profound. Anon. By *Matthew Concanen*, octavo.

Mist's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long Letter, signed W. A. writ by some or other of the club of *Theobald*, *Dennis*, *Moore*, *Concanen*, *Cooke*, who, for some time, held constant weekly meetings for these kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A Letter signed Philo-Scriblerus, on the name of Pope——Letter to Mr. Theobald, in verse, signed B. M. *Bezaleel Morris*, against Mr. P——. Many other little epigrams, about this time, in the same papers, by *James Moore* and others.

Mist's Journal, June 22. A Letter by *Lewis Theobald*.

Flying-Post, Aug. 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, Aug. 8. Letter charging the Author of the Dunciad with treason.

Durgent A plain Satire on a pompous Satirist. By *Edward Ward*, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's Magot in his Cups. By *E. Ward.*

Gulliveriana Secunda. Being a collection of many of the libels in the newspapers, like the former volume under the same title, by *Smedley.* Advertised in the Craftsman, Nov. 9, 1728, with this remarkable promise, that, "*Any thing*, which "*any body* should send as Mr. Pope's, or Dr. "Swift's, should be inserted and published as theirs."

Pope Alexander's Supremacy and Infallibility examined, &c. By *George Ducket*, and *John Dennis*, quarto.

Dean Jonathan's Paraphrase on the ivth chapter of Genesis. Writ by *E. Roome*, folio, 1729.

Labeo. A Paper of Verses by *Leonard Welsted*, which after came into *One Epistle*, and was published by *James Moore*, quarto, 1730. Another part of it came out in Welsted's own name, under the just title of Dulness and Scandal, folio, 1731.

There have been since published,

Verses on the Imitator of Horace. By a Lady, or between a Lady, a Lord, and a Court-squire. Printed for J. Roberts, folio.

An Epistle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity, from Hampton-Court, Lord *H—y*. Printed for J. Roberts. Also folio.

A Letter from Mr. *Cibber* to Mr. Pope. Printed for W. Lewis, in Covent-Garden, octavo.

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To the first Edition with Notes, in quarto, 1729.

It will be sufficient to say of this edition, that the reader has here, a much more correct and complete copy of the Dunciad, than has hitherto appeared. I cannot answer, but some mistakes may have slipt into it, but a vast number of others will be prevented, by the names being now not only set at length, but justified by the authorities and reasons given. I make no doubt, the Author's own motive to use real, rather then feigned names, was his care to preserve the innocent from any false application; whereas, in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive; and (what was worse) to abuse his friends by an impression at Dublin.

The Commentary which attends this Poem was sent me from several, and, consequently, must be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over most commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote distance of time; and the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very *obscurity* of the persons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a *secret*, which most people love to be let into, though the men, or the things, be ever so inconsiderable, or trivial.

Of the *persons* it was judged proper to give some account: for since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive, (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of Queen Anne and King George) it seemed but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, it is only as a paper pinned upon the breast to mark the enormities for which they suffered; lest the correction only should be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In some articles it was thought sufficient barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curl, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this Comment can pretend to be. Most of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occasions; but the few here inserted, are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need say nothing: his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but those who are too much concerned to be judges.

The Imitations of the Ancients are added, to gratify those who either never read, or may have forgotten them; together with some of the parodies and allusions to the most excellent of the Moderns. If, from the frequency of the former,

any man think the Poem too much a Cento, our Poet will but appear to have done the same thing in jest, which Boileau did in earnest; and upon which Vida, Fracastorius, and many of the most eminent Latin poets, professedly valued themselves.

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To the complete edition of 1743.

I HAVE long had a design of giving some sort of Notes on the works of this Poet. Before I had the happiness of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his Essay on Man, and have since finished another on the Essay on Criticism. There was one already on the Dunciad, which had met with general approbation, but I still thought some additions were wanting (of a more serious kind) to the humorous notes of Scriblerus, and even to those written by Mr. Cleland, Dr. Arbuthnot, and others. I had lately the pleasure to pass some months with the Author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long desired, and favor me with his explanation of several passages in his works. It happened, that just at that juncture was published a ridiculous book against him, full of personal reflections, which furnished him with a lucky

opportunity of improving this Poem, by giving it the only thing it wanted, a more considerable Hero. He was always sensible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it pass with the hero it had, purely for want of a better, not entertaining the least expectation that such a one was reserved for this post as has since obtained the laurel: but since that had happened, he could no longer deny this justice either to him or the Dunciad.

And yet I will venture to say, there was another motive which had still more weight with our Author; this person was one who, from every folly (not to say vice) of which another would be ashamed, has constantly derived a vanity; and therefore was the *man in the world who would least be hurt by it.* W. W.

ADVERTISEMENT

Printed in the *Journals*, 1730.

WHEREAS, upon occasion of certain pieces relating to the gentlemen of the Dunciad, some have been willing to suggest, as if they had looked upon them as an abuse: we can do no less than own it is our opinion, that to call these gentlemen bad authors is no sort of abuse, but a great truth. We

cannot alter this opinion without some reason; but we promise to do it in respect to every person who thinks it an injury to be represented as no wit, or poet, provided he procures a certificate of his being really such from any three of his companions in the Dunciad, or from Mr. Dennis singly, who is esteemed equal to any three of the number.

A PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS

OF MR. DRYDEN AND MR. POPE,

As drawn by certain of their cotemporaries.

MR. DRYDEN, HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. DRYDEN is a mere renegado from monarchy, poetry, and good sense *. A true republican son of monarchial church †. A republican Atheist ‡. Dryden was from the beginning an ἀλλοπρόσαλλος, and I doubt not will continue so to the last §.

In the poem called Absalom and Achithopel, are notoriously traduced the King, the Queen, the Lords and Gentlemen, not only their honourable persons exposed, but the whole nation and its representatives notoriously libelled. It is *scandalum magnatum*, yea of Majesty itself ‖.

He looks upon God's gospel as a foolish fable, like the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful purveyor ¶. His very Christianity may be questioned **. He ought to expect more severity than other men, as he is most unmerciful in his own reflections on others ††. With as good a right as his Holiness, he sets up for poetical infallibility ‡‡.

* Milbourn on Dryden's Virgil, 8vo. 1698. p. 6.
† Ib. p. 38. ‡ Ib. p. 192. § Ib. p. 8.
‖ Whip and Key, 4to, printed for R. Janeway, 1682. Pref.
¶ Ibid. ** Milbourn, p. 9. †† Ib. p. 175. ‡‡ Ib. p. 99.

A PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS

OF MR. POPE AND MR. DRYDEN,

As drawn by certain of their cotemporaries.

MR. POPE, HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. POPE is an open and mortal enemy to his country, and the commonwealth of learning *. Some call him a Popish Whig, which is directly inconsistent †. Pope, as a Papist, must be a Tory and a High-flyer ‡. He is both Whig and Tory §.

He hath made it his custom to cackle to more than one party in their own sentiments ‖.

In his Miscellanies, the persons abused are the King, the Queen, his late Majesty, both Houses of Parliament, the Privy Council, the Bench of Bishops, the Established Church, the present Ministry, &c. To make sense of some passages, they must be construed into royal scandal ¶.

He is a Popish rhymester, bred up with a contempt of the Sacred Writings **. His religion allows him to destroy heretics, not only with his pen, but with fire and sword: and such were all those unhappy wits whom he sacrificed to his accursed Popish principles ††. It deserved vengeance

* Dennis, Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, pref. p. 12. † Dunciad Dissected. ‡ Pref. to Gulliveriana. § Dennis, Character of Mr. P. ‖ Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22, 1728. ¶ List at the end of a Collection of Verses, Letters, Advertisements, 8vo.—printed for A. Moore, 1728, and the preface to it, p. 6. ** Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 27. †† Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11.

Mr. DRYDEN *only a versifier.*

His whole libel is all bad matter, beautified (which is all that can be said of it) with good metre *. Mr. Dryden's genius did not appear in any thing more than his versification, and whether he is to be ennobled for that only is a question †.

Mr. DRYDEN's Virgil.

Tonson calls it Dryden's Virgil, to shew that this is not that Virgil so admired in the Augustan age, but a Virgil of another stamp, a silly, impertinent, nonsensical writer ‡. None but a Bavius, a Mævius, or a Bathyllus, carped at Virgil; and none but such unthinking vermin admire his Translator §. It is true, soft and easy lines might become Ovid's Epistles, or Art of Love—but Virgil, who is all great and majestic, &c. requires strength of lines, weight of words, and closeness of expression; not an ambling Muse running on carpet-ground, and shod as lightly as a Newmarket racer. He has numberless faults in his author's meaning, and in propriety of expression ‖.

Mr. DRYDEN *understood no Greek nor Latin.*

Mr. Dryden was once, I have heard, at Westminster-school: Dr. Busby would have whipt him for so childish a paraphrase ¶. The meanest pedant in England would whip a lubber of twelve for construing so

* Whip and Key, Pref. † Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 84. ‡ Milbourn, p. 2. § Ib. p. 35. ‖ Ib. p. 22, and 192. ¶ Ib. p. 72.

to suggest, that Mr. Pope had less infallibility than his namesake at Rome *.

Mr. POPE *only a versifier.*

The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit †. It must be owned that he hath got a notable knack of rhyming and writing smooth verse ‡.

Mr. POPE's Homer.

The Homer which Lintot prints does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who translated him, one would swear, had a hill in Tipperary for his Parnassus, and a puddle in some bog for his Hippocrene §. He has no admirers among those that can distinguish, discern, and judge ‖.

He hath a knack at smooth verse, but without either genius or good sense, or any tolerable knowledge of English. The qualities which distinguish Homer are the beauties of his diction, and the harmony of his versification. But this little Author, who is so much *in* vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts, nor English in his expressions ¶.

Mr. POPE *understood no Greek.*

He hath undertaken to translate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into Eng-

* Dedication to the Collection of Verses, Letters, &c. p. 9. † Mist's Journal of June 8, 1728. ‡ Character of Mr. P. and Dennis on Homer. § Dennis's Remarks on Pope's Homer, p. 12. ‖ Ib. p. 14. ¶ Character of Mr. Pope, p. 17. and Remarks on Homer, p. 91.

absurdly *. The Translator is mad, every line betrays his stupidity †. The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr. Dryden did not, or would not, understand his author ‡. This shows how fit Mr. Dryden may be to translate Homer! A mistake in a single letter might fall on the printer well enough, but ἰ̓χωρ for ἰχὼρ, must be the error of the author: nor had he art enough to correct it at the press §. Mr. Dryden writes for the court ladies—He writes for the ladies, and not for use ‖.

The Translator puts in a little burlesque now and then into Virgil, for a ragout to his cheated Subscribers ¶.

Mr. DRYDEN *tricked his subscribers.*

I wonder that any man, who could not but be conscious of his own unfitness for it, should go to amuse the learned world with such an undertaking! A man ought to value his reputatiou more than money; and not to hope that those who can read for themselves will be imposed upon merely by a partially and unseasonably celebrated name **. *Poetis quidlibet audendi* shall be Mr. Dryden's motto, though it should extend to picking of pockets ††.

Names bestowed on Mr. DRYDEN.

An APE.] A crafty ape drest up in a gawdy gown

* Milbourn, p. 203. † Ib. p. 78. ‡ Ib. p. 206. § Ib. p. 19. ‖ Ib. p. 144, 190. ¶ Ib. p. 67. ** Ib. p. 192. †† Ib. p. 125.

lish, of which he understands as little *. I wonder how this gentleman would look, should it be discovered that he has not translated ten verses together in any book of Homer, with justice to the poet; and yet he dares reproach his fellow-writers with not understanding Greek †. He has stuck so little to his original, as to have his knowledge in Greek called in question ‡. I should be glad to know, which it is of all Homer's excellencies which has so delighted the ladies and the gentlemen who judge like ladies §.

But he has a notable talent at burlesque; his genius slides so naturally into it, that he hath burlesqued Homer without designing it ‖.

Mr. POPE *tricked his subscribers.*

It is indeed somewhat bold, and almost prodigious, or a single man to undertake such a work: but it is o late to dissuade, by demonstrating the madness f the project. The subscribers' expectations have een raised in proportion to what their pockets have een drained of ¶. Mr. Pope has been concerned jobs, and hired out his name to booksellers **.

Names bestowed on Mr. POPE.

An APE.] Let us take the initial letter of his ristian name, and initial and final letters of his

* Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 12. † Daily Journal, April 1728. ‡ Suppl. to the Profound Preface. § Oldmixon, Essay Criticism, p. 66. ‖ Dennis's Remarks, p. 28. ¶ Homerides, , &c. ** British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727.

—Whips put into an ape's paw to play pranks with —None but apish and Papish brats will heed him *.

An Ass.] A camel will take upon him no more burden than is sufficient for his strength, but there is another beast that crouches under all †.

A Frog.] Poet Squab, endued with Poet Maro's spirit! an ugly, croaking kind of vermin, which would swell to the bulk of an ox ‡.

A Coward.] A Clinias, or a Damætus, or a man of Mr. Dryden's own courage §.

A Knave.] Mr. Dryden has heard of Paul, the knave of Jesus Christ: and, if I mistake not, I have read somewhere of John Dryden, servant to his Majesty ‖.

A Fool.] Had he not been such a self-conceited fool ¶.—Some great poets are positive blockheads **.

A Thing.] So little a thing as Mr. Dryden ††.

* Whip and Key, pref. † Milbourn, p. 105. ‡ Ib. p. 11. § Ib. p. 176. ‖ Ib. p. 57. ¶ Whip and Key, pref. ** Milbourn, p. 34. †† Ib. p. 35.

irname, *viz.* A.P.E. and they give you the same lea of an ape as his face *, *&c.*

An Ass.] It is my duty to pull off the lion's in from this little ass †.

A Frog.] A squab short gentleman—a little eature, that, like the frog in the fable, swells, id is angry that it is not allowed to be as big as ox ‡.

A Coward.] A lurking, way-laying coward §.

A Knave.] He is one whom God and Nature ve marked for want of common honesty ‖.

A Fool.] Great fools will be christened by e names of great poets, and Pope will be called omer ¶.

A Thing.] A little abject thing **.

Dennis's Daily Journal, May 11, 1728. † Dennis's Rem. on n. pref. ‡ Dennis's Rem. on the Rape of the Lock. pref. p. § Char. of Mr. P. p. 3. ‖ Ibid. ¶ Dennis's Rem. on Homer, 7. ** Ibid. p. 8.

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[illegible] or dependant, paint,
[illegible] chief, or saint.
[illegible] her liv'ry flings,
[illegible] in party-color'd wings:
[illegible] she casts a thousand dyes,
[illegible] the colors fall, or rise.
[illegible] marble round,
[illegible] with empty sound.
[illegible] the voice of Fame they hear,
[illegible] in their ear.
[illegible], K**, K**,
[illegible] have learn'd to sing.
[illegible] to ridicule!
[illegible] soon a fool.
[illegible] in amice white
[illegible] in his sight!
[illegible] to jelly turn,
[illegible] into an urn:
[illegible] he loads,
[illegible] into toads.
[illegible] shine?)
[illegible] of the vine.
[illegible] access?
[illegible] Bayonne!
[illegible] strain,
[illegible] Hays's stain.

NOTES.

[illegible] Blades [illegible]
[illegible] Compton,
[illegible] printed in Ty[illegible]

Knight lifts the head; for what are empty
To three essential partridges in one?
One ev'ry blush, and silent all reproach,
Contending princes mount them in their
Next bidding all draw near on bended
The Queen confers her titles and degrees.
Her children first of more distinguish'd
Who study Shakespeare at the Inns of Court,
Impale a glow-worm, or vertu profess,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.
Some, deep Free-masons, join the silent
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
Some botanists, or florists at the least,
The issue members of an annual feast.
Or past the meanest unregarded, one
As last, not least in honor or applause,
And Cam made Doctors of their Laws.
Then, blessing all, Go, children of my
practice now from theory repair.
My commands are easy, short, and full:
Sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.
Guard my prerogative, assert my throne:
This nod confirms each privilege your own.
Your cap and switch be sacred to his Grace;
With staff and pumps the Marquis leads the
And with his fellow-chairmen, the Peers;

REMARKS.

Dress'd with the utmost magnificence at Parliament-time, and kept separate
frequented by persons of the first quality and fashion, and
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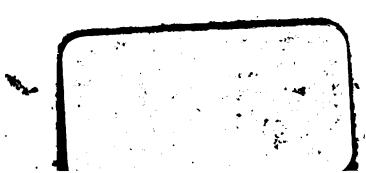
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